November 28, 1931

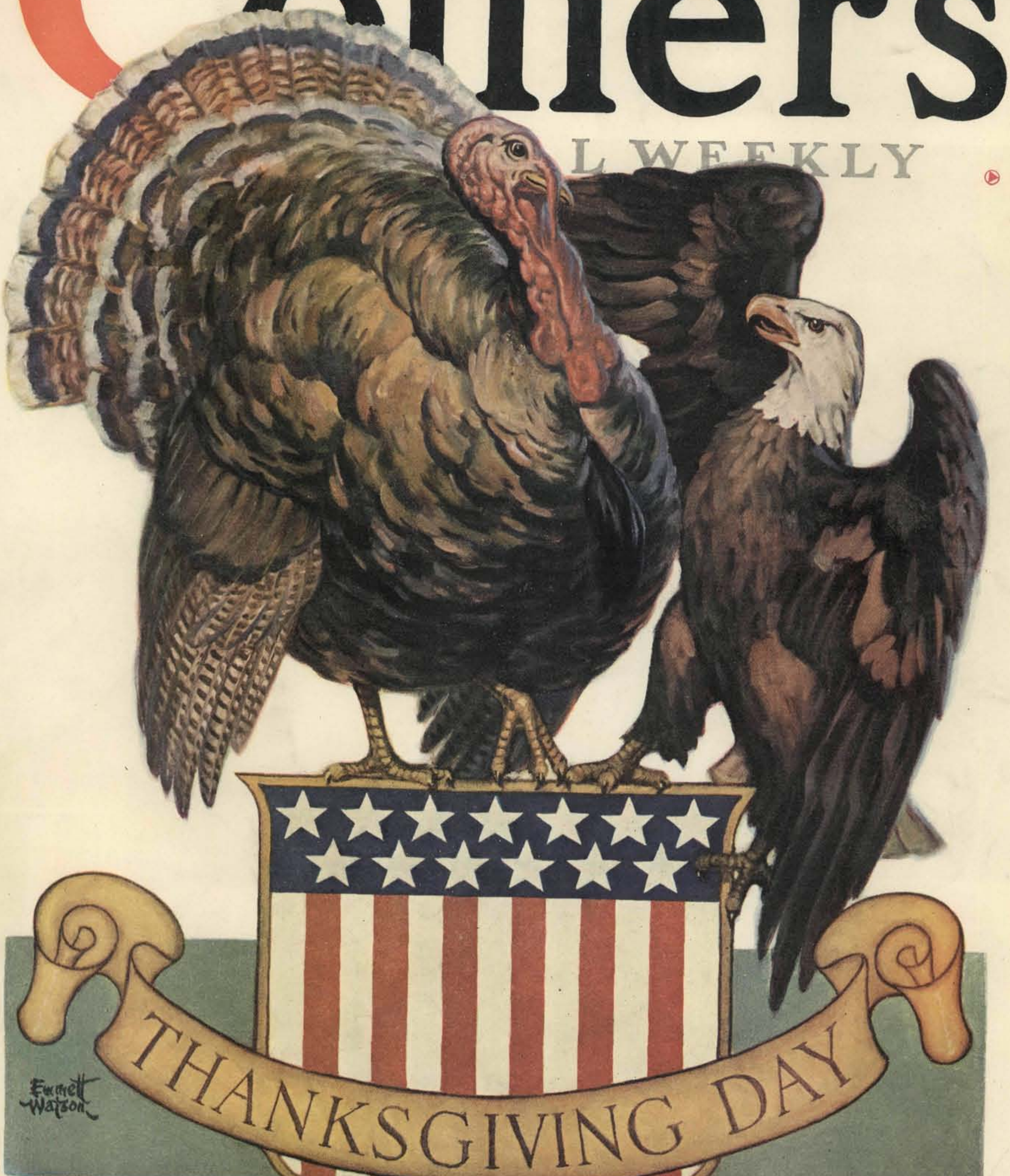
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

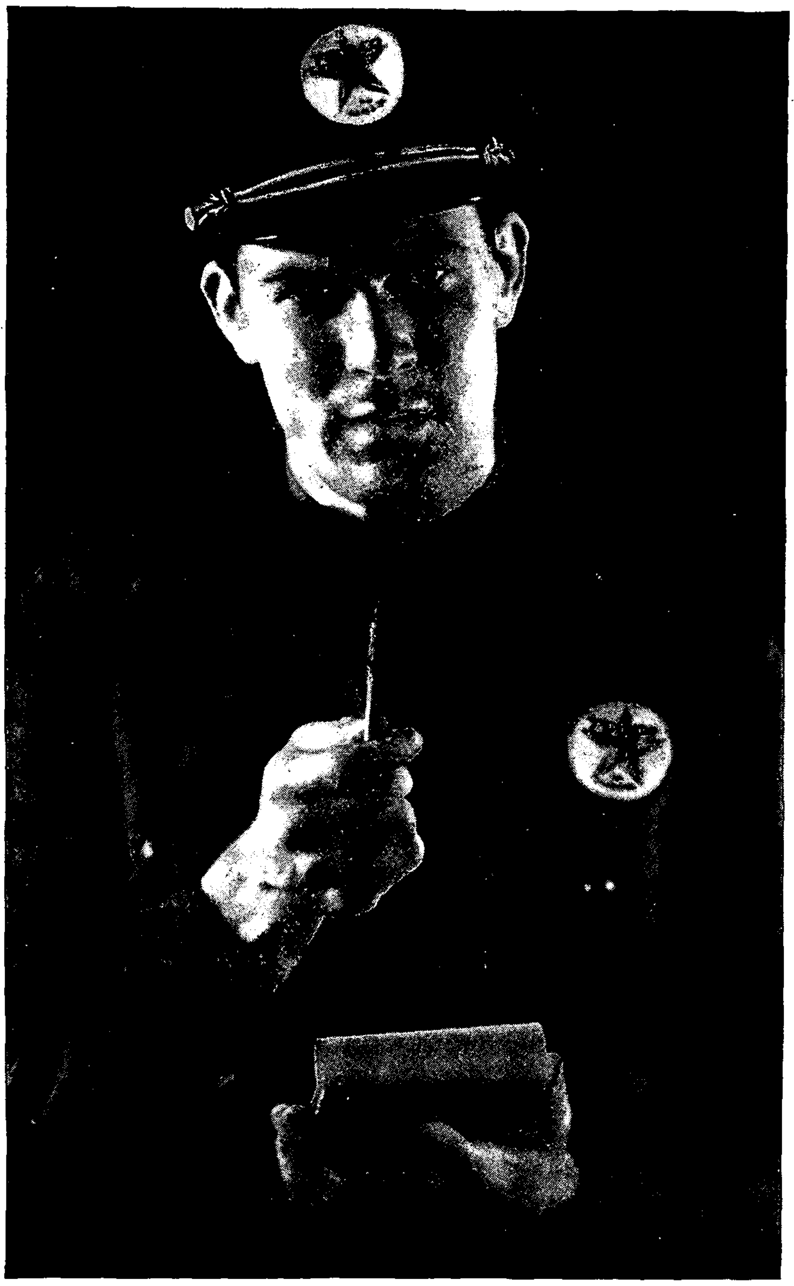
Collier's

L WEEKLY


THANKSGIVING DAY
Emmett Watson

King of the Prairie [Alfalfa Bill Murray] By W. G. Shepherd

"it Pays . . .



DRAIN-FILL *then* LISTEN"

Because Texaco Service Men know what's best for your engine they say—drain summer oil today and refill with winter Texaco, the crack-proof oil that flows at zero. Summer oil thickens like molasses at the first sign of frost and will not flow through the narrow lubrication channels of your engine. Result—unnecessary friction and costly wear. **Today—before any damage** is done stop at your neighborhood Texaco Station. Drain—Fill with winter grade Texaco, then Listen to the smoother, quieter hum of your engine. Ten minutes at most and you will be on your way ready today for tomorrow.

TEXACO

THE NEW

© 1931, The Texas Company

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"CRACK-PROOF" . . . LASTS LONGER

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

WE HAVE MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR

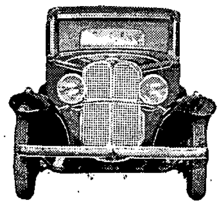
Could there be another day quite like Thanksgiving? Springing from our own hearts, on our own soil, it unites young and old in memories and in hopes. A day when we look back on the season ended and know again at hearth and home the fullness of friendship and all that friendship means to us.

We, at Oakland, feel rich in the many friendships that have come to us this year. It has been our aim to do those things that merit friendship. What we have hoped to do and tried to do is expressed in the phrase "Making New Friends and Keeping the Old."

Into our cars we have built new values of performance and comfort and beauty. We have spared no pains to give you those little extra touches that mean so much in added convenience and safety and pride. It is thus, we feel, that genuine friendship is earned.

So rapidly did our circle of owners increase this year that, with August only half gone, our sales of Pontiac cars had passed the Pontiac volume for the entire twelve months of 1930. To all of you whose friendship has won us this success, we voice our thanks.

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**



PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

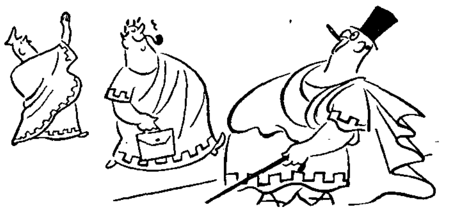
Next Week

"AT ALMOST any hour of the night," says the executive secretary of the Louisiana Code Committee, "trucks and trailers may be seen moving along the dark roads which run into Shreveport from East Texas. Some of these trucks haul as much as 2,500 gallons."

Bootleggers, of course. But the burden they carry is gasoline, not forbidden beverages. The bootleg gasoline racket is growing fast and every time a cent is added to a gasoline tax it gathers speed, for there are persons, it seems, honest with a four-cent tax, who cheat the state when the tax jumps to five. The loss in state incomes is enormous. Pennsylvania alone estimates that $15,000,000 of her money was diverted to the pockets of racketeers in one year. The illicit liquor business may have to take a back seat one of these days.

John T. Flynn tells how the racket is worked in "Bootleg Gasoline."

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S short story is called "The Strange Fate of Johann Bartok." And a strange fate it is. Johann was one of the Enoch Ardens of the Great War and his story is beautifully and movingly told by artist Remarque.



WHEN the thundering calamity howlers want to say something particularly nasty about this country they announce that we are no better than ancient Rome and are riding on the same toboggan. We think they are wrong. But here comes Arthur Weigall, author of "Nero" and distinguished archeologist, who says he *likes* us because we are so Roman. He points out many similarities, some of them flattering and some we resent. But he is so good-humored about it that we think you will like his "Ancient Romans of the U. S. A."

NAVY men and women move about briskly in Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story "Lass Who Loved a Sailor." The action takes place in Shanghai although it really began at Annapolis years ago. The girl didn't know what she wanted until it was nearly too late. And the trouble she made for everybody!

AND then we move to Hollywood and hear Jerome Beatty tell about Sonny-boy Barlow, America's Kid Brother, and how he narrowly escaped an entangling alliance with a slinky foreign film star. It ends happily, as a good movie story should.

Travel a little farther east to take part in a thrilling man hunt with Ernest Haycox, writer of he-man stories. Henry Linza is the sheriff and his friend Will Denton is the criminal. It's a heartbreaking chase, but you get the exercise. "When You Carry the Star" is the title.

THE Short Short Story, Grantland Rice, J. P. McEvoy, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Freling Foster, Dr. Work, Sol Metzger and others edge in wherever they can. It's a tight squeeze.

THIS WEEK

November 28, 1931

Cover—Emmett Watson

Page 7—Elmer Davis

RHAPSODY IN RED: How much does it take to get married?

Page 10—Erich Maria Remarque

ANNETTE'S LOVE STORY: Unintended loyalty.

Page 12—William G. Shepherd

KING OF THE PRAIRIE: "Alfalfa Bill"—smarter than he looks.

Page 14—J. P. McEvoy

ARE YOU LISTENING? Part VII: Honey gets a job.

Page 16—James Hopper

"MY QUARTERBACK": A boy who couldn't stand the gaff.

Page 18—Grantland Rice

THE BIG BAFFLE: A sprinkling of heavyweights.

Page 19—Don Marquis

THE CRIME SITUATION: A symposium.

Page 20—Hugh MacNair Kahler

THE BIG PINK, Part II: Becomes a hero—and takes flight.

Page 22—The Short Short Story

WHAT EVERY MAN KNOWS: By David Thibault.

Page 24—Charley Paddock

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN—: The answer is obvious—and don't count your birthdays.

Page 26—Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.

SPANKING ALLOWED: Recommended, in fact.

Page 32—Sol Metzger

LEAPING INTO FAME: The human catapult.

Page 46—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Dinner-table topics.

Page 51—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

RELIEF WORKER: Mr. Hoover and the bankers.

Page 53—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Good to the last trick.

Page 54—Editorial

AFTER TWO TOUGH YEARS.

Any Week

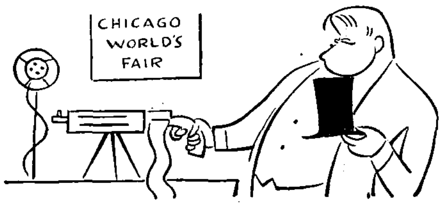
A FEW months ago the female population of Pulaski County, Arkansas, went into a self-preservation huddle. The ladies emerged and forthwith purchased 1,800,000 quart and two-quart glass jars. They proceeded to fill them with vegetables and fruits and stack them neatly in the cellars of Pulaski County. Thus we are informed by Mr. H. W. Means, Jr., that eating is being indulged in freely in that sector and the same will be continued throughout the winter.

NOT long ago we told you about the village nit-wit whom the depression made a burden to his charitable neighbors who solved the difficulty by electing him to their New England legislature. Here we receive a letter from a lawyer who read that paragraph to an assemblage of the legislators of his Yankee state.

"Like a rehearsed chorus," he writes, "they replied: 'It's a damned lie. I was elected on my merits.'"

We were interested to observe that it came from the right state.

"COLLIER'S," says Mr. Edwin C. Tewson of Geneva, New York, "is largely responsible for all this choosing of the best football teams—All-America, All-Time All-America and so on. But why shouldn't my college—Hobart—get some mention? Its team is invariably the worst in history. We haven't won a game since the forward pass was discovered—or about that time."



"IT IS not true," writes Miss Leona M. Sweeney of Chicago, "that the President of the United States will open our World's Fair by pulling a trigger instead of pushing a button."

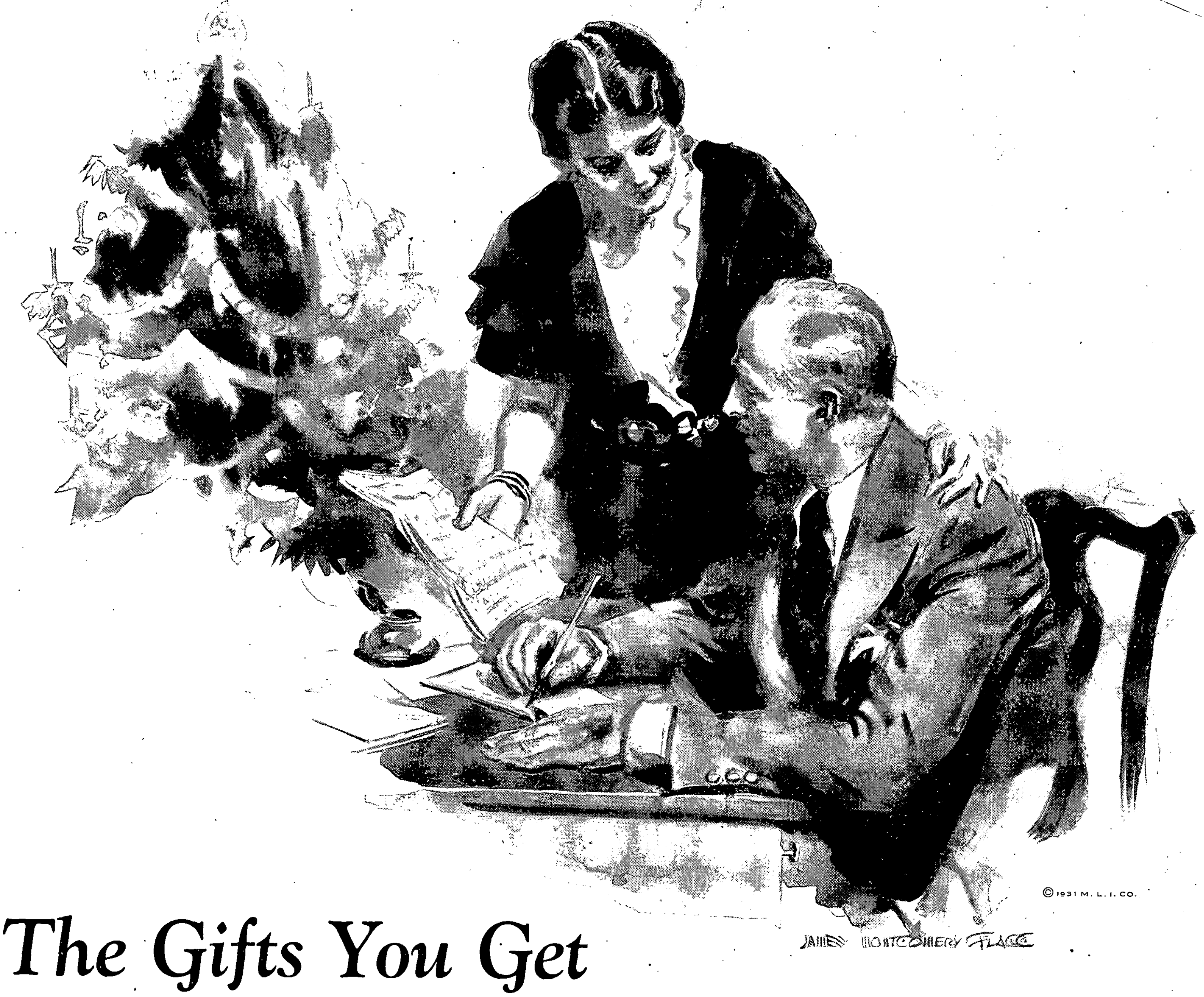
MR. LEON GOLDSMITH of Atlanta, Georgia, reports that he has done a great deal of political history reading in the past year and is now prepared to prove that, no matter how radically governments may change, "they do not get any better, merely more expensive.

"In spite of everything," he finds, "the taxpayer has to pay more for government every year but when he takes stock he finds that he is not getting any more for his money than any of his forefathers did. Everything else he buys has improved and he doesn't mind paying a little more; but government you buy today for five hundred dollars a year in taxes is just about the same as your old man got for a hundred except that it is harder to understand."

BUT here's a gentleman with a scheme to incorporate the United States of America. He would issue one share of the capital stock to each "registered and voting citizen." Magnificent! Within three weeks Mr. Capone would have bought fifty-one per cent of the stock. Or perhaps Bishop Cannon. Anyway we don't think Congress will adopt the idea this session.

Vol. 88, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3. 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States. $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. For countries other than above add $2.50 per year extra postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid missing issues, notice must reach us five weeks in advance of change of address. Be sure to give both old and new addresses.



The Gifts You Get

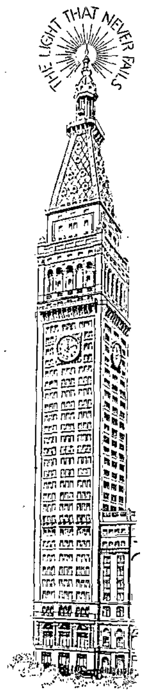
SOON you will be busy writing letters and paying visits, trying to thank everyone who has sent you a present, careful not to forget anyone.

But because they weren't addressed to you personally and sent by mail or express, perhaps you have forgotten to acknowledge some of the priceless gifts you have received.

Think for a minute of the welfare organizations that have been giving you their time, their training and ability, devoting their every effort to make you, your family and your neighbors safer and happier.

The Red Cross and other great organizations fed the hungry and nursed the sick while you remained comfortably at home—their gift to you of hours of leisure.

Volunteer members of national and local associations found children who were suffering from tuberculosis, sent them to camps and sanatoria to recover—giving your children extra protection from exposure.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders gave up their holidays to teach clean living by word and example—a gift of better companionship for your children.

Big Brothers sat in stuffy court rooms to rescue waifs and strays who did not have home background to guide them—a gift of future good citizenship to your community.

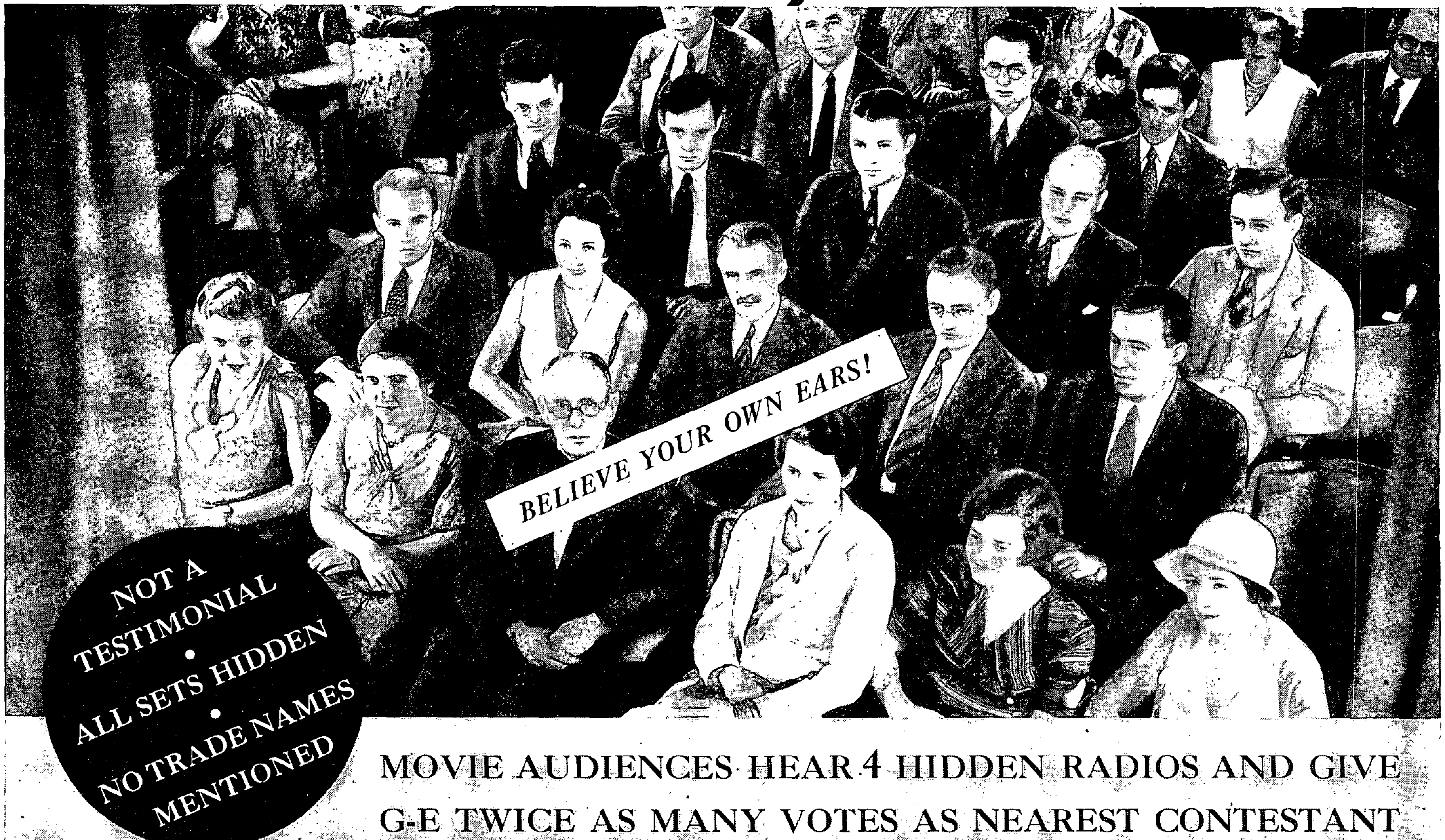
You will probably never meet, nor be able to thank, the doctors and scientists who have waged campaigns to make it increasingly unlikely that you and yours should ever contract smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other communicable disease. In their laboratories they are searching for means to prevent premature death from cancer or heart disease. Magnificent gifts to you of health—perhaps life itself.

But you do know some of the great volunteer organizations which work for you continuously and ask your good will and support. At this season will you not say "thank you" to two of them by wearing a Red Cross button and by using Christmas Seals?

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ∽ ∽ ∽ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

G-E RADIO *triumphs in three day tone-test!*


BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!
NOT A TESTIMONIAL • ALL SETS HIDDEN • NO TRADE NAMES MENTIONED

MOVIE AUDIENCES HEAR 4 HIDDEN RADIOS AND GIVE G-E TWICE AS MANY VOTES AS NEAREST CONTESTANT

Has any one radio set a noticeably truer tone? Listen to this:

For three days, every audience attending the Darien, Conn. movie theatre compared the tone of four famous radios. The sets were hidden—known only by numbers. Each listener voted for his choice. And when the three-day vote was totalled, here was the score: General Electric Radio 603, Radio "A" 291, Radio "B" 123, and Radio "C" 96.

Believe your own ears! It means little to say a radio has superior tone, but much to let your own ears prove it. You've heard many makes of sets. Now hear the General Electric!

It will give you a new ear-picture of radio reproduction! All the delicate tonal shadings, all the elements of reality, are faultlessly retained. Important engineering betterments make this possible—chief among them the new, exclusive G-E Tone Equalizer in the G-E Popular Console, and Junior Lowboy, which does away with the tendency of a radio cabinet to resonate and boom.

Go now to a G-E Radio dealer. See the many beautifully designed and finished G-E models. Prices step gradually from $37.50 for the G-E Midget to $345 for the Automatic Radio-Phonograph Combination—and all prices mean *with tubes.*

SEND FOR IT! Don't fail to write Section R-2711, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn., for free copy of booklet, "Believe Your Own Ears". An authoritative discussion of what radio reception is doing to our appreciation of music and what G-E has done for radio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC DE LUXE LOWBOY

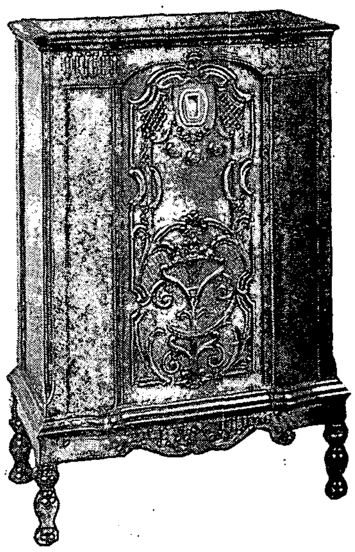
Brilliant 10-tube superheterodyne. Two Pentode output tubes. Doubly-shielded chassis. Beautiful brown walnut cabinet of classical design. Price, *complete with tubes,* $164.50.

●

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T. For the entire family—"Just a Song at Twilight"—every Sunday evening 5:30-6:00 E.S.T.—over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

●

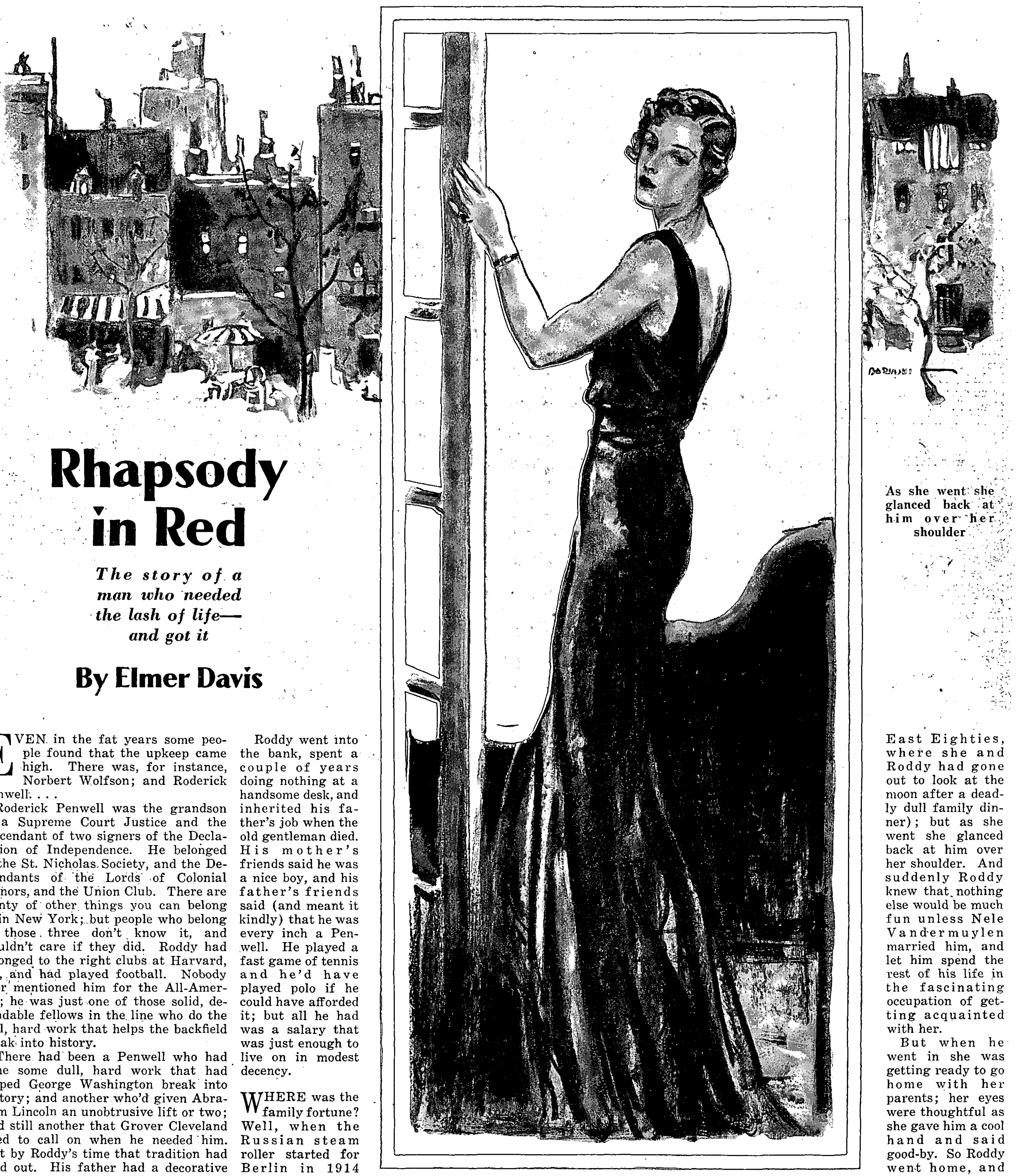
When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE

Collier's The National Weekly for November 28, 1931



As she went she glanced back at him over her shoulder

Rhapsody in Red

The story of a man who needed the lash of life—and got it

By Elmer Davis

EVEN in the fat years some people found that the upkeep came high. There was, for instance, Norbert Wolfson; and Roderick Penwell. . . .

Roderick Penwell was the grandson of a Supreme Court Justice and the descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. He belonged to the St. Nicholas Society, and the Descendants of the Lords of Colonial Manors, and the Union Club. There are plenty of other things you can belong to in New York; but people who belong to those three don't know it, and wouldn't care if they did. Roddy had belonged to the right clubs at Harvard, too, and had played football. Nobody ever mentioned him for the All-America; he was just one of those solid, dependable fellows in the line who do the dull, hard work that helps the backfield break into history.

There had been a Penwell who had done some dull, hard work that had helped George Washington break into history; and another who'd given Abraham Lincoln an unobtrusive lift or two; and still another that Grover Cleveland used to call on when he needed him. But by Roddy's time that tradition had died out. His father had a decorative and not very exhausting job in that old conservative institution, the Herdsmen's and Cultivators' Bank. In his leisure hours (about twenty-two a day) the old gentleman collected prints, and did some scholarly research into the genealogy of the Penwell family. There have to be men like him to make a civilized society; and somebody has to pay for their upkeep.

Roddy went into the bank, spent a couple of years doing nothing at a handsome desk, and inherited his father's job when the old gentleman died. His mother's friends said he was a nice boy, and his father's friends said (and meant it kindly) that he was every inch a Penwell. He played a fast game of tennis and he'd have played polo if he could have afforded it; but all he had was a salary that was just enough to live on in modest decency.

WHERE was the family fortune? Well, when the Russian steam roller started for Berlin in 1914 Roddy's father had invested it all in Russian imperial bonds, and thought he was doing something clever. But nobody knew that. Penwells don't talk about money, even when they lose it.

So Roddy's life ran smoothly till the evening in the spring of 1929 when he kissed Cornelia Vandermuylen. He'd kissed her before (he'd known her all his life, and his family had known hers for three hundred years) but never like that. So he kissed her again—and again—

"Nele!" he whispered at last. She started out of a dreamy stupor, released herself. Then she went back into the house (all this had happened in a back yard—a very refined back yard in the East Eighties, where she and Roddy had gone out to look at the moon after a deadly dull family dinner); but as she went she glanced back at him over her shoulder. And suddenly Roddy knew that nothing else would be much fun unless Nele Vandermuylen married him, and let him spend the rest of his life in the fascinating occupation of getting acquainted with her.

But when he went in she was getting ready to go home with her parents; her eyes were thoughtful as she gave him a cool hand and said good-by. So Roddy went home, and did some thinking.

Her father, old Robertus Jocelyn Vandermuylen, was descended from signers of the Declaration and lords of manors and all that; but he had barely money enough to keep up his house in the East Sixties and his place at Newport. He was one of those democratic aristocrats; he frequently complained that the blue blood of America was dying out from inbreeding, and it wouldn't have broken his heart if his only daughter had mixed it with the red blood of somebody who had got aboard early on General Motors. He liked Roddy Penwell—but he didn't know about that transaction in the bonds of the late Czar. Neither did Nele.

Roddy doubted if it would make any difference to her, the way he hoped she felt now; but it made a difference to him. He could have asked her to share his honorable poverty if he had been one of the old-time Penwells who devoted their lives to public service; but till he had *something to offer her—if not money*, then something else—

HE SPENT a week trying to think of something else besides money—a week in which he didn't dare see her again. Then he got a note from her, on the stationery of the Ile de France; the Vandermuylens were off to Paris for a month or two. That was all she said; but he knew they wouldn't have made this sudden and costly decision if Nele hadn't driven them to it, and that she wouldn't have driven them to it if she hadn't got tired of waiting for him to come around and continue the conversation. . . . A month or two. That settled it. He had to make some money—quick money.

That seemed easy; everybody in the world was making money in the market. Roddy had always considered speculation slightly vulgar; but now— He hadn't saved any money but he had plenty of friends in the Street—brokers who'd carry some stock for him without a margin till he could pay for it out of his salary. He decided to call one of them up when he got to his office the next morning; but when he got to the office he learned that the Herdsmen's and Cultivators' Bank was going to be merged with the Colossal Trust Company.

Now Roddy Penwell was no fool. He knew that the point of a merger, if any, is reduction of overhead. The deadwood in the two organizations was going to be cut out, and he was aware that his job was about the deadest wood of the lot. But he wasn't seriously alarmed. A Penwell could always find something; if he didn't, something would be found *for him*. . . .

At that moment the chairman of the board of the consolidated bank was in the office of old Orpington, the credit king, who had arranged the merger. They went through the list of the executives of the two banks, and when Orpington's pencil drew a line through a name, that man was out.

"Penwell?" said the chairman uneasily. He had come to town from Mattoon, Illinois; he was in the Social Register now but he still felt like pulling his forelock to a Penwell. "Isn't he one of the bunch we've got to take care of?" Orpington shook his head.

"Not Penwell. I know him—knew his father, too. Delightful people, worth about two dollars a year. Never mind—he'll find something. Even if he doesn't, he's got plenty to live on. Now about this next fellow—"

ONE evening in July a remarkable thing occurred—Roddy Penwell came up and spoke to old Orpington in the Union Club. It was remarkable enough that Orpington was in town after office hours, in midsummer; but many a pair of glasses fell off an aged nose when Roddy was seen to go up to him. Young men didn't speak to Orpington unless they were sent for.

Or unless they were desperate. . . . It was Roddy's last evening in the club; he expected the board of governors to act on his resignation that night. He was living in a furnished room on the West Side; he'd sold his car, and some of his clothes; and he had thirty-two dollars in the bank. Also, above all, Nele Vandermuylen had come back from Paris that morning.

Had he seen her? Certainly not. What could he tell her? That he was down to his last thirty-two dollars, and *that he'd* spent two months hunting a job without getting one? He hadn't even written to her while she was away; when his job was merged off the map he thought he'd better wait till he had another, and could be jocular about the absurdity of his being fired.

"Oh, how do, Penwell?" said old Orpington kindly. "Haven't seen you for some time. Sit down, won't you?"

Roddy sat down, and talked rapidly till Orpington interrupted him.

"But that merger was two months ago! Sorry we couldn't fit you in; but I supposed a man with your connections would easily find something."

"So did I," said Roddy. "Of course I could get a job as margin clerk at forty dollars a week; or customers' man with some brokerage house—not the best—that wants my name and acquaintance, not me. But I thought you might be able to help me to the—the sort of thing I ought to be doing."

"What sort is that?" Orpington asked. Roddy flushed; what he wanted was the sort of thing that would pay him enough to support Nele Vandermuylen. "I mean," said Orpington, "what's your specialty?"

"I'M AFRAID I have none. I've always been—well, an executive."

"Executives!" said Orpington. "The curse of modern business. People take the labor surplus they can't use in the teller's cage and make vice presidents out of it. . . . Nothing personal, young man; I'm just thinking out loud. . . . A lot of men are executives now who'll be selling pencils on the subway steps in the next panic. Not that I say we'll ever have another panic. Don't tell anybody I even hinted it. Still, with business slowing up, I'm not so sure as some people that we're all through with that. . . . Only thinking out loud, you understand. Don't tell anybody. . . .

"Give me your address, Penwell, and I'll let you know if I hear of anything. But just now anybody who can *see beyond the end of his nose is laying* men off, not taking them on. Especially executives. Time to reduce overhead, shorten sail against the storm. It wouldn't do you any good to go into some top-heavy outfit that might go under at the first puff of wind. Wish I could do something for you, Penwell—old friend of your father's, and so on—"

He had done something. He had made remarks which Roddy could have sold somewhere for ten thousand dollars; and with that ten thousand he could have margined short sales for the drop that would certainly come, in a nervous market, when Orpington's pessimistic remarks had been duly spread; and then he'd have enough money to ask Nele to marry him. But Penwells don't do that sort of thing, and Orpington knew it.

"Anyway, Penwell," he finished, "you've got plenty to live on—"

Then Roddy had to tell him the story of the Russian bonds.

"Dear me!" said Orpington. "Extraordinarily bad judgment your father displayed. Delightful person, your father; but he knew more about prints than about investments. Great pity. . . . Well—"

This was dismissal; but Roddy was too desperate to be dismissed now, by a man at whose command almost anybody would have made a job for him.

"But, Mr. Orpington, you don't understand. I'm absolutely broke. I've got only thirty-two dollars."

"I know. Great test for a young man, an experience like this. Draws on all your resources. I know. I was in just your fix in '93—flat broke and owed hundreds of thousands besides. It was the making of me."

"What did you do?" Roddy asked.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan lent me a million dollars; and I got on my feet."

"I see. . . . Mr. Orpington, will you lend me a million dollars?"

"Huh? . . . What do you want to do with it?"

Roddy stood crimson and silent; all he wanted to do with it was to marry Nele Vandermuylen. Orpington smiled.

"No, no, my boy. 'Tisn't done that way. When you know what you can do *with a million come and see me*. Meanwhile I'll bear you in mind if I hear of an opening. Here comes a man who has an appointment with me. Good-night, Penwell."

Slowly, sullenly, Roddy went out, too dejected to notice that the man who had an appointment with Orpington was one he'd never expected to see in the Union Club. He felt like calling up Nele and asking her if she'd run off and marry him on thirty-two dollars. But that was crazy. He'd better go downtown in the morning and take the sort of job he could get—margin clerk or anything else. . . . But that meant forty dollars a week; he might as well *stop thinking* about Nele if he took that. Forty a week; just exactly what the last of the Penwells was worth. And Orpington, that flinty-hearted old windbag, would never think about him again. . . .

Roddy was young; he didn't know that men rarely reach a position like Orpington's by forgetting promises. At the Fifth Avenue corner a newsboy waved a batch of evening papers; Roddy bought one, read a headline—

EXPERTS SEE NO END TO PROSPERITY

"Prosperity!" snarled Roddy Penwell. "To hell with it! There isn't any such thing."

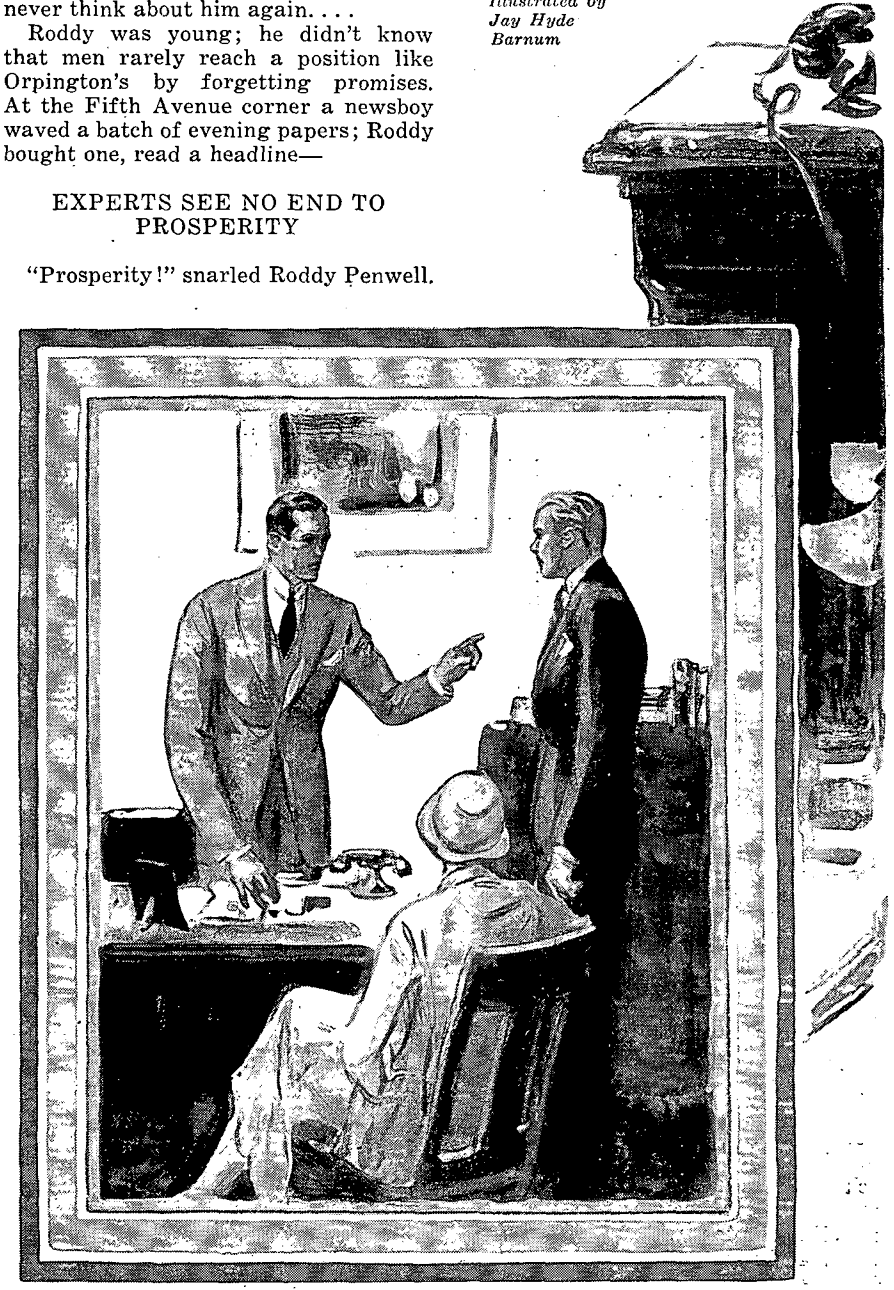
That was how Norbert Wolfson felt, too, as he kept his appointment with Orpington.

THERE were no Supreme Court Justices or Declaration signers in Norbert Wolfson's pedigree, though you might have found a few Talmud scholars of some repute in the Russian Pale. His grandfather had left Russia about half a jump ahead of the Cossacks and never stopped till he got to Hester Street, where he started business in a pushcart. Before he died he was Wolfson's on Grand Street—the Big Cheap Store. His son moved the Big Cheap Store up to Twenty-third Street, about the turn of the century; and his son—

At school, Norbert had been ashamed of the Big Cheap Store; by the time he entered Princeton he had reacted to a fierce defensive pride in it; and by the time he graduated he felt no emotion about it at all except a faintly amused detachment. His brother-in-law was in training to succeed his father, and revolving grandiose plans of moving the store to Fifth Avenue. What of it? The Wolfsons had plenty now, outside of the store; and Norbert meant to be a poet.

But his father died, and the transfer to Fifth Avenue turned out to be more of a job than the brother-in-law could manage; and Norbert's mother besought him by the memory of all the Wolfsons since the Exile to take hold and carry on. What made the Wolfsons is that they do what has to be done, so Norbert gave up poetry. It was an amusing

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum



Roddy stood meek and silent while Norbert Wolfson delivered his stern but just rebuke

job at that, moving from Twenty-third Street to the Plaza; and at any rate it meant that Wolfson's could no longer be the Big Cheap Store. To cover the overhead in the new location they'd have to turn themselves into a hive of specialty shops for luxury goods, appealing to the people who valued things more highly if they cost more than they were worth. That meant publicity, ballyhoo; Norbert planned the formal opening of the Wolfson-Plaza like the production of a play, and gave it as much ceremony as the inauguration of a President or the world première of a motion picture.

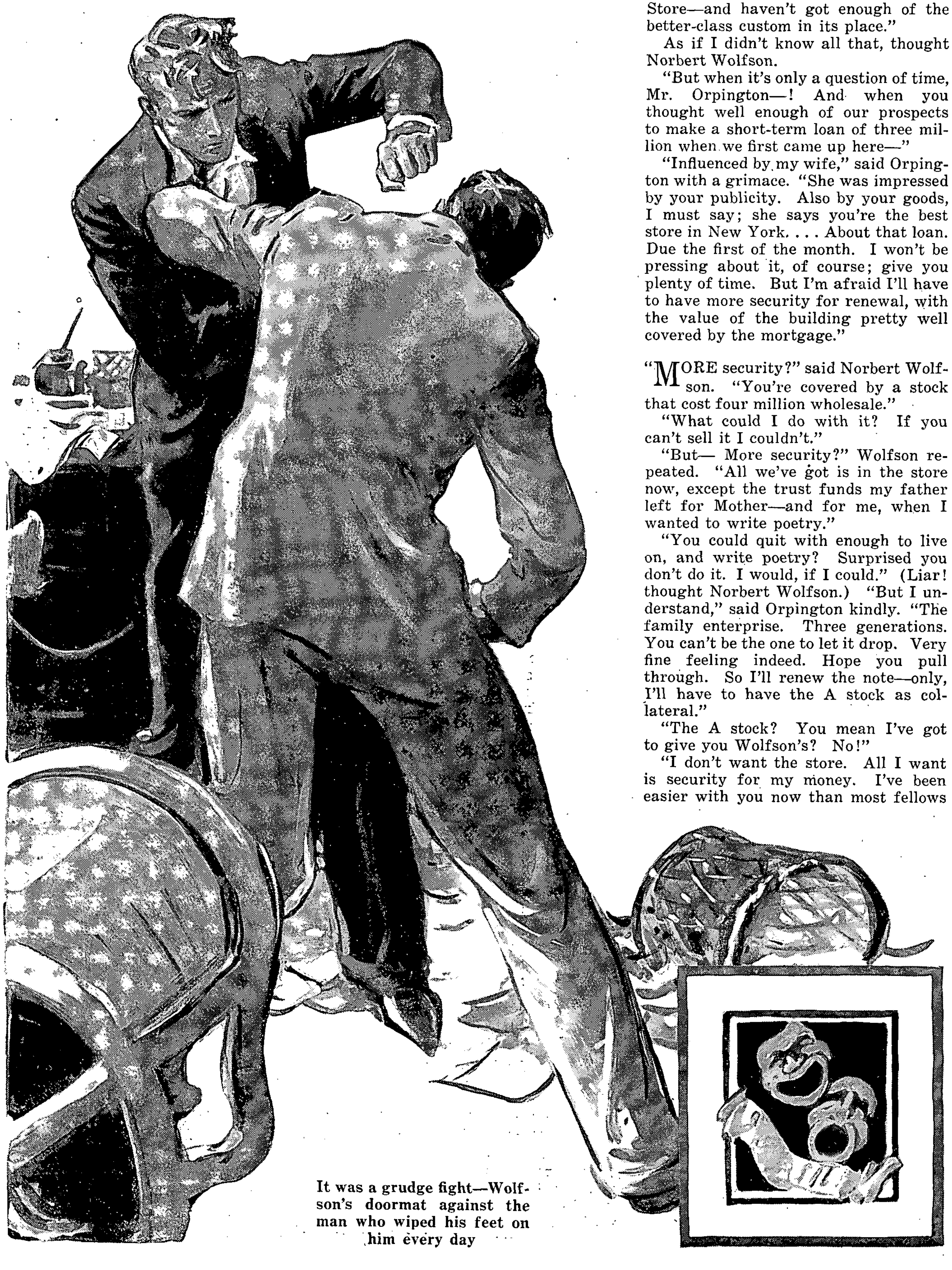
The ballyhoo impressed the public, especially the investing public. Wolfson-Plaza stock—the B stock—went rocketing from the moment it was admitted to the Big Board. (The A stock, with the voting power, was all held in the family.) Even so, Norbert used to reflect, it was cheaper to buy stock in the store than to buy goods over its counters, and more people were doing it. And the move uptown had cost about three times as much as the dud brother-in-law had computed; and four or five competing stores had moved up to the same neighborhood, about the same time.

SO HERE was Norbert Wolfson treading the unfamiliar ground of the Union Club (he belonged to the Metropolitan, and the Princeton Club, and Piping Rock, but not the Union) and remarking to Mr. Orpington that it was a pretty hot evening.

"Very," said Orpington. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks. About that refinancing, Mr. Orpington—"

"I've been giving my attention to it. Very difficult problem just now, I must say. The bond market is very dull this summer. Very dull."



It was a grudge fight—Wolfson's doormat against the man who wiped his feet on him every day

As if I hadn't read that in the papers, thought Norbert Wolfson.

"It might be difficult for anybody else, Mr. Orpington; but not for you." Orpington's eyebrows twitched.

"Very kind of you. But I'm afraid this summer it's out of the question. Especially in view of the disappointing showing in your earnings. Can't understand why people should pay 164—that was the closing price today, I believe—for stock in a store that isn't making money."

"Most of our customers are abroad, Mr. Orpington." (Mrs. Orpington, for instance, whose account was the biggest the Wolfson-Plaza carried. Paris was getting her money just now.) "We'll do better in the fall."

"No doubt. But candidly, Mr. Wolfson, I've always felt your move to the Plaza was ill advised. You've lost all your old trade—the people downtown who used to swear by the Big Cheap Store—and haven't got enough of the better-class custom in its place."

As if I didn't know all that, thought Norbert Wolfson.

"But when it's only a question of time, Mr. Orpington—! And when you thought well enough of our prospects to make a short-term loan of three million when we first came up here—"

"Influenced by my wife," said Orpington with a grimace. "She was impressed by your publicity. Also by your goods, I must say; she says you're the best store in New York. . . . About that loan. Due the first of the month. I won't be pressing about it, of course; give you plenty of time. But I'm afraid I'll have to have more security for renewal, with the value of the building pretty well covered by the mortgage."

"MORE security?" said Norbert Wolfson. "You're covered by a stock that cost four million wholesale."

"What could I do with it? If you can't sell it I couldn't."

"But— More security?" Wolfson repeated. "All we've got is in the store now, except the trust funds my father left for Mother—and for me, when I wanted to write poetry."

"You could quit with enough to live on, and write poetry? Surprised you don't do it. I would, if I could." (Liar! thought Norbert Wolfson.) "But I understand," said Orpington kindly. "The family enterprise. Three generations. You can't be the one to let it drop. Very fine feeling indeed. Hope you pull through. So I'll renew the note—only, I'll have to have the A stock as collateral."

"The A stock? You mean I've got to give you Wolfson's? No!"

"I don't want the store. All I want is security for my money. I've been easier with you now than most fellows would have been." (And that was true; but— You can't beat a banker, thought Norbert Wolfson.) "But there's been too much easy credit," said Orpington. "Everybody believes in Santa Claus. They go into wild enterprises, sure they can't fail. Unless I'm mistaken, Mr. Wolfson, somebody is going to lose a lot of money in this country before long. I don't intend to lose any more than I can help."

"OH, ALL right!" said Norbert Wolfson bitterly. "You know I've got to give in, so I might as well do it now. I'll see you at your office in the morning, ready to make out the papers. Good night, Mr. Orpington."

"Don't be in a hurry. . . . Must you go? Well— Oh, by the way, Mr. Wolfson. Wonder if you'd have any opening for a young friend of mine—young chap named Roderick Penwell."

"Penwell?" asked Wolfson. "A Harvard man?"

"I presume so; his father was. The boy was one of the vice presidents of the Herdsmen's and Cultivators' Bank. We couldn't find room for him after the merger."

"Why should I?" asked Norbert Wolfson. But he knew he'd have to take a paralytic, or a kleptomaniac, if Orpington sent him.

"Oh, it doesn't much matter what you give him, so long as it pays a decent salary." (Does he think, wondered Norbert Wolfson, that I don't see he's planting a spy on me?) "I don't say he's brilliant," said Orpington, "but I think he's very solid. Quite a responsible man."

"I see . . . As it happens," said Norbert Wolfson, swallowing a smile, "I have an opening for a—a responsible man. I'm not sure it would just suit your friend Penwell—"

"Don't worry; he'll be suited. Provided, of course, it pays enough for him to live on decently."

"Would ten thousand a year do?" Wolfson asked. (The job he had in mind had paid thirty a week down on Twenty-third Street, but on Fifth Avenue—)

"I should think so," Orpington considered. "He probably got more at the bank, but I should think he could live on ten thousand very nicely." (As indeed he could have, if it hadn't been for Nele Vandermuylen.)

"All right," Wolfson sighed. "Send him around tomorrow morning. . . . No—tomorrow afternoon. I forgot, Mr. Orpington; I'm to call on you in the morning with my—my A stock."

IT HAD taken some restraint for him not to say, "with my pound of flesh." If I were only a poet, thought Norbert Wolfson, I could say things like that even to a banker.

"So you don't remember me?" said Norbert Wolfson.

"I've seen you somewhere," Roddy admitted, "but I can't recall— It must have been in a speakeasy. That's where you see everybody."

"It might have been that too, but— You were a tackle on the Harvard football team a few years ago. I played opposite you for Princeton."

"Of course!" said Roddy, reddening. (Decent of Wolfson not to recall the score.) "And here we meet again. Funny isn't it? Er—yes."

"I never expected to be here any more than you did," said Wolfson morosely. "However— Penwell, I'm honestly ashamed to mention the only job I have to offer you. If you feel the way about it I suppose you will, let's go out and have a drink and forget about it."

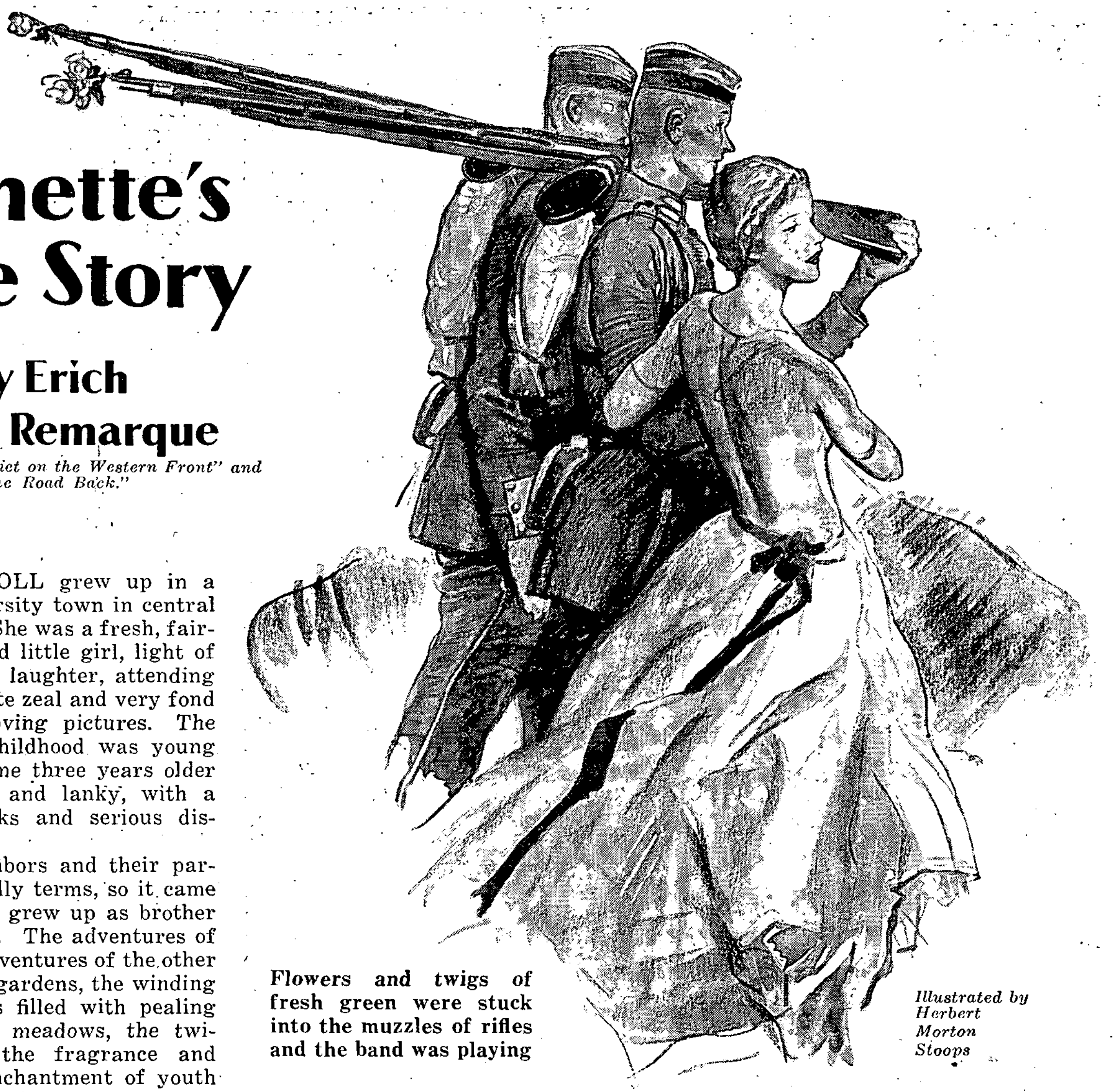
"I can't be snooty about any job," said Roddy quietly. "Any job." (I'd like the fellow, thought Wolfson, if he

(Continued on page 38)

Annette's Love Story

By Erich Maria Remarque

Author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back."



Flowers and twigs of fresh green were stuck into the muzzles of rifles and the band was playing

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

ANNETTE STOLL grew up in a small university town in central Germany. She was a fresh, fair-complexioned little girl, light of heart and prone to laughter, attending school with moderate zeal and very fond of sweets and moving pictures. The playmate of her childhood was young Gerhard Jäger, some three years older than herself, thin and lanky, with a partiality for books and serious discussions.

They were neighbors and their parents were on friendly terms, so it came about that the two grew up as brother and sister together. The adventures of the one were the adventures of the other also—the deserted gardens, the winding lanes, the Sundays filled with pealing bells, the summer meadows, the twilight, the stars, the fragrance and breathless, dark enchantment of youth—all these they had in common.

Later on it was different. The girl, early to mature and pretty, attained to the cool self-possession of pert sixteen. She slipped suddenly out of the frank, familiar garden of childish comradeship into the twilight of intriguing secrets. Young Gerhard Jäger, who had but recently been her older friend and protector of her childhood's days, now seemed to her awkward, much younger than herself, and in the irresolution of his thoughtfulness even a little ridiculous. She liked the round, smooth things of life, and there was little difficulty in forecasting her career — it would be safe and peaceful and ordinary, with a respectable husband and healthy children.

By the time Gerhard had completed his first semester at the university, the two were strangers to each other.

Then the war came. The general fever of enthusiasm infected the little town. Day by day ever more of the sixth-form boys and younger undergraduates exchanged their gay student caps for the gray regimentals of the volunteer. And their boyish faces looked a trifle remote already, more serious, older, but beautiful, too, in the readiness of their youth for the sacrifice, and yet still too near to the school bench, the rowing club and the evening escapade—too near to peace still to permit of any true understanding of what it portended and whither they were going.

Gerhard Jäger was one of the first to volunteer. The quiet, hesitant, thoughtful boy appeared transfigured. He seemed irradiated by an inward fire that was yet far removed from the extravagance of the war-intoxicated professors. He and his mates saw in the war more than mere fighting and defense; for them it was the great attack that should sweep away the outworn ideals of a smugly regulated existence and rejuvenate life grown senile.

They left all together one Sunday. The station was full of weeping, excited and enthusiastic friends and relations. Almost the entire town had turned out. There were flowers on every side, twigs of fresh green were stuck into the muzzles of the rifles, and the band was playing, and shouts and calls passed back and forth. Just as the train was leaving, Gerhard Jäger suddenly saw Annette before the window of his compartment. She was waving to someone in another carriage. He caught at her hand.

"Annette—"

SHE laughed and threw him what still remained of her flowers.

"Bring me something pretty from Paris!"

He nodded but was able to say no more, for the train was already moving faster and the station in an uproar of song and blaring brass bands. The girl's fluttering, white summer dress was the last memory that he took away with him. . . .

During the first few months Annette heard little of Gerhard. Then letters and field post cards began to come more and more frequently. She wondered at it rather; she was at a loss to understand why it should have happened so suddenly. But even less did she understand the reason why all these letters should have preoccupied themselves—as the months went by, each more exclusively than the last—with memories of their common childhood. She looked for resounding descriptions of valiant attacks, and each time was disappointed afresh to hear only things which she knew and which bored her.

Gerhard's brigade suffered terrible losses in the battle in Flanders. A few days later his parents received no more than a short note to the effect that out of two hundred, he and twenty-seven others were still uninjured. Annette, on the other hand, had a long letter in which Gerhard recalled almost passionately a certain morning in May and the white-blossoming cherry tree behind the cathedral cloister. His father shook his head as he read the letter. He was given up to the larger ideas and would have been glad had his son shown himself a little more heroic. Annette laid the close-written letter aside with a shrug—she could not remember the May morning any more.

The surprise of the two was so much the greater when, shortly afterward, they were told that Gerhard had shown such remarkable bravery in the battle in Flanders that he had been decorated and promoted on the field.

Some time later he came home on leave, lithe, slim and sunburned, quite other than Annette had imagined from the letters. In contrast to the garrulous pride of his father he appeared doubly solemn, sometimes even absent-minded and curiously distrait. The first time that he found himself alone with Annette, after a strange, almost speechless hour of awkward staring and sudden flashes, all at once he took her by the hand and asked her if they could not be married. And he stuck to it in most persistent and silent fashion, even when it was objected that they were still too young. He was nineteen and she not yet quite seventeen.

There was nothing unusual then in hasty war marriages and betrothals—such things were of a piece with the general enthusiasm. After the first momentary surprise, Annette quickly accustomed herself to the idea—she decided it would be intriguing to be the first of her school class to be married—and she quite liked the manly young officer who had developed out of the dreamy Gerhard of her childhood—and more than that was hardly necessary. Their parents also, being well-to-do and good-natured and patriotic into the bargain, gave their consent, and were even pleased—the wedding would afford pretext for a grand party.

The ceremony was at midday. In the afternoon, during the wedding luncheon, an extra edition of the newspaper appeared, reporting a new great victory on the eastern front. Gerhard's father had every available paper brought in and read the accounts aloud to the assembly. Ten thousand Russians taken prisoner! The wedding guests gave themselves up to an orgy of rejoicing. Speeches were made, patriotic songs were sung, and to everyone Gerhard in his gray uniform appeared as the embodiment of the ideas with which they were all intoxicated.

THE parson shook him by the hand, the schoolmaster slapped him on the shoulder, his father incited him to wade into them again to the same purpose, and all present proceeded to drink with him to "Victory, Fame and Good Luck in Battle." Gerhard, who had become only more gloomy and taciturn, thereupon sprang up suddenly, seized his glass and, as the assembly sat round in silent expectancy, brought it down again so hard upon the table that it splintered. "You—" said he, "you—" and with dark glowering eyes looked from one to the other— "What do you know about it?" and went out.

That evening and the whole night through he talked passionately with Annette—as if he would keep something that was threatening to elude him—he spoke of youth, of purpose, of life. All the time he talked only of her—and yet it often seemed to her as if he did not mean her at all.

The next evening he went back to the Front. But the whole day he tried to spend alone with Annette. He was like a man in a fever. He wished to see no one else, but only to roam with her through the squares and gardens and to be with her in the meadows by the river until it should be time for him to depart. To her he seemed strange and she was almost a little afraid of him. As he took his farewell he held her tightly and talked quickly, stammering for haste, as if there were still much left unsaid, undone. Then he sprang into the train, which was already moving.

Four weeks later he was killed and Annette was a widow at seventeen.

The war went on and the years grew more bloody, until at last there was hardly a house in the little town where they did not wear mourning, and Annette's fate, which had at first often been talked of, paled before the harder trials of those families where both fathers and sons had fallen. And she herself soon ceased to feel it. She was too young, and the few days they had passed together had not been sufficient for her to look upon Gerhard as her husband. For her he was but one friend of her youth who had fallen—as so many others.

YET it was remarkable that a certain remoteness now entered her life. She had now no real fellowship with her girl friends of before—for that she was no longer maiden enough. And she found, on the other hand, that she belonged as little to the grown-ups—for that she was still too much a maiden. And so it was that she hardly knew how she should behave. Too much had come, and gone too quickly.

But the events of the last years of the war left her no time for reflection. She worked from morning till night as a voluntary-aid nurse in a hospital. The maelstrom of the times swept in and swallowed up its individuals.

Then the Armistice came, the revolution, the time of the *putsches*, the nightmare of the inflation—and at last, when it was all over and Annette came to herself, she discovered almost with astonishment that she had grown into a woman of twenty-five without her life having increased its riches by anything more than before. For of Gerhard she now thought hardly at all.

Shortly afterward her parents died. Their wealth had so dwindled that Annette had to be thankful to get a post as hospital nurse in a North German town.

A few months later she made the acquaintance of a man who paid her many attentions and desired to marry her. She hesitated at first, but as time went on she became fond of him and the day was fixed for the wedding.

SHE ought now to have been really happy, yet she became restless. Something within her, she knew not what, shrank from it. She would catch herself lost in a muse; she would listen absently while anyone talked to her. Her thoughts became nebulous and withdrew into the remoteness of a dim, shadowy melancholy. She would waken at night crying for no reason. Then again she would try through impetuous tenderness, through a passionate longing for affection, to escape over the strange barrier that was building up slowly before her.

Sometimes, when she was alone in her room and would look out of the window at the bare, gray houses opposite, it seemed to her that the walls dissolved into a transparent haze and doors would open beyond, and there were lanes there and gabled roofs, meadows in summer, and hot deserted gardens—and then there would overtake her a sudden imperative longing to be home again, till she came at last to believe that it was thence all her trouble came. It was just homesickness, and she needed only to go back there once more and see it again to overcome it.

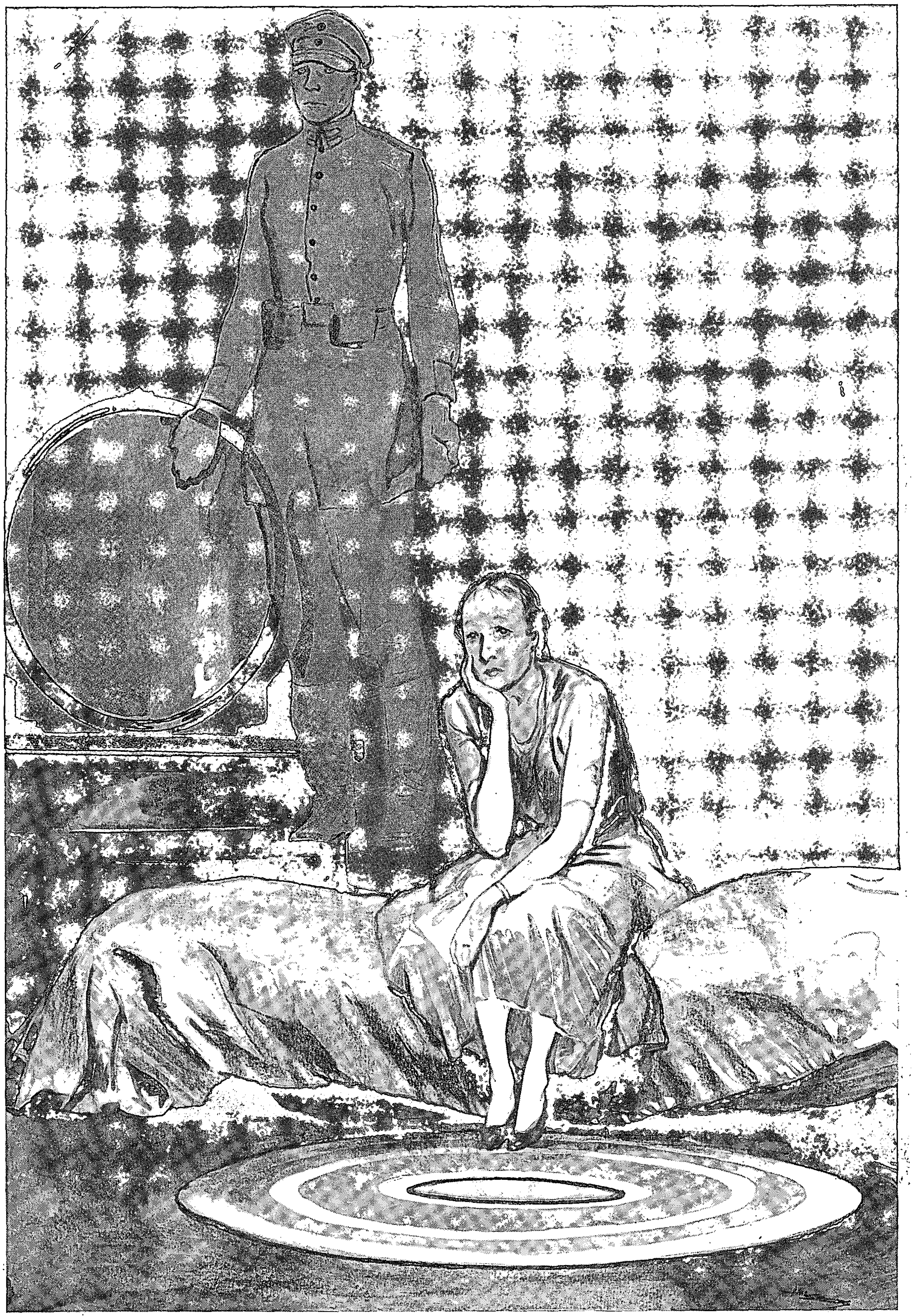
She decided to revisit her home for a few days and her fiancé accompanied her.

They arrived in the evening. Annette was very excited. No sooner had she unpacked her things at the hotel than she took leave of her fiancé and went out alone.

SHE stood before the house that had been her home. She ran down the garden. Her excitement grew. The moon was shining and the roofs glistened. There was a smell of spring in the air and she had a sense of something near, of something about to begin—already it was rising up over the horizon, it was coming, seeking to be remembered, seeking a name.

She went out across the meadows. The grass was heavy with dew. The cherry trees gleamed like fresh snow. And all at once it was there: a voice, a remote, forgotten, buried voice; a remote, forgotten, buried face; something within lacerated, something breathless, something endlessly far, unthinkably weary, heavy, sorrowful—she had ceased to think of it; now it stood up and was mightier than it had ever been in life; all at once very dear, lost, and yet never possessed—Gerhard Jäger.

She came back to the hotel, tottering, dizzy. She looked at her fiancé—how alien to her he was! She could have hated him as he stood there, alive and whole, before her. It was with difficulty that she said to him the few necessary words. He wanted to talk with her; he pleaded with her to reconsider it; he promised her to wait. She merely nodded to it all and wanted to be alone.



She who had so quickly forgotten now began to love—to love a shadow

The few days she had been with Gerhard became now for Annette a torment and a secret. She turned out his letters and read them till her eyes were blinded with tears. She sought out some of his comrades and was tireless in asking them what they knew of him. One had talked with him a great deal and spoken to him even on the day on which he was killed. For the first time Annette heard now what the war had really been; for the first time she realized of what Gerhard had spoken to her the night before his departure; for the first time she understood what it was that he had desired of her—a resting place, a haven, a little fire of love in the midst of so much hate; one spark of humanity in the midst of annihilation; warmth, trust, a ground to stand on; the earth, a homeland, a bridge whereby to come back again.

So she became a prey to remorse, and to love. She, for whom it had all been but a little vanity, a trifling inclination for the unusual, a little friendship and a bit of girlish pleasure; she who had so quickly forgotten, who had hardly remembered it at all, now began suddenly to love—to love a shadow.

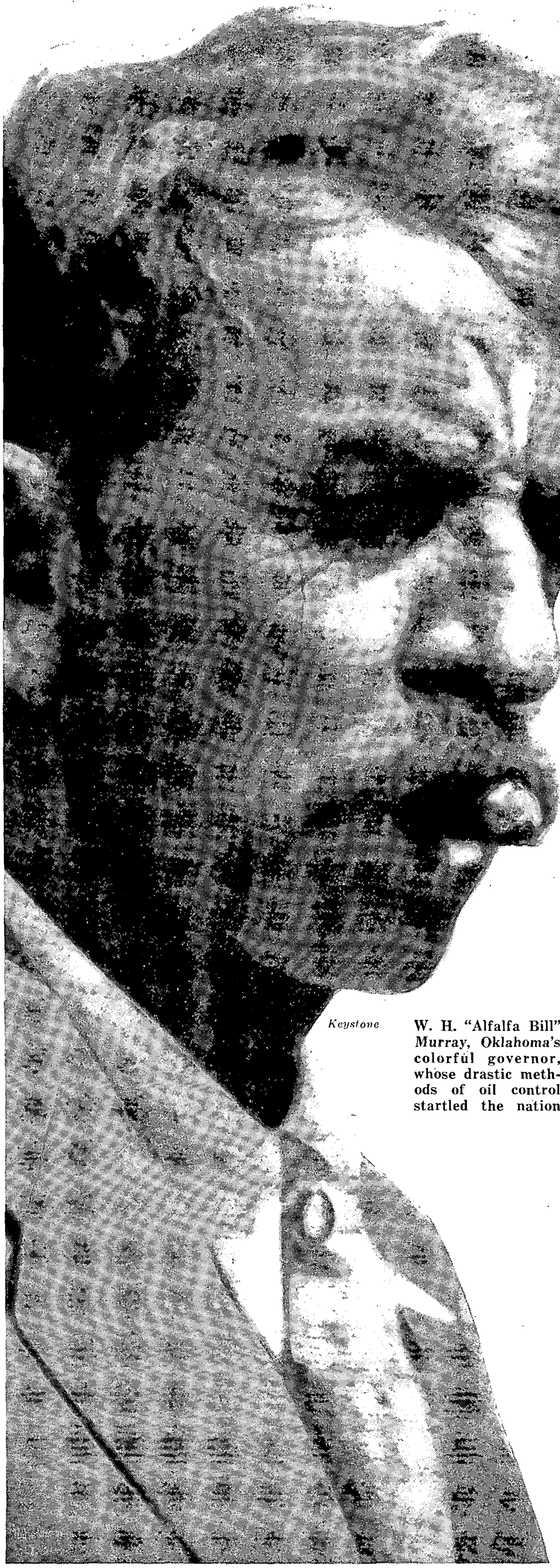
SHE withdrew herself from everything. Her acquaintances tried to argue with her, to help her to find herself again. But it was of no avail. Had she lived with a human being it might perhaps have been possible to free her; but she lived with a memory.

She grew ever more strange. Often when alone in her room she would talk aloud to herself. Before long she had lost her post. Later she joined a small sect which held spiritual séances. Once she thought she saw Gerhard coming to her. So the years went by. . . . One day she was no more. . . . The last thing that she saw was the dark cross cast by the frame of the window behind which stood the setting sun.

King of the Prairie

What manner of man could call out the militia—"my guards," he calls them—to maintain the price of Oklahoma oil; could live down to the reputation of being a fiery, ignorant, uncouth yokel thrown blindly into politics; could climb into the governor's chair in one of the richest oil states after a dozen years of political obscurity? Thus Mr. Shepherd's—and many others'—recent curiosity about Governor William H. Murray, which is here satisfied

By William G. Shepherd



Keystone

W. H. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Oklahoma's colorful governor, whose drastic methods of oil control startled the nation

THIS spectacular man has rushed into the American spotlight at such tremendous speed that it is necessary to blow away the heavy clouds of dust he has raised before you can can get a clear view of him. I speak of "Alfalfa Bill" Murray.

I have never seen a cleaner pair of suspenders, except maybe in a store window. They were not of the fancy colored sort, with no elastic in them. They were just plain, white suspenders. But the most noticeable thing about them to me was that when the owner occasionally thrust a thumb under them and then suddenly let go, they struck his shoulder with a resounding slap. As he lay, stretched out on his bed, smoking a good cigar, I noted that his hose were above reproach as to freshness. So was his soft white shirt.

Governor Murray was resting at the end of a busy, typical day.

"You'll see him chewing tobacco all over the place." So I had been warned by some of his enemies—and even by some of his proud friends, given to chewing. Well, they were wrong. The heavy, white, though somewhat shaggy, mustache might have graced the face of any well-groomed and valeted old duffer sitting in a club window. The wispy hair of his head was of such a clean whiteness that I suspected it had been shampooed within the hour.

Hands, face, ears—all clean. Fingernails: not a trace of grime. Frankly, this wasn't the sort of man I had expected to see when I called on "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Governor of Oklahoma. From reading and hearing of this man, I, perhaps like hundreds of thousands of other citizens, had been under a misapprehension.

"Why do Oklahoma people call him 'Alfalfa Bill'?" I asked one of his lawyer friends.

"Aw, no special reason, I suppose," drawled the lawyer. "Only it just happens that he was the first landowner to grow alfalfa in this state and thus add millions of dollars to its wealth. He wrote an article for a newspaper in the early days and the editor jokingly printed it as being 'By Alfalfa Bill'!"

So meeting Governor William H. Murray of Oklahoma is all a surprise. What he will prove himself to be remains to be seen. But, in correction of the popular picture that has been painted of him, it is safe to say that:

1. He is not a fiery, uncouth yokel from the backwoods, thrown into politics by an embittered peasantry.

2. He is not a blundering, wild-eyed and very angry citizen who has fought his way into the governor's chair and intends to upset all politicians and officials and confuse their plans.

3. He is most positively not uneducated.

4. He is no greenhorn, no stumbling babe who is likely to fall and break his nose in the game of politics.

Concrete proof of this last point is found in the following authentic story:

Governor Woodrow Wilson was at New Jersey's summer capital at Sea Girt. Two hundred miles away the Democratic national convention at Baltimore—the year was 1912—was trying, that night, to select a candidate for the Presidency, and Woodrow Wilson, for the first nine ballots, had been running about two hundred votes behind Champ Clark. Two elements were tugging: it was Bryan *vs.* Tammany Hall. William Jennings Bryan was behind Champ Clark. Tammany Hall was not behind Wilson but was stalling by casting its precious ninety votes for Judson Harmon of Ohio.

Time after time the vote was announced, practically unchanged. About one o'clock Wilson, tired out, said to Joseph Tumulty, his secretary:

"I'm going to bed. If anything of importance happens let me know."

Getting Down to Issues

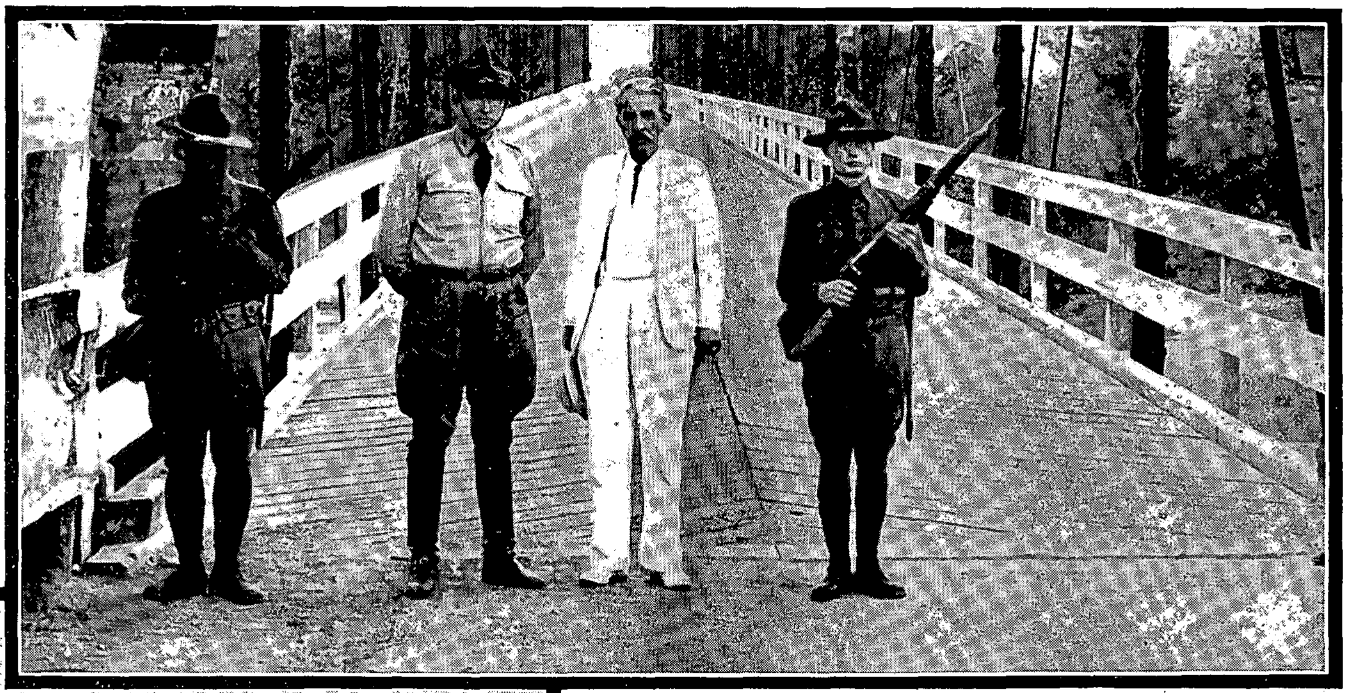
Here is the rest of the story in Mr. Tumulty's own words, as he told it to me:

"I said good night and the governor went on upstairs. I strolled out on the lawn to the telegrapher's tent. The other end of his wire ran into the convention hall. The operator said they were taking a ballot. I chatted with him a while and then, abruptly, the wire began to talk.

"Someone had challenged the vote of Oklahoma, which had tried to cast its twenty votes for Clark, and demanded that the name of each member of the Oklahoma delegation be called and each delegate personally declare his vote. The story, as I read it over the telegraph operator's shoulder, said that a man named William H. Murray was chairman of the Oklahoma delegation, and that he was standing on a chair, shouting out a short speech.

"'There are ten of us in this Oklahoma delegation,' he shouted, 'who will not help Tammany Hall make this nomination, and we are not for Clark but for Wilson.'

"Then the story went on to tell of the tremendous demonstration that followed



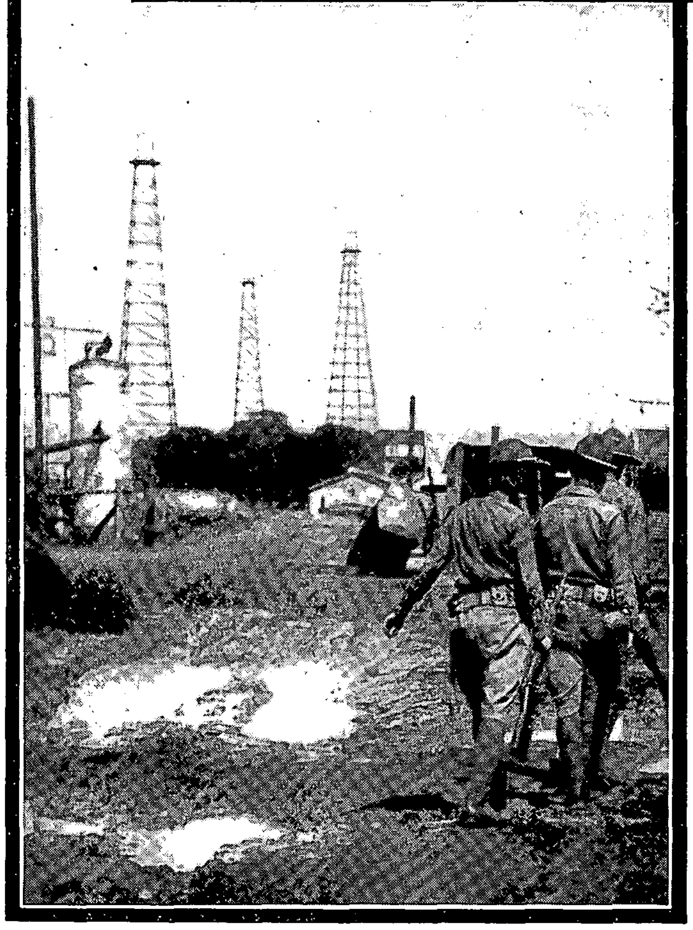
Keystone

Governor Murray in personal command of "his guards" at the toll bridge which figured in the fight between Oklahoma and Texas

this man's declaration. Delegates had praised Wilson before in the convention, but this was the first voice that was raised against Wilson's opponent, Tammany Hall.

"I hurried out of the tent and over to the governor's bedroom. I told him that a delegate from the West had made the issue clear, Wilson against Tammany Hall, and that the report said that the convention had been thrown into a bedlam of anti-Tammany demonstration by this man's short statement.

"It was the first good news Wilson had received since the voting began early in the day. He knew that the fight now would have to be out in the open and that Bryan, who had been straddling on Champ Clark as Tammany had been straddling on Harmon, would have to declare himself one way or another."



National guardsmen on duty in an Oklahoma oil field after martial law was declared

On the next ballot, the tenth, Tammany Hall showed it had been stung by the demonstration. It accepted the challenge. It shifted its ninety votes from Harmon, who had been among the tail-enders and had no chance, to Wilson's rival, Champ Clark. The ninth ballot had been Clark, 452; Wilson, 352. Now, on the tenth ballot, Tammany changed things: Clark, 554; Wilson, 354. Necessary to nominate, 685. Clark was only 131 votes short.

"Tammany had been practically forced by the convention into voting for Bryan's candidate, Champ Clark," said Tumulty.

Would William Jennings Bryan go with Tammany Hall? He never had done so. Would he do it now? Or would he go for Wilson?

Bryan Comes Clean

On the first ballot the next day William Jennings Bryan had his say. The official record shows that, during a special poll of the Nebraska delegation, with the name of each delegate being called, Bryan arose and said, among other things, just about what the shouting little fellow from Oklahoma had said to the convention a few hours before:

"I shall withhold my vote for Mr. Clark as long as New York's vote is recorded for him. Now I am prepared to announce my vote—unless further interrupted. I cast my vote for Nebraska's second choice, Governor Wilson."

Then came the great demonstration of the convention. The next great uproar arose, several ballots later on, when John J. Fitzgerald of New York arose and gave Tammany's votes to Woodrow Wilson. The final vote was Wilson, 990; Clark, 84; Harmon, 12.

"Something else might have turned the tide for Wilson in that convention," Mr. Tumulty told me, "but President Wilson always remembered how Murray's words (which tipped the convention that Tammany would go for Clark) gave him the first inkling that the convention might start him toward the White House."

This happened about twenty years ago. I've told this story about Murray's part in the Baltimore convention not to show that he's a great politician or a great leader but that he isn't the mysterious, suddenly arisen, politically blundering, ignorant, unknown individual that he has been pictured.

He served two terms in Congress from Oklahoma, during Woodrow Wilson's time. He frequently met Wilson; and William Jennings Bryan always welcomed him. He was Oklahoma's "Bryan man." He knows his Washington; he knows his political onions.

So as we go to Oklahoma City to see him and talk with him, in this article, it is well to remember that he's not just an embittered "dirt farmer," as he terms himself, who has suddenly erupted in our midst, but a man who has an acute knowledge of law, of history and of public feeling and mass thought.

Governor Murray Explains

"What would you like to talk about?" the governor asked me, as he lay on his bed. "Have you anything special to ask?" He was earnest, eager, direct; not the rip-roaring, hair-trigger individual I had pictured. He merely wanted to get down to business.

"Something like this," I said. "This world is full these days of things that have been done for the first time in human history. A little man from Asia goes to London to dictate terms to the British empire. Men fly around the world in a few days. Nations save each other from financial disaster by international loans. Everywhere there's something new.

"And here, in your state, a man calls out military forces, armed to kill, if necessary, in order to keep up the price of a commodity. What does *that* mean?"

"Well," he answered, "if there's as good reason for all these new things as there was for what I did with my guards here in Oklahoma—" I noted that he frequently referred to the militia as "my guards"—"they can all be easily explained.

"If I had been governor of most of the other states, perhaps, I couldn't have done constitutionally what I did here in Oklahoma about oil.

"You know the constitution of Oklahoma was specially made to give the state the utmost possible sovereignty. Our state has power. I was president of the constitutional convention that made the Oklahoma constitution. I wanted to give the state so much power, as compared with the Federal government, that there wouldn't be any shadowland or no man's land between the legal or constitutional powers of our state and those of the Federal government. I fixed the constitution of this state so we could call out the state troops to defend ourselves if necessary, though I never expected I'd be the governor who would have to take such an action.

"You know, in most states, if a corporation wants to break the state law it goes into a Federal court and gets what it calls a Federal restraining order. That's absurd, I think, though perhaps not many of the states can change this situation very easily until they change their constitutions. The corporation goes into Federal court as a corporate person; the Federal court considers the state—think of it!—one of the forty-eight supposedly sovereign states of the Union—as another corporate person. The Federal court orders one corporate person, one of the states of our Union, to keep its hands off another corporate person, some big business organization, born in the state of Delaware or New Jersey or some faraway place.

"Business organizations are *not* on a par with states, no matter how big the organizations really are. States are *not* corporate persons. They're governments, established by the people. I hold that Federal courts have no right to put restraints on them, unless what they do is obviously illegal.

"Our government is sovereign in the state of Oklahoma, over all of its own affairs and over the affairs of business organizations that take out oil or run railroads or do anything else in the state.

No Room for Arguments

"We have as much respect for the Federal government and for its courts as any other state. The only difference between us and most other states is that we took special pains to specify our rights in our constitution. There's no debatable ground between our power and that of the Federal government.

"There are two special measures in our constitution, peculiar to our state. One provides—now take this down, so you won't get it wrong—that the supreme executive power shall be vested in a chief magistrate who shall be styled 'The Governor of the State of Oklahoma.' Now, constitutionally, that gives the governor of Oklahoma more power than most other governors possess. I've studied all the state constitutions throughout the years. Most constitutions limit the power of governors. I helped to fix our constitution so there would be no limit on him.

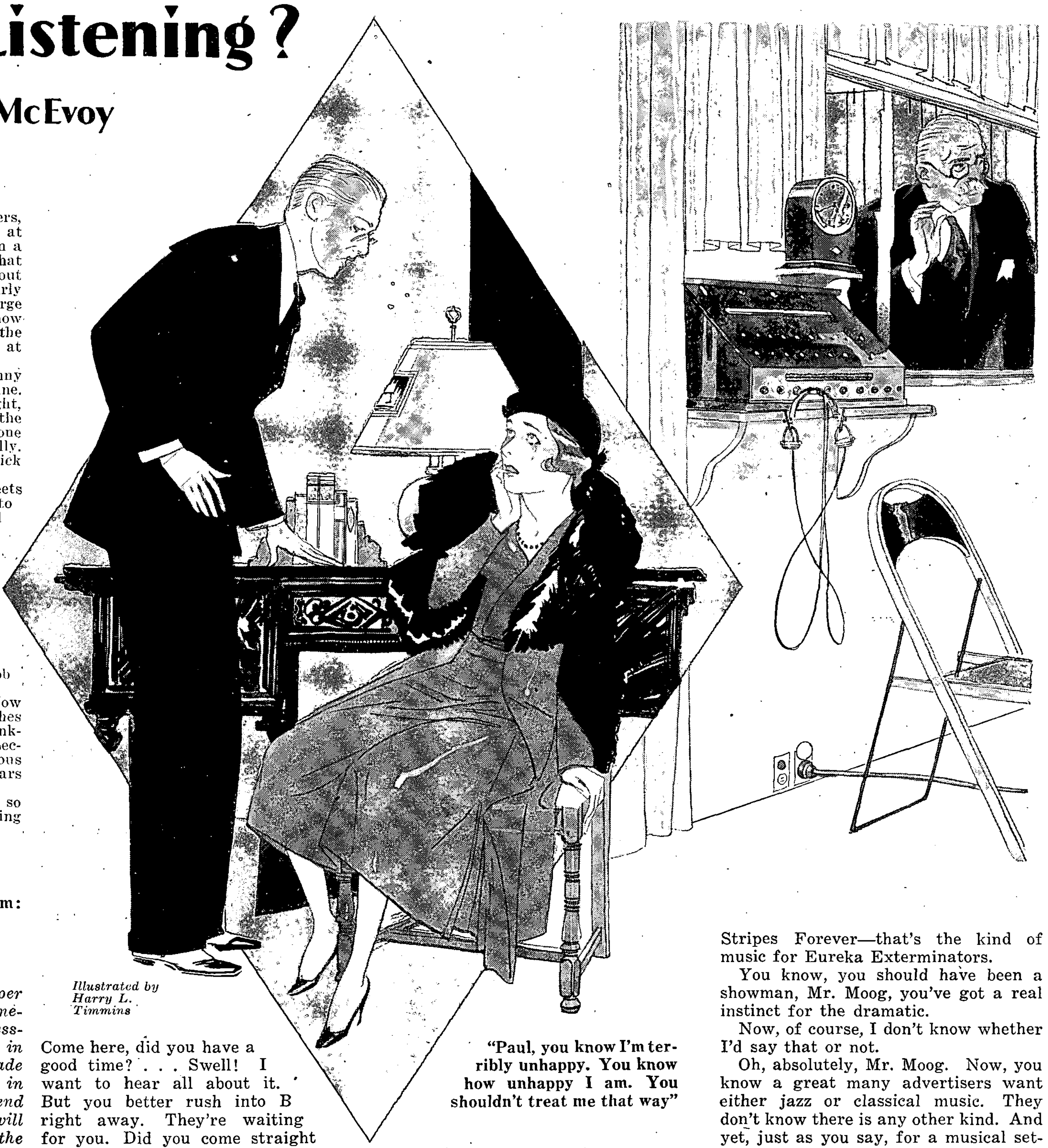
"In that very same article of our constitution we fixed it so that the governor shall be the commander-in-chief of the militia of the state, except when it is in Federal service, and may call out the same to execute the laws.

"There you are. That isn't new business. It's not one of those crazy modern Bolshevik ideas. It was all fixed up over twenty years ago. Lots of big business organizations knew at the time

(Continued on page 42)

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Paul, you know I'm terribly unhappy. You know how unhappy I am. You shouldn't treat me that way"

The Story Thus Far:

HERE are the three O'Neal sisters, Laura, Sally and Honey. They work at Station WBLA and they live together in a one-room apartment. People say that they're a pretty wild crowd. They're out most of the time and they go to some fairly fast parties—those given by Judge George Lawrence Considine, for instance. But how can you expect them to stay in when the radio, which they hear all day, blasts at them all night from neighboring rooms?

Sally is running around with Danny O'Malley, a protégé of Judge Considine. He's a reformed gangster. One night, drunk and belligerent, he takes Sally to the Red Heels Club and while there strikes one of the hostesses. That's too much for Sally. She decides to give up gangsters and stick to the judge.

At one of Considine's parties Honey meets rich young Jack Logan. He asks her to go to Chicago with him to see a football game.

Laura isn't going out much just now. She's recovering from attempted suicide. She is in love with Bill Grimes; that's why she tried it. Bill's married and his wife won't give him a divorce. Things have been that way for ten years. Laura saw that they weren't getting anywhere and told Bill she wouldn't see him again. Whereupon Bill lost his job and took to drink.

But Laura's action steadied him. Now he's at work again, writing radio sketches for Clayton and Logan, Investment Bankers. He calls the program Twin Bed Lectures and into it he puts all the vicious nagging he has had to listen to for years from his wife Alice.

Alice, by the way, hasn't been nagging so much lately; she, too, seems to be falling in love.

VII

1. Station WBLA: Reception Room: Sally O'Neal.

9:30 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Your favorite morning newspaper brings to you the voices of those home-making, health-making and happiness-making experts, whose departments in the New York Morning Tab have made it the most widely read newspaper in the country. Introducing your friend and adviser, Doris Connolly, who will read today's prize-winning letter on the best reducing method. . . .

Hello, friends. I know you will be glad to hear the good news this morning, that upon request I will send you a new series of exercise charts for the waist, hips, abdomen and sides. Also other parts which you want to reduce. This is only part of the Morning Tab service for the women of America. And now . . .

Oh, hello, Larry. How's the Big Lover? . . . Well, don't bite my head off. I don't feel any better than you do. . . . No, Honey hasn't come in yet. . . . No, I haven't seen her. . . . Well, all right, I'll tell her soon as she comes in. . . . Good morning, Mr. Moog, they're waiting in B for you. . . . Boy, show this gentleman to Studio B. . . . What? . . . Fine, thank you. How are you? . . . Why, Mr. Moog, you wouldn't fool a dumb girl, would you? . . . Good-by. . . . Hello. . . . It's the same time out here that it is in there. No trouble at all. . . . Hello. . . . Oh, good morning, Mr. Carson. . . . Yes, Mr. Moog came. He's in the control-room in B, standing by for the Eureka Exterminator audition. . . . Fine, thank you. If you see my sister Laura, would you ask her to please come out here to the reception-room for a minute? . . . Thanks. 'By. . . .

Oh, hello, Honey, how are you? . . . Come here, did you have a good time? . . . Swell! I want to hear all about it. But you better rush into B right away. They're waiting for you. Did you come straight from the train? . . . Leave your bag here behind the desk. . . . Gee, you look cute. I want to hear all about it. We'll have lunch together at one so Laura can come with us. S'long. Gee, you look cute. . . .

The New York Morning Tab now brings you a smile in its regular quarter hour of helpful hints for housewives. This is today's prize winner of the Bright Sayings of Children, submitted by Mrs. Ezra Gootch, 92 Cornelia Street, Brooklyn.

"We were out riding in our car when my little boy, Julius, aged sixteen months, said as we were bumping over a detour, 'Mamma, why do they close the big road for repairs? Why don't they fix this detour?'" . . .

2. Station WBLA: Audition: Mr. Moog, Larry Barnes and Honey O'Neal.

I think if you sit right here in the control-room, Mr. Moog, you'll not only be able to hear everything just the way it comes into the home, but you'll also be able to see the actors.

I see.

The loud speaker is up there in the corner. I'd move my chair a little bit this way. That's better. Now, are you comfortable?

Yes, Mr. Barnes. When are we going to start? I have an important conference over at the plant and I—

We'll be ready in just a minute or so. We're waiting for Miss O'Neal, who takes the part of Her Majesty, the American Housewife. She's due any minute now.

I was wondering, Mr. Barnes, if she couldn't be called "Queen Eureka." You know, get the name of the company into the title and at the same time preserve that dignity which the prestige of the Eureka Exterminators has built up through fifty years of loyal service to Her Majesty, the American Housewife.

We're getting all that into the program, Mr. Moog. We've been very careful to write and direct it according to the ideas that you set forth in our last creative conference. I'm sure you're going to be satisfied. Take the item of music for instance—

Yes, that's very important. Music is—is—is very important.

Exactly, Mr. Moog. The right kind of music.

That's it. The right kind of music. Now, jazz is—is—well, it isn't dignified, and classical music is all right, but it's—it's—it isn't—well, it seems to me that a good dignified band with stirring march music like Sousa's Stars and Stripes Forever—that's the kind of music for Eureka Exterminators.

You know, you should have been a showman, Mr. Moog, you've got a real instinct for the dramatic.

Now, of course, I don't know whether I'd say that or not.

Oh, absolutely, Mr. Moog. Now, you know a great many advertisers want either jazz or classical music. They don't know there is any other kind. And yet, just as you say, for a musical setting to frame a scene like the throne room of Her Royal Highness, the American Housewife, why, a band is the only thing. That's why we've been very happy to follow out your suggestions. It's a pleasure to—

Is that the band we're going to have?

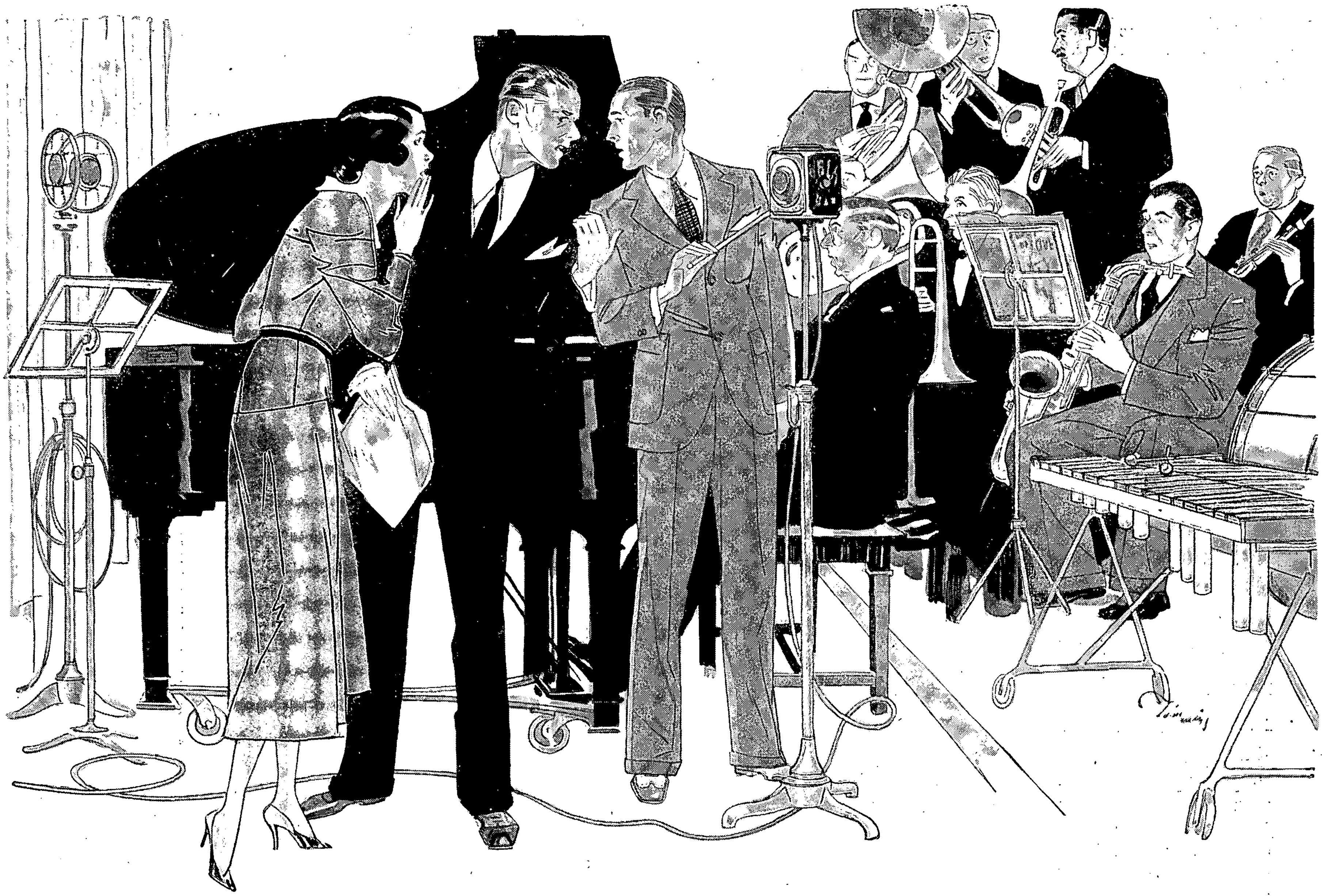
That's it. The opening fanfare will be played by those three men with the trumpets. You'll hear them just the same as though you were listening to your own radio. After the fanfare, the band plays the Eureka Exterminator March.

Yes, I know. We heard it the other day when you were rehearsing it. Some of our directors thought that—

And after the march, the musicians all rise and sing the theme song, "Eureka Forever." Pardon me just a moment. Miss O'Neal just came in. I'll go out and get the program started. You can signal to me through the glass in case you want to stop the audition at any place and discuss anything. Smoke if you wish, Mr. Moog. That sign is only for the employees.

WELL, where have you been, Honey? You know how long we've been waiting this morning?

I just got off the train and came right over, Larry. I didn't even stop to wash my face.



"Has this mike been open all this time? Did we say anything about him? Is the mike dead, Pete?" "Wait a minute, I'll see. . . . No, Mr. Barnes"

Mr. Moog is sitting in there chewing his fingernails. He has a conference.

Well, it will keep. If that one spoils, he can have another one.

It's all right for you to be flip, Honey, but I've got the responsibility of putting this program over and if we're going to start like—

Now, don't jump on me.

Where were you?

I was in Chicago. Why?

What for?

I went to see Al Capone. He sent you his love.

All right, then, don't tell me.

I had no intention of doing so.

No, you like to see me worried. You like to hurt me. You get some kind of a kick out of it, don't you?

Now, don't start that, Larry, for Heaven's sake. Look, Mr. Moog is rapping on the glass for you.

Oh Lord, I wonder if this mike has been open all this time. Did we say anything about him? Is the mike dead, Pete?

Wait a minute, I'll see. . . . No, Mr. Barnes.

Oh, my God! Cut it and don't give it to us until I give you the signal. I'm going to stay in the control-room for a little while, now. Stand by, everybody. When I signal, shoot.

Eureka forever!
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
We go for vermin
Tooth, nail and claw.
And we'll rally 'round Her Majesty—
The American Housewife—again,
Shouting our battle cry,
EU-RE-KAAAAA.

Make way for Her Majesty, Her Royal Highness, the American Housewife. Make way—make way. Get back, you vermin—get back, you insects. Make way—make way.

Thanks, my Royal Exterminator Guards. And now thy report on the condition of my kingdom. Hast thou ridded it of the pests that maketh life so unbearable?

E'en so, Your Majesty!

Hast thou disposed of those insects that beareth germs into the domiciles of our citizens, causing disease, yea, and death?

E'en so, Your Majesty!

Hast thou exterminated those vermin whose very names I would not deign to pronounce?

Aye, aye, Your Majesty!

Well done, thou good and faithful servants. Let the festivities commence.

Quite so, Your Majesty.

Now, thou, my Lord Chamberlain, what hast thou on thy goodly program to coddle and cozen and titillate the palate of thy Imperial Mistress?

Your Majesty, I have a goodly selection by the Royal Exterminator Court Band.

Let them proceed. I would fain hear them.

How do you like it so far, Mr. Moog?

Well, it's got dignity, but I wonder if some of it won't be hard to understand. Of course I understand it but then you know how the average person is—especially when it comes to words like—like—well, some of those words the girl used.

Miss O'Neal?

Her Majesty. Also, I'm wondering about the advertising. Seems to me we use a lot of time on the air without saying something about our product. Couldn't we mention that it comes both in liquid and powder form, or something like that?

That's a very good idea. Suppose I dash out now and write something into the next bit of dialogue and then you could listen to it? The band is almost finished.

Don't forget the tidy red tin and the tidy red bottle, Mr. Barnes. But keep it dignified.

Well done, very well done, my royal and faithful musicians. And now I would fain hear once more the stirring battle cry of my brave legions.

Quite so, Your Majesty. Soldiers! COMRADES! YOUR QUEEN!

NO PEST TOO LARGE,
NO PEST TOO SMALL.
WE GET THEM ONE,
WE GET THEM ALL.
EUREKA!

Hold it, boys! Wait a minute, Honey. Cut the mike, Pete.

What's the matter, Larry? Isn't it going over?

Give me your script. I want to write in a change. Here, let me see. This will be a good place—after "by my halidom, a new and fierce enemy is making ready to storm the walls." Listen, boys. Hold up on the trumpets sounding attack and wait for a new cue. I'll give it to you in a minute.

How does he like it, Larry?

So far, so good. "Bring forth the tidy red tin brigade and the tidy red bottle troops and we will disperse the new pests that threaten our household. Your local druggist can supply it." How does that sound, Honey?

All right, I guess.

Boys, your new cue for the trumpets is "can supply it." Got it? Good. You can start again, Honey, after I get back in the control and give you the signal. Going to have lunch with me today?

Can't. Got an engagement.

How about tonight?

I'm going to be busy.

Aw gee, Honey, that's no way to treat me. I've got to see you tonight. I want to talk to you. Haven't seen you for days and days.

I'll talk to you later, Larry. Mr. Moog is rapping on the glass for you.

Let him rap. Why can't you see me tonight?

Sh-h-h. He'll hear you.

No, he won't. The mike is dead. Why can't you see me tonight?

I've got to see Ted Russell.

Who?

Ted Russell—the editor of the Morning Tab.

How do you know him? Where did you meet him?

Chicago. He's going to give me a new job. I've got to see him over at his office tonight. I'll tell you all about it.

What job? Where? You aren't leaving here, are you, Honey?

Say, Larry, we've got to go on with this audition. Mr. Moog is as sore as a pup. Look at him.

I must talk to you later, Honey. You can't leave here.

Hurry up, Larry.

All right, but I've got to see you. I've got to talk to you. Stand by to go ahead, everybody. When I rap on the glass, shoot. And don't forget the new cue—"your druggist can supply it."

(Continued on page 47)

"My Quarterback"

A romance of the gridiron—which doesn't mean that you've read the same thing before. Certainly not

By James Hopper

WHEN I was at college, "Red" Stonehurst was our football coach. A heavy, iron, dour taskmaster he was; a great giant of some two hundred and fifty pounds, with little eyes that peered along a big red nose and saw everything—or just about. He was known as the inventor of the revolving turtle, a once-famous method for pulverizing the foe. Yet it was a slender girl who had not invented anything who engaged him in a duel—a little, large-eyed, gray-eyed slip of a miss of the Freshie class. Sylvia Sharon was her name.

And this duel, this combat of wills, was over the fate of a man. Or, maybe, more simply, over what was going to happen to a boy. (We thought we were men, then, but perhaps we were just boys.) The boy was Don Saunders, quarterback, and he was the secret idol of that certain part of the bleacher population which, at Varsity Field, on practice nights, saw not as far as the pure technicians, and yet a little farther. He was not big; on the surface he seemed impossibly light for the game. Yet a lot of us would go to the practice just to see him. His slender body was topped with a burst of straw-colored hair which could be followed like a plume. On the defense, it would be all over the field, as he sized up the enemy's attack a fraction of a second before anyone else and hurled his scant poundage, all of it, in utter *abandon* at the spot threatened; or, if that spot already had been cracked, brought down the runner with long tackles that sent him skimming along the ground like a swallow.

But it was on the offense he carried us away. He was of the race of great quarterbacks—and this was at a time when quarterbacks were quarterbacks, and "ran" the team, baying their signals to the sky. When he passed his hand swiftly along his own line, crouching before him, you could see each bent, weary, soggy human link tremble with some sort of new life. His voice rose like a bugle call hurled toward the sky, and you could see, to that piercing call, the whole eleven vibrate like an engine boiler to superpressure. The team stirred; it surged forward, one block, made alive with ferocious, cohesive purpose.

And we thought, some of us on the bleachers, "He gives them something they haven't got. He pours something into them. He gets out of that big hippo at right guard, there, who usually works at eighty per cent, a hundred and ten per cent. He vivifies those big line louts with the flame in him, and those backs with his fury of self-sacrifice. The team, run by Don, is another team."

We'd say it openly the next day, all around the college. "The team is O. K. now. It has what it lacked. It's got a great quarter now." We'd consider the thing settled.

BUT it wouldn't be. Because here was Red Stonehurst, head coach, who believed only in the solid things of life and in beef for football. He had his maxims, "I'm allowed eleven men on the team by the rules, ain't I? Why should I use ten and a half?" And, "In a shove between two teams, the last half pound wins." And, Napoleon of the gridiron world, "To lick the other fellow, get the greatest number of pounds to the weakest spot in the quickest time. I want the pounds," he'd say.

So while, for a few days, everyone waxed ingenuously delirious over Don Saunders, Red Stonehurst continued to squint along the bridge of his big red nose, undisturbed. "Besides," he'd say —and that seemed final—"he can't *stand the gaff*."

And the worst of it was that the old rhinoceros would prove right. For two, three weeks, Don would flash, the team going great guns under him, then slowly but surely a change took place. You could see him fighting it, at long afternoon practices, but to no avail. He slowed up; his slight form sagged; the clarion ring went out of his voice, till pound for pound he was no better than fiercely eager rivals that outweighed him pounds. Gradually he fell back from rung to rung into the ruck of the squad. And the end of the season found him among the scrubs, obscure and forgotten.

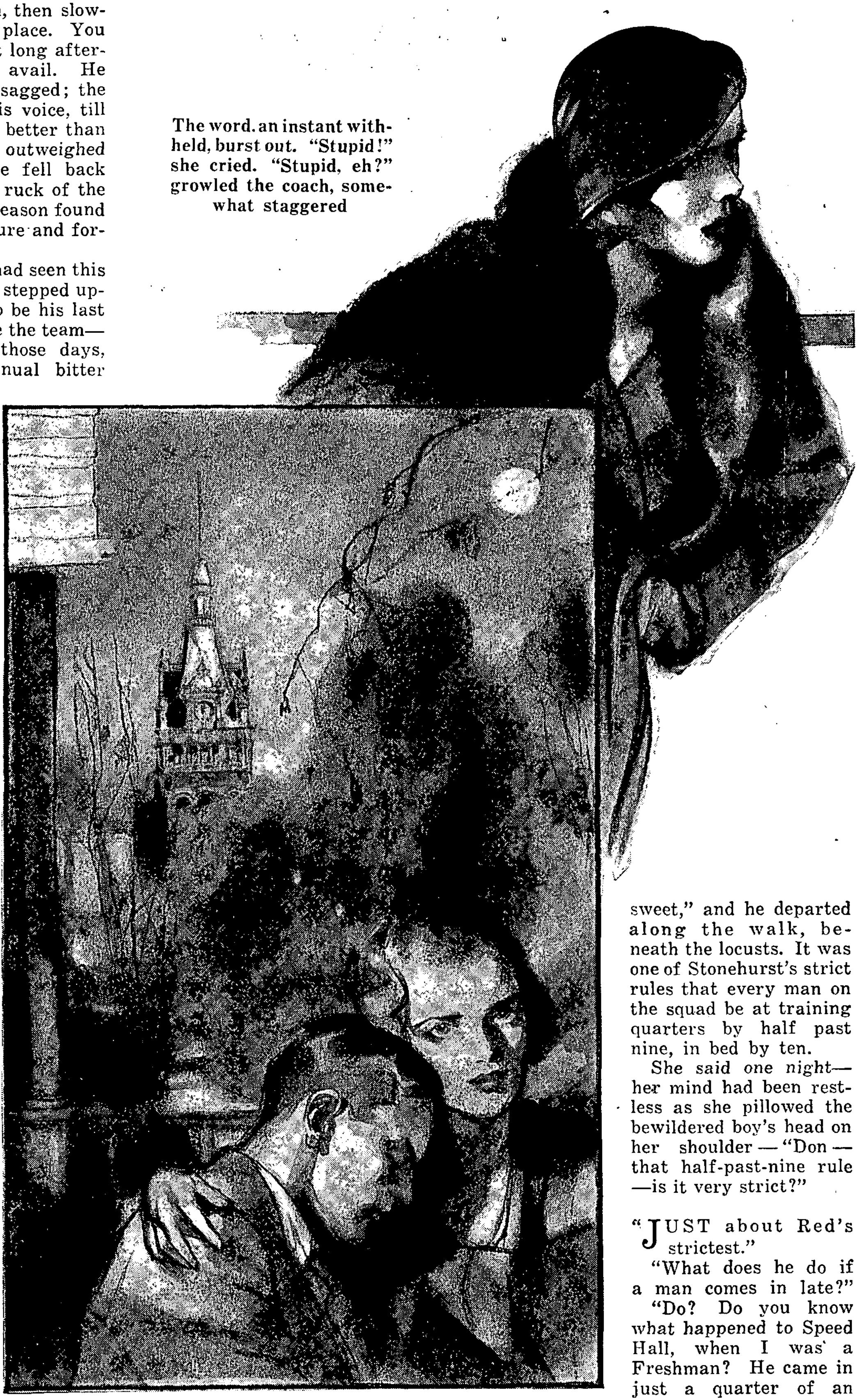
Three years running, we had seen this happen. When, a senior, he stepped upon the field for what was to be his last season, still he had not made the team—which in our college, in those days, meant playing in the annual bitter struggle with Tech around Thanksgiving time.

He had, however, accomplished something perhaps as important—this depending on the point of view. He had fallen in love with a little gray-eyed Freshman girl whom he had met at the seaside that summer. Sylvia Sharon.

AND now, in those days of the fall, every evening after the strain and the toil of the day's practice on the field he went to her, to forget his worries and his disappointments (at twenty, not to make the team can be bitterness indeed) in the sweet aura of their young affection. There was, in the rambling house on the hill which her parents had taken for the time of her college course, a small darkened parlor for nights of rain or cold. But the autumn was stretching out in a lingering Indian summer, and there was also a wide veranda, with vine-darkened retreats, and hammocks and long chairs.

In the fragrant darkness they drew close; he in need of encouragement and consolation, she vigilant in compassion. What had been happening for three seasons running was happening a fourth time—his last time. Starting the season more brilliantly than ever, he had begun to hit the old downslide, in a daze, bewildered and desperate. The old heaviness was settling down on him again. "Can't stand the gaff," the bleachers were saying, now adopting without reserve Red Stonehurst's glum dictum, while the coach indefatigably, *and with a patience almost malevolent*, groomed Carter, a two-hundred-pound back, for the place at quarter. With Sylvia close, Don could forget that.

But at nine o'clock sharp—the first clang of the campus tower clock always startled their hearts as if it had been on those hearts the heavy hammer had fallen—they would spring to their feet. "Good night, dear." "Good night, sweet," and he departed along the walk, beneath the locusts. It was one of Stonehurst's strict rules that every man on the squad be at training quarters by half past nine, in bed by ten.



The word, an instant withheld, burst out. "Stupid!" she cried. "Stupid, eh?" growled the coach, somewhat staggered

Startling her fearfully, the campus clock sounded twelve

She said one night—her mind had been restless as she pillowed the bewildered boy's head on her shoulder—"Don—that half-past-nine rule—is it very strict?"

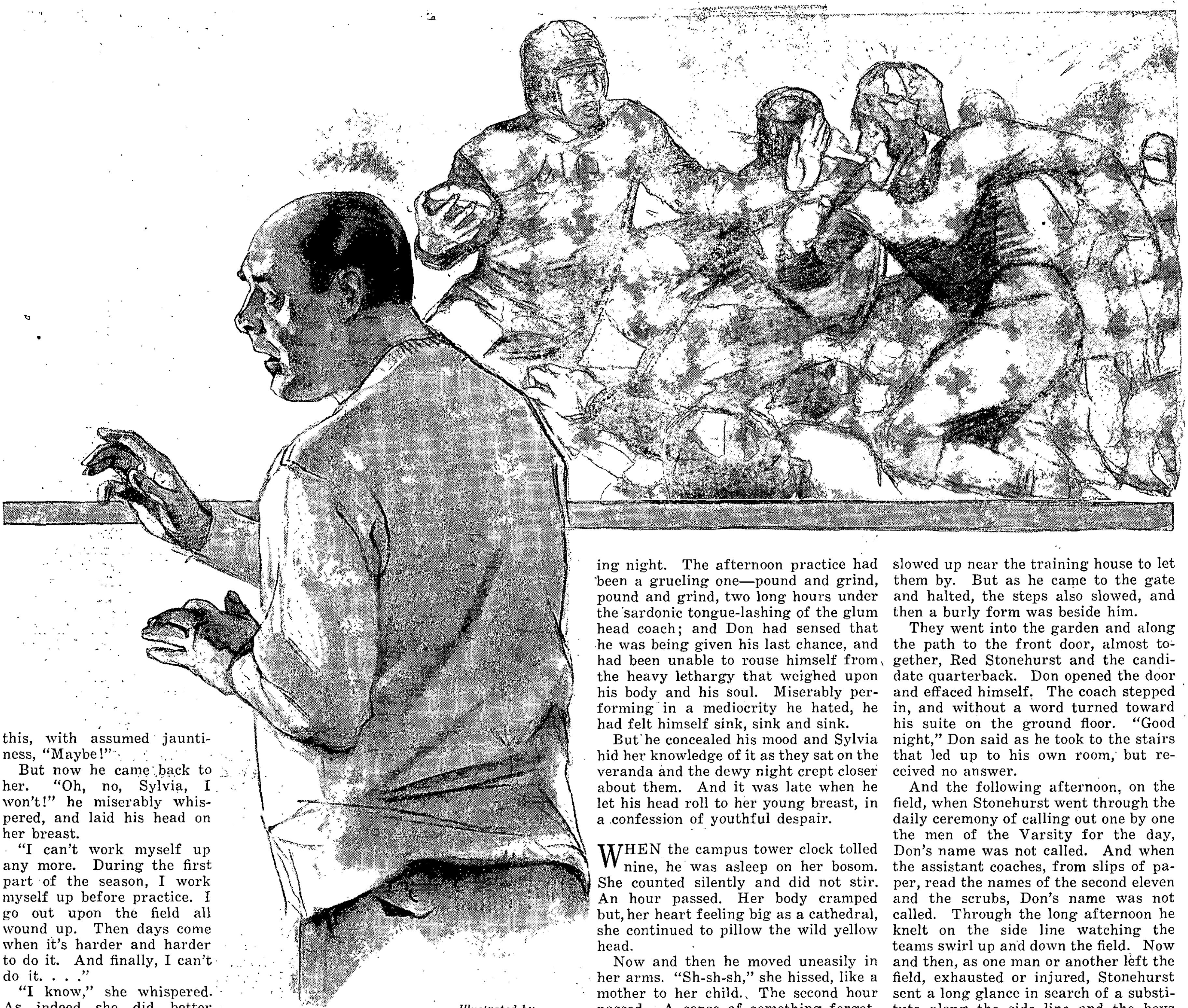
"JUST about Red's strictest."

"What does he do if a man comes in late?"

"Do? Do you know what happened to Speed Hall, when I was a Freshman? He came in just a quarter of an hour late, and Red saw him. He was one of the best backs, too. He never lined up again. Not for the rest of the season. No, sir; Red left him on the side lines till the last day had gone. It just about killed Speed. It's a strict rule, all right!"

"Good night, sweet. Don't worry. You'll make it yet."

Up to now, every night he had said to



Illustrated by C. C. Beall

this, with assumed jauntiness, "Maybe!"

But now he came back to her. "Oh, no, Sylvia, I won't!" he miserably whispered, and laid his head on her breast.

"I can't work myself up any more. During the first part of the season, I work myself up before practice. I go out upon the field all wound up. Then days come when it's harder and harder to do it. And finally, I can't do it. . . ."

"I know," she whispered. As indeed she did—better than he, better than anyone.

After he had gone she spoke vehemently to the night. "They wear him down; they grind him down! He has something precious to give them, something no one else has—and they kill it within him—they stupidly kill it!"

At midnight she was still up, in her den under the eaves; and as the campus tower bell tolled twelve strokes in the dark she put out her light, stepped to the window, parted the curtains a little, and, hidden there, waited. Soon footsteps sounded on the walk, coming from the right. The sound grew heavier; she withdrew a little deeper within the curtains as the footsteps passed beneath her. But when they had passed, she leaned far out; she peered searchingly, to make sure. She made sure. The big broad back of giant Red Stonehurst was going away from her, on the way to the training house and bed. For two weeks now, every night she had observed the same phenomenon; she was the possessor of a secret. The redoubtable coach was calling every night on the dainty athlete-miss who this year had come to head the women's physical department. And, slave to his habits of regularity, every night he was leaving his lady-love at midnight sharp.

"Midnight for him; nine o'clock for his boys," Sylvia said to herself, but it was not of this she was thinking. The restlessness which had been agitating her mind of late was shaping into the penumbra of some dim plan.

"At twelve every night he passes here on his way back to the training house," she recapitulated.

"AT NINE-THIRTY every night, every man of the squad must be in training quarters; at ten in bed.

"It's his strictest rule, Don said.

"What was it he did to Speed Hall, when that boy broke the rule? Kept him on the side line day after day for the rest of the season."

She drew the curtains, snapped on the lights, and slowly disrobed. She paused for a moment before her reflection in the mirror. She found it frowning a little. "It's a risk," she said to the slightly frowning self. Then to a self entirely smiling, "But I am going to risk it, Mr. Red Stonehurst, gr-r-reat big football coach. I'm not going to let you kill my boy." The small frown returned; and the darkness shut on it as she snapped out the light.

Don came weary to her the following night. The afternoon practice had been a grueling one—pound and grind, pound and grind, two long hours under the sardonic tongue-lashing of the glum head coach; and Don had sensed that he was being given his last chance, and had been unable to rouse himself from the heavy lethargy that weighed upon his body and his soul. Miserably performing in a mediocrity he hated, he had felt himself sink, sink and sink.

But he concealed his mood and Sylvia hid her knowledge of it as they sat on the veranda and the dewy night crept closer about them. And it was late when he let his head roll to her young breast, in a confession of youthful despair.

WHEN the campus tower clock tolled nine, he was asleep on her bosom. She counted silently and did not stir. An hour passed. Her body cramped but, her heart feeling big as a cathedral, she continued to pillow the wild yellow head.

Now and then he moved uneasily in her arms. "Sh-sh-sh," she hissed, like a mother to her child. The second hour passed. A sense of something forgotten, something wrong, mixed with the ecstasy of his sleep; murmurs came to his lips, once clear enough to let her know they had to do with time. "Not nine yet; sleep, sweet," she half whispered, half kissed.

Startling her fearfully, although awaited, the campus tower at length sounded twelve. "We've overslept! Don, quick, wake up!"

He raised his tousled head and in confusion heard the last tolling of the bell. It seemed to be interminably ringing, that bell. It was still finally, the last stroke trembling through the night. "What time?" he called out, confused. "What time did you say, Sylvia?"

"Twelve. Oh, Don, I am so sorry!"

"That's all right." He freed himself and was on his feet. "I can steal in. Don't worry. They won't see me."

But now her arms were about him again, as if unable to let him go. Her head on his shoulder, perfidiously she was straining her ears for an expected sound. It came, far at first, down the street, then clearer, along the walk, beneath the locusts—the sound of steps half strolling, half hastening home. "Go!" she whispered fiercely. "Quick, Don! Go!"

But as he fled beneath the low trees, the steps were not far behind him. He slowed up near the training house to let them by. But as he came to the gate and halted, the steps also slowed, and then a burly form was beside him.

They went into the garden and along the path to the front door, almost together, Red Stonehurst and the candidate quarterback. Don opened the door and effaced himself. The coach stepped in, and without a word turned toward his suite on the ground floor. "Good night," Don said as he took to the stairs that led up to his own room, but received no answer.

And the following afternoon, on the field, when Stonehurst went through the daily ceremony of calling out one by one the men of the Varsity for the day, Don's name was not called. And when the assistant coaches, from slips of paper, read the names of the second eleven and the scrubs, Don's name was not called. Through the long afternoon he knelt on the side line watching the teams swirl up and down the field. Now and then, as one man or another left the field, exhausted or injured, Stonehurst sent a long glance in search of a substitute along the side line and the boys wistfully kneeling there. His eyes went stony as they came to Don; they swept over him unseeing and withdrawn. And during that whole long afternoon, Don was never called.

And so it was the next day, and the next, and became the routine of day after day, as day after day went by inexorably, and with each another bit of Don's dwindling chance to make the team his last year.

"HE'LL call you in, some day, you just see," Sylvia would say in the evening. "Don't worry. An afternoon will come, and he'll look along the side line, and he'll call out, 'Saunders!'"

"Sure he will," Don would say, without believing it at all.

Finally there were left only two weeks of the season. On Saturday the team was playing the eleven of the near-by city's athletic club. This was always the last of the preliminary games, considered as practice games, before the crowning yearly struggle with Tech, our ancient and malevolent foe, the Athletic Club team usually offering an opposition which, while not devastating, yet was stiff enough to serve as a sort of full-dress rehearsal for the bitterly real battle coming a week later.

(Continued on page 31)

The Big Baffle

Who is the best challenger for Max Schmeling's heavyweight title? Carnera can't punch, Sharkey has moods, Walker is too small, Dempsey's reported comeback is still a report and Ernie Schaff is being held on ice. No wonder the promoters have headaches which only a big box-office attraction can cure

By Grantland Rice

NO SPECIES of animal life on this globe is more baffling to science than the current heavyweight boxers. They can produce more flops than a carload of circus clowns and still crowd back into the picture. They are here today, gone tomorrow and then back again before you know it.

Promoters trying to pick the next challenger for Max Schmeling have grown dizzy looking over the chart. And finally they reached the point where they had no one left but Mickey Walker, a veteran just eight pounds over the middleweight limit.

Then the Sharkey-Carnera bombardment took place in Brooklyn. This was rated in advance as one of the leading punctures of the season.

There was more than the normal amount of chatter about frame-up and fake. Carnera had never whipped anyone at all, man, woman or child, when the proper precautions had not been taken in advance. Yet on a cold, raw night, thirty thousand spectators journeyed to Ebbets Field in Brooklyn and paid out over one hundred thousand dollars in tough times to see what it was all about. Much to their astonishment they not only saw a good fight, but they saw an unusual twist of form.

The crowd had expected to see a clumsy giant who couldn't box a lick possibly demolish Sharkey with a murderous fist. Instead they saw a giant as light-footed as a middleweight with at least a fair amount of boxing skill but who couldn't break the cuticle of a custard pie with either hand.

Sharkey, who couldn't whip 168-pound Mickey Walker, came near annihilating 261-pound Carnera. Which proves either that Sharkey was not deeply interested in walloping Walker or that speed is a far greater ring asset than weight, reach, height and strength.

At any rate, this Sharkey-Carnera soirée, rated in advance as a bust, suddenly revived the fading heavyweight situation and started it breathing once more. Within two days many headlines were rushing Sharkey back to the front trench as the leading Schmeling challenger. Some of them were even saying that maybe someone could teach Carnera to punch. They had Gene Tunney halfway back with Dempsey steaming up in the Far West, hammering his way in the general direction of the top again.

At first it was thought that Dempsey's exhibition tour would last only a short while. The idea was that his legs wouldn't furnish the transportation, while Benny Leonard's underpinning might stand up much better.

But Dempsey got away to a far better start over the comeback road than Leonard did. There is no question but that Dempsey has banked upon one more big shot. Dempsey has had all the dates he could fill through the fall, but his eyes have been focussed upon a much bigger financial deal where he will still be one of the main attractions of a rich gate.

Living Down the Past

The case of Dempsey among the challengers will have to wait for further developments, but Sharkey has most of the promoters bewildered. They realize that he picked up more friends in the Carnera massacre than he ever had known before, and that he proved in this scrap he could fight a lot whenever he cared to.

Then the promoters began to ponder on Sharkey's defeat by Dempsey, the flops against Heeney and Risko, the fiasco with Phil Scott, the foul against Schmeling and the sad and sorry showing against Mickey Walker, who was outweighed about thirty pounds. The wonder is that any fighter could have figured in so many indigo episodes and still be ranked among the leading challengers.

There are two reasons for this. One is that Sharkey, in certain high spots of his career, has shown more than any fighter now left. The promoters still look back to his two great fights against Wills and Maloney and to that first round where he almost had Jack Dempsey out. They still recall his killing assault against Tommy Loughran, who has been whipping most of the others in the last year.

The other reason for Sharkey's place around the top is the scarcity of talent in the upper fringe of the mastodons. A Retzlaf comes along with a heavy slash in either paw and then a Joe Sekyra takes him. A Hamas shows his share of stuff, but is two years away.

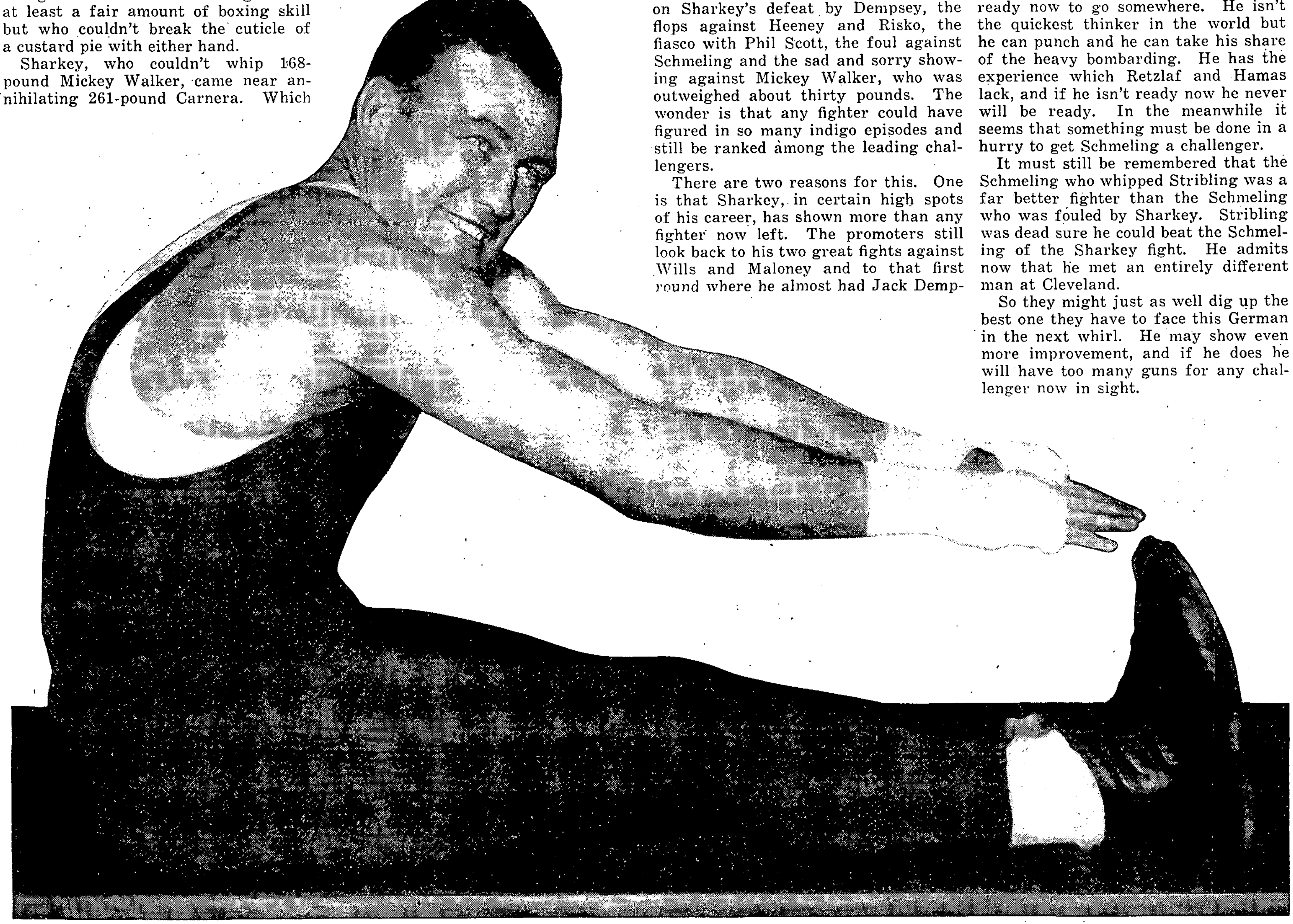
So as winter moves in and Schmeling begins looking around for some challenger who will help lure a crowd into the arena, the three top choices are Walker, Sharkey and Dempsey. In spite of his showing against Sharkey, who seemed to be badly bored with the entire entertainment that night, few believe Walker would have as good a chance of beating Schmeling as Sharkey would have. Walker might put on another surprise, but the betting wouldn't be that way.

Sharkey would be an even bet if it were not for the fact that no one can tell in just what mood the Boston entry will take the ring if he and Schmeling meet again. Walker is too small, Carnera can't punch and Dempsey's attempted comeback has to hit the first rough spot.

There is also Ernie Schaff, another Boston sailor who has come along in a hurry, but as Schaff is in Sharkey's stable he won't be hurried in until Sharkey has had another chance or is definitely shoved aside. Schaff is about ready now to go somewhere. He isn't the quickest thinker in the world but he can punch and he can take his share of the heavy bombarding. He has the experience which Retzlaf and Hamas lack, and if he isn't ready now he never will be ready. In the meanwhile it seems that something must be done in a hurry to get Schmeling a challenger.

It must still be remembered that the Schmeling who whipped Stribling was a far better fighter than the Schmeling who was fouled by Sharkey. Stribling was dead sure he could beat the Schmeling of the Sharkey fight. He admits now that he met an entirely different man at Cleveland.

So they might just as well dig up the best one they have to face this German in the next whirl. He may show even more improvement, and if he does he will have too many guns for any challenger now in sight.



Keystone

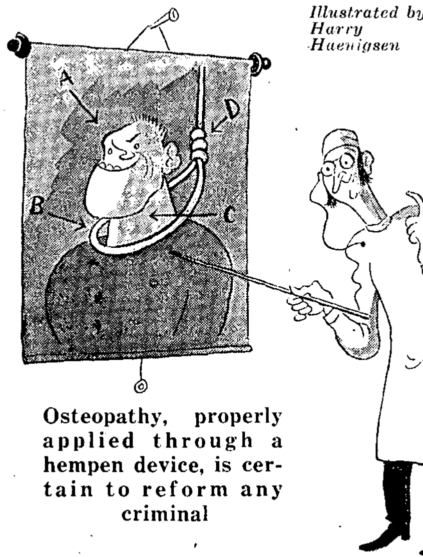
Jack Sharkey, the temperamental in-and-outer who has fought his way back to the top

The Crime Situation

Interviews with Divers Authorities

Collected by Don Marquis

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



Osteopathy, properly applied through a hempen device, is certain to reform any criminal

MRS. DOLLY PEBBLE-BEACH, *society leader:* Social ostracism is the remedy for the crime situation. People in the more exclusive social circles must quit inviting criminals to their select affairs. Of course, the large crushes where everybody goes constitute a different matter.

Andrew Henk, *sheriff and practical osteopath:* I am convinced that osteopathy, properly applied, will reform any criminal. You have got to put the proper pressure on just the right little bones. These little bones are to be found in the neck, and the pressure should be applied through a hempen device. Some persons advocate an electrical treatment, with the patient seated in an especially prepared chair, and the French have had some success with an especial surgical treatment for the patient—"putting him under the knife," as the saying is. But, personally, I have always found my osteopathic treatment very quieting to the subject.

M. François Duval, *chef:* Name of a name of thirty-six little dogs! It is easy to see why America has the crime! The home cooking of America, that is sufficiently the explanation.

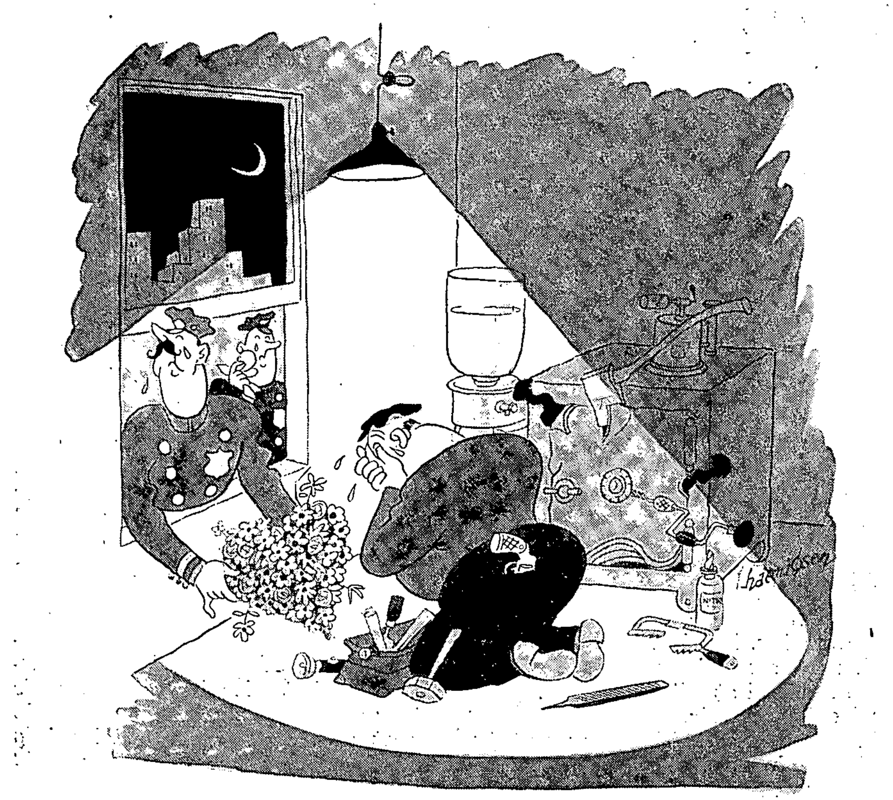
Mrs. Elderberry Blurby, *social worker:* I am firmly convinced that the way to reach and soften the confirmed malefactor's heart is through encouraging him to more contact with little children—"the wee tots," as they have been called. He should be encouraged to have more children himself to cluster around his knee and lisp to him the name of "Father." He may neglect or ignore or knock about or corrupt or abuse the first fifteen or eighteen children with whom he comes in contact, but we must persevere along the right lines. Sooner or later there will be a tot who will touch him. However gradual the work of reclamation may be, it is worth while. Very few criminals will last beyond the fifty-seventh child. The children, of course, must be trained to take pride in their part of the work.

Eddie Rockmush, *racketeer:* One trouble now is that crime is gettin' too much of an ad. A lot of saps is gettin' all swelled up because they're bein' spoke of as prominent racketeers. If they'd only keep out of the limelight, the customers wouldn't hardly feel they was bein' gypped.

Dick Dickson, *detective:* I agree with Mr. Rockmush. If the newspapers and magazines would quit all this yapping about crime we'd be able to handle it in the usual way without any friction anywheres, and the public wouldn't be all steamed up over it. But as it is, these papers keep the public all nervous; and mark my word, sooner or later there's gonna be some big political shake-ups, and that never does anybody any good.

Mr. Penn Wimble, *playwright, moving-picture scenarist:* The love of a good woman will reform any criminal, if one or the other of them does not die first—for, of course, these things take time.

Dr. Horace Guddle, Ph. D., *advanced thinker:* We are too apt to forget that the person with criminal tendencies is human like ourselves; frequently far more human than the rest of us, if you get what I mean. The criminal is in the majority of cases a very sensitive person, and imagine what it does to his sensibilities when he is treated like an outcast! Too many of them are detained and subjected to impertinent and humiliating inquiries by district attorneys and police officers. It is a fact not generally realized, but none the less a fact, that if the average person of criminal tendencies were surrounded from birth with every luxury and indulgence, and were well supplied with large sums of money so that he would never have to worry about that, his desire to rob and slay would be very greatly mitigated. Governments should see to it that criminals have all the money they want without effort on their part, for the protection of the general public. In a properly organized modern state this would be the first thing attended to, this judicious application of humanitarian and economic principles.



Dew-drenched flowers are what these big, thoughtless boys need

Miss Evelyn Cluck, *sob sister:* Most of the racketeers I have known were just great big prankish boys who didn't realize there was anything wrong with what they were doing, and I will never forget how one of them broke down and cried when a girl pal of his handed him a cluster of jonquils in court. Oh, how I wish that more people could see that that is the answer! Violets drenched in dew! Clover bloom that still seems to hold the hum of the bandit bee! Blue lupin! Apple blossoms fragrant with the song of birds! These things are what these great big thoughtless boys need to make them go straight again!

Dr. Earnest Cark, *reformer:* To my mind, one of the very worst things about crime today is that it leads so many young men into the habit of taking drugs. Not having the courage to commit crime unless they are under the influence of "dope," they eventually find this terrible habit fastened upon them for life. The remedy is widespread propaganda, so that the young criminal may think twice before committing his first homicide.

Hiram J. Mousetrap, *prominent clubman and fire-eater:* Vigilantes! That's the answer to the crime situation! Vigilantes! I'd shoulder a musket and lead a posse myself, if I were forty or fifty years younger!

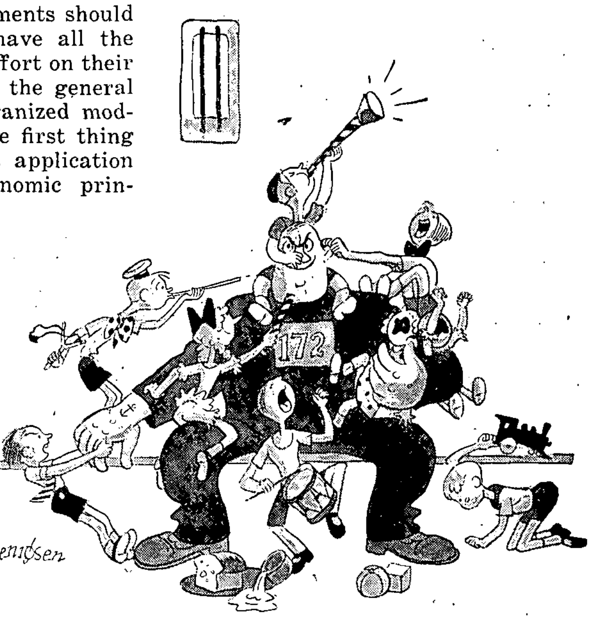
Night-club hostess: What's the squeal, Sucker? Everything's oke!

Gyp the Chopper: I ain't in favor of no change.

Congressman Nimble, *statesman:* Crime, of course, is due almost entirely to drink. Before prohibition came, if there had been no drink there would have been very little crime. Now, if there were no crime there would be very little drink. I hope I make myself clear.

William Flintpan, *strong-arm worker:* I think a lot of the boys are goin' too far for the good of the business. You' gotta be reasonable. If you stick up a guy this week, it's only reasonable to give him a coupla weeks to get another bankroll before you stick him up again, ain't it? No use in gettin' peeved and bumpin' him off for not havin' the bankroll you didn't give him a chancet to earn, is they? That's the kind of thing that's gonna end by givin' crime a bad name in this country.

Cooling Calvedge, *newspaper columnist and statesman:* Statistics show that crime is increasing. It must eventually play an important part in the economic affairs of this country. But this country has weathered many crises because of its fundamental optimism. Honesty is the best policy. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Politics makes strange bedfellows. The voters of the country must make a mighty effort. Life is real, life is earnest. The question is, can the republic survive the overhead which crime imposes upon it? As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. Sooner or later the results of crime will be felt in the taxes. It is never too late to mend.



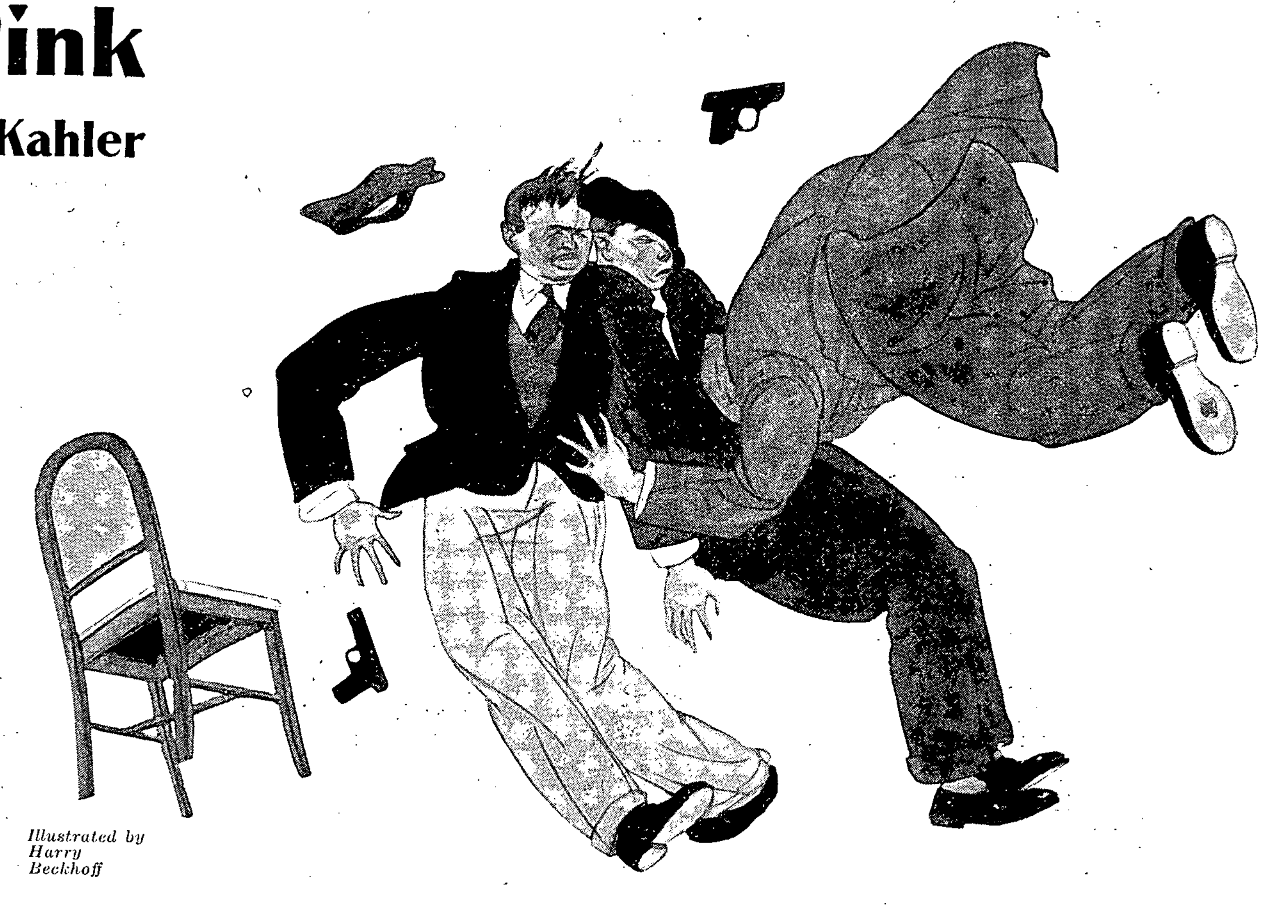
The way to reach and soften the confirmed malefactor's heart is through contact with children

Joe the Dropper: The congestion in the courts is what makes the crime situation so lousy right now. Suppose, f'r instance, I'm out on bail—an' what am I gonna do with myself while everything is bein' fixed up for my trial and acquittal? Huh? I gotta have money for my mouthpiece, ain't I? Yeah, an' mebby I gotta have get-away money, too, if things ain't framin' up right. An' mebby I gotta have money for witnesses, or mebby I gotta have money to get some witness put on the spot, or took care of somehow. An' I gotta live myself, ain't I? Ever think of that? Well, naturally, I wanna get to court quick an' get it settled; an' I gotta get into some racket while I'm waitin', ain't I? I can't just idle my time away, can I? This here congestion in the courts is gonna ruin my business if it keeps up.

(*Continued on page 45*)

The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

His hands lifted the body and flung it, missile-wise, upon the two

The Story Thus Far:

EDWIN BLEECKER JEWETT III is, —well, let us say *deeply interested* in Miss Beatrice Gwynn, otherwise known as "Beechy." He receives an invitation to spend the summer at Narrow Harbor. The invitation—extended by his aunt Julie (Mrs. Ronald Bedloe) and his aunt Julie's finicky spouse—does *not* appeal to him.

Narrow Harbor might be described, poetically, as a quiet spot that is not so hot. In it is one Frisbee—Dr. Rufus Frisbee, whose private Neurological Institute dominates the place. But—

Beechy will be at Narrow Harbor. . . . And Edwin decides to go.

Edwin (so Aunt Julie believes) needs a tutor. Dr. Beekman Winship gets the job. Meet Dr. Winship. Observe his huge body; those muscular hands and arms (covered, to the doctor's secret sorrow, with a bountiful crop of red hair); those gorilla-like cheek-bones; those deep-set eyes; those brutish, prognathous jaws; and that flamboyant pink beard (quite correct: it is pink). "A prize fighter!" you exclaim. Incorrect! Dr. Winship is not a pugilist. He is a gentleman of culture and refinement —an assistant professor at that well-known college, Leicester!

Edwin Bleecker Jewett III is to motor to Narrow Harbor. He starts—accompanied by his new tutor. Edwin is happy—for obvious reasons. The new tutor is happy—for reasons not at all obvious. Be enlightened: the learned doctor has just made a discovery—"Jiffo," world's greatest (absolutely guaranteed) hair-remover. And in the doctor's pocket is one large bottle of "Jiffo." . . . Messrs. Jewett and Winship stop at a road house, "Hotfoot Inn." They enter. There is much loud music. Dr. Winship's esthetic sensibilities are disturbed. Edwin's are not, for—

Beechy Gwynn is there! . . . They join forces, enter an adjoining room. Winship takes one look. "Ah!" he exclaims. "A gambling hell!" . . . Meanwhile, outside, three men, conversing in whispers, stealthily approach the building. Each keeps his right hand in the bulging pocket of his coat. It would seem that something is going to happen. Something does.

II

ONCE, during a tedious period of convalescence, Beekman Winship had read a current novel, a novel written by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.

He had, of course, done this in very furtive secrecy, for, although the English department at Leicester countenanced and even encouraged the unscholarly practice of reading contemporary literature, Beekman Winship himself held strong opinions as to the iniquity of reading novels by authors who were neither respectably dull nor—even more respectably—dead.

Thanks to Mr. Oppenheim, he was able to identify the game in which his young companions were absorbed:

Roulette.

If it had been merely illegal and immoral Winship might have pretended, for the sake of a worthy end, to look on unmoved. But this game sinned against something more sacred in his sight than any ordinance of Church or State. It impudently did outrage upon the austere, inviolable laws of mathematics.

"Really, you know, you mustn't do this!"

"Why not?" Edwin spoke without detaching an intent eye from the spinning marble in the shallow wooden bowl. His tone made it clear that argument on ethical grounds would be useless. Winship chose, therefore, a purely rational appeal.

"Because it's stupid! You have no chance whatever of winning against a constant percentage of—" he calculated swiftly "—of five and five-nineteenths per cent in favor of the bank."

Edwin shook his head. "Wait till you see my system, Doc. It can't lose!"

Winship's principles were more profoundly shocked than ever.

"Even an elementary knowledge of mathematics," he said severely, "should convince you that no method of play can possibly counterbalance the odds against the player."

"Wait and see," Edwin said cheerfully. He had taken an envelope from his pocket and upon this he set down in a column the figures 1 2 3 4 5.

"I bet the sum of the top and bottom numbers," he explained. "If I lose I write down six at the bottom of the column and bet seven. Then, if I win, I cross out the top and bottom figures and bet two and five. Every time I win I cross out two numbers, every time I lose I write down one. As soon as all the numbers are crossed out I'm fifteen chips ahead, and I start all over again. It's called the Martingale."

"BUT surely you can see that—"

"It's no use arguing about what *might* happen," Edwin said, "when we can try it and see what *does* happen."

He placed six counters on the red.

Beechy turned to gaze thoughtfully at Winship. "Are you perfectly sure he'll lose?"

"Perfectly," Winship said. "He may, of course, win for a time, but he must inevitably lose if he continues to play."

Beechy addressed the uniformed Negro servitor. "Bring me a pencil and some paper. If Eddie's bound to lose, all I have to do is bet against him and I'm bound to win."

Winship endeavored, unsuccessfully, to point out to her the flaw in this apparent logic.

"You said Eddie was bound to lose, and that's what I think myself, so if he plays red and I play black I'm bound to win. That's that."

She placed six counters on the black just before the marble clicked home.

"Twenty," the croupier announced. "Black and even."

"I knew it!" Beechy's pencil stabbed triumphantly.

"We'll see." Edwin put seven counters on the red. "The night's young."

The implications of this philosophical remark dismayed Winship.

"We haven't much time, you know," he urged. "Really, it's high time we started, if we—"

"Seventeen," the croupier droned.

Beechy's pencil once more made a double stab of triumph. "How long," she demanded, "has this been going on?"

"All right," Eddie said. "Wait and see."

"Eight," the croupier announced.

Beechy crossed out the last of her five numbers and set down another column. "I always knew there must be a way to beat this game," she said.

Edwin made no answer. Red won; then black, then red again. Inclining a little in Beechy's favor, the wheel displayed no violent partiality, and to Winship's outraged amazement both players won substantially, in the teeth of the plain truth that one of them must lose each time the marble spun, and that both must lose whenever either of the zeros won.

He knew, of course, that sooner or later a run on one color or the other must vindicate the inexorable laws of mathematics, but his effort to make this clear to Edwin and Beechy fell upon deaf ears. Instead of persuading them to come away, it only stiffened their determination to remain.

"But it's already late," he urged, "and there's a long drive before us."

"That's so," Edwin agreed. "It's a good thing you reminded me of that, Doc. We don't want to be getting there in the middle of the night and waking everybody up. The best thing for us to do is to stick around here a while and get there in time for breakfast."

IN THIS reasoning Beechy warmly sustained him. The system continued to defy the law of probabilities. Steadily, unreasonably, Edwin and Beechy won.

A man strolled over from another table to stand at Winship's side.

"I envy you, sir."

Winship turned. The man was fifty, perhaps. In contrast to the remarkable pinkness of his skin his hair and short mustache were very white. He might be, Winship thought, a great banker or a merchant prince. Success and wealth were printed on him, but his smile was touched, like his voice, with sadness, and his lower eyelids drooped in melancholy likeness to those of some great, noble dog—a bloodhound, perhaps, or a Saint Bernard.

The fine head nodded at Edwin. "It must be a wonderful thing to have a boy like that, a boy you can be proud of."

"But I—"

"A wonderful thing, sir. You probably don't realize yourself how fortunate you are. There's nothing in the world like having a son you can be proud of."

It seemed to Winship that the voice trembled a little. An earnest hand was laid upon his sleeve.

"TELL me, is he in college?"

"Not—uh—not yet. But you misunderstand—"

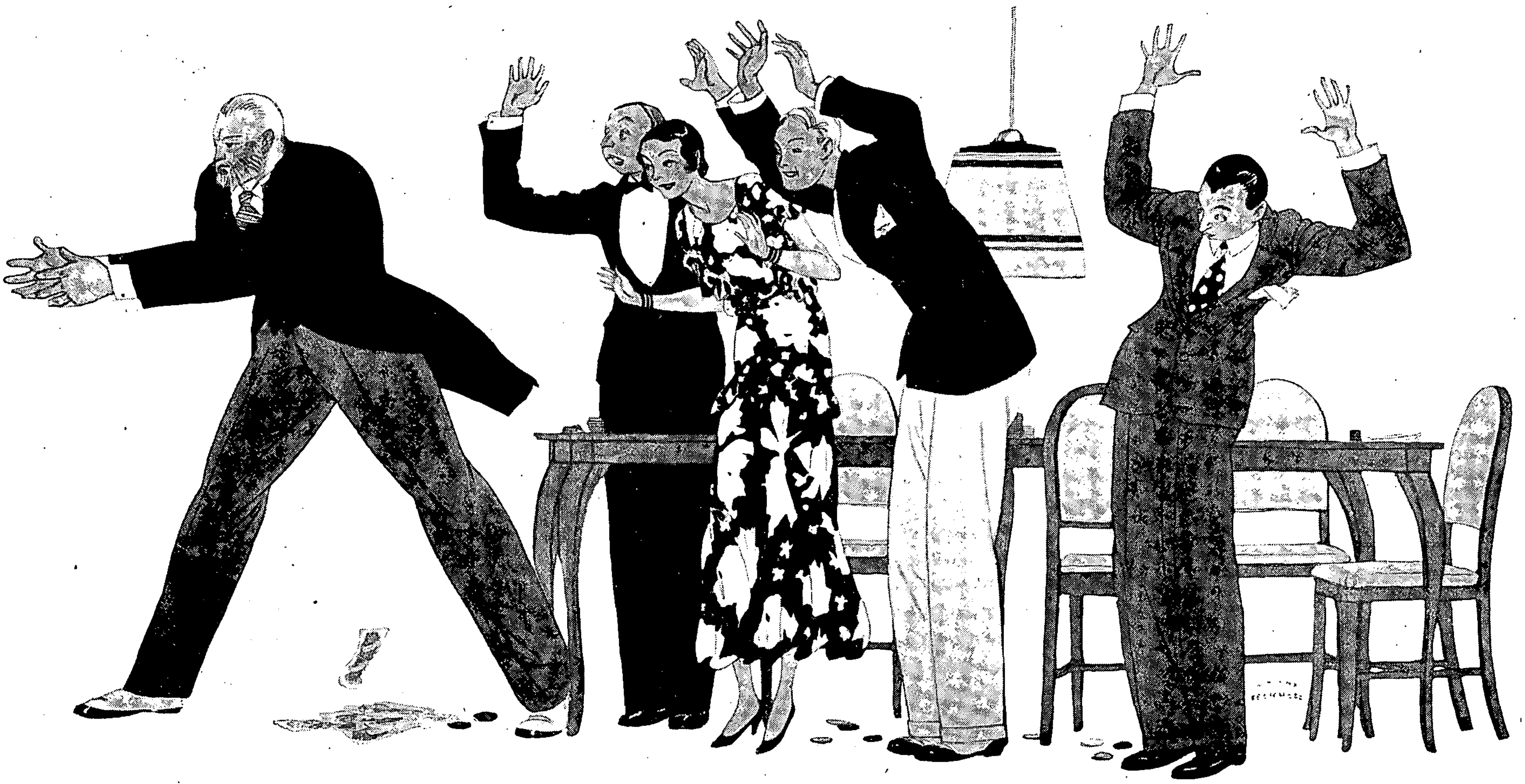
"Don't let him go!" The voice was low, urgent. "You can't tell what college might do to him, and when you find out it may be too late. If I hadn't sent my boy to college"—the voice quavered slightly—"I might be as proud of him as you are of yours."

He shook his head so sadly that Winship seemed to feel, vicariously, the poignant stab of serpents' teeth. How low must this man's own boy have fallen if Edwin Jewett, gambling in this place and company, seemed to that saddened father a son to be coveted and admired!

He made, finding no ready word of sympathy, a clicking sound with tongue and teeth. The sorrowing father nodded in acknowledgment and turned away. Winship watched his mournful movement to the doorway, saw him slowly descend the stairs.

The incident served to waken in him a sudden sense of his responsibility toward Edwin. Merely having been mistaken for that misguided young man's father seemed to thrust upon Winship a sort of brevet paternity. He laid upon Edwin's shoulder the firm hand of a wise, loving parent.

"We must go!" he said. "Instantly!"



other invaders. Like stricken ninepins they went down

"All right," Edwin said cheerfully. "We can come back after the rest some other time."

He indicated with a negligent gesture the stacked counters before him. "We'll cash in," he said.

The pale man beside the croupier betrayed no sign of rancor. His eyes slid smoothly over the ranked cylinders in front of Beechy and young Mr. Jewett.

"One moment."

He opened the door behind him, manipulated the dials of a small safe, and returned with a large sheaf of new yellow bills. He dealt these out deftly into neat piles before Edwin and Beechy.

"Stick 'em up—everybody!"

The voice from the stairway was authority itself. Of their own accord Winship's hands obeyed it. Turning, he saw three men, each of whom held, hip-high, a leveled pistol.

They were men whose faces seemed to Winship's horror-stricken glance more deadly than their guns, faces wearing a look of high, inexorable purpose, a look that instantly identified them to Winship as police officers in plain clothes. These were men, he saw, who knew their cause was just, and who were resolved to do their duty at whatever risk or cost.

In newspapers Winship had read accounts of police raids on gambling houses. He saw now a vivid mental moving-picture in which Professor Beekman Winship was handcuffed, herded with other lawbreakers into a police van, thrown into prison, thence swiftly to be haled to a courtroom where exposure, disgrace and ruin waited for him. He saw the saddened face, the shaken head of Dean Smalley; he stared at leering headlines; last, and worst, he seemed to stand before Miss Wilhelmina Borden, proven guilty of having brought her young niece to this place of iniquity and folly.

Two of the armed men stood guard at the doorway. The other, warily avoiding their line of fire, circled toward the table.

He came incautiously within reach of Winship's hands, and one of these, without orders from Winship's conscious mind, struck down the hand that held the gun. The other, at the same split instant, crashed home upon a chin. Upon a limp, sagging body both of these collaborating, self-ruling hands laid hold. They lifted this body and flung it, missile-wise, upon the two other invaders. Like stricken ninepins these went down, and, as they sprawled, Winship sped past them and down the stairs, his left hand clutching Edwin Jewett's arm, his right hand firmly closed on Beechy's wrist. The outer door was open. Through it Winship fled, across the gravel, to Edwin's car.

Red mists of berserk rage still clouded his mind but instinct served him. He let go of Edwin's arm, and swung the girl into the car. Without bidding, Edwin sprang to the wheel. The engine came to life and the car leaped away as Winship crowded in at Beechy's side.

IN THIS position, as the car hurtled dizzily down a long lane of light that bored a narrow tunnel through pit-blackness, Winship came abruptly to himself.

He could see now, clearly, how foolish he had been. It would have been better to suffer arrest. He could have given a false name to the police and escaped with a small fine. Instead of this—memory lifted before him a sudden ghastly mental photograph, snapshotted as he plunged toward the stairway, a photograph in which one of those policemen had been lying still, ominously still.

"Faster!" he said urgently.

"We're doing eighty," Edwin said. "Nothing to worry about, Doc."

"I fear there is. You may not realize that if those police officers overtake us I shall be in very grave difficulty indeed."

"Police?" Edwin sounded startled.

"Yes. They were not, of course, in uniform, but—" Winship paused. "I fear that one of them was injured. The others, however, will certainly follow, and if they overtake us—"

"They won't," Edwin said confidently. The car's pace quickened a little. "Anyway, you don't need to worry, Doc. Those birds weren't po—"

"Of course they were, Artless!" Beechy interrupted sharply "Don't let your simple mind persuade you that a man can't be a policeman unless he's got on a policeman's suit. Dr. Winship's perfectly right, and if you think we're going to get out of this jam just by driving fast, you're making another of your quaint childish errors. They won't even try to follow us. All they'll do is telephone ahead and have us stopped."

"But, look, I tell you they were—" he paused with peculiar suddenness. The car swerved slightly, as if, perhaps, its driver had been pinched by warning fingers.

"And if they do telephone ahead, even you ought to be able to see what's going to happen. They don't know any of us, but they can describe Doctor Winship so a blind man would recognize him, and it's certainly up to us, after the perfectly rare way he rescued us, to keep him from getting jailed for murder."

A faint moaning sound escaped from Winship.

"Maybe the man you tossed across the room isn't dead, but he certainly looked a whole lot like it to me," Beechy said, "and I think it's against the law in New Jersey to kill a policeman. There's only one thing to do. We've got to disguise you so that if we're stopped you won't be spotted. Slow down, Eddie. I think there's a side road just ahead. Turn into it."

BRAKES squealed and tires slithered. Brilliantly Edwin skidded to a right-angle turn. The car buck-jumped over dry mud holes and deep ruts, and, slowing, trundled along a narrow, winding lane between thick-growing underbrush. It climbed and descended a low hill.

"Stop," Beechy said. "We're out of sight of the road here."

She followed Winship out of the car, and, a hand on his elbow, guided him to the narrow, blinding glare of the headlamps. Here she surveyed him earnestly, shaking her head.

"It's got to be done," she said. She turned to Edwin. "You've got a bag with you, haven't you?"

"It's in the rumble."

"Good! Get your shaving kit. Hurry!"

"No!" Winship said passionately. His hands cupped themselves defensively about his chin.

"Listen, do you realize what it means if you're caught?"

"But surely—"

"That's the very word—surely! If you don't get rid of that beard before we meet a policeman, you're surely going to be caught, and if you're caught—"

EDWIN came back into the light bearing a small leather case, from which he produced a gilt safety razor and a tube of shaving cream. A sound of pure dismay escaped him.

"I threw away the last blade this morning!"

Beechy moved her hands in a gesture of defeat.

"Hold on, though!" Edwin said. "Couldn't we burn it off?"

A glad cry escaped from Beechy. "Of course! Matches! Quick!"

Edwin's fingers fumbled fruitlessly in his pockets. He shook his head.

Beechy whirled to Winship. "You've got some. You must have some!"

Winship scarcely heard her. He was stunned, stupefied. Beechy thrust impatient, seeking fingers into his pockets.

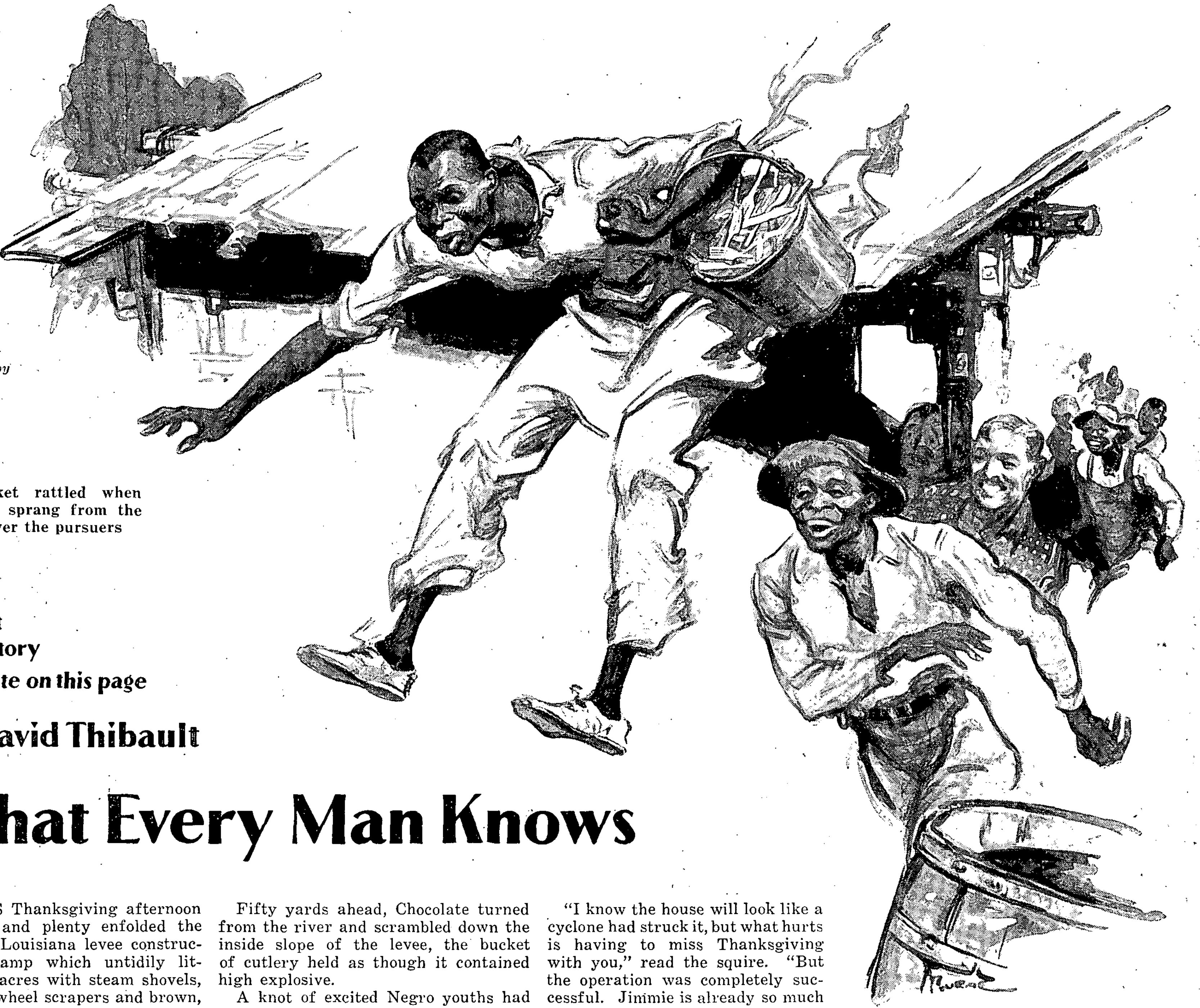
The beam of the headlights shone upon a small, flat, rose-and-silver box, upon the silver legend that adorned its cover. Beechy caught her breath.

"Jiffo!" she said softly. A breath of brimstone, faint but sinister, infected the night with a darkly appropriate suggestion of satanistic rites. Ungently, after a little time, with Winship's handkerchief Beechy scoured his chin and cheek.

Old habit lifted his right hand to smooth his beard to seemly spikiness of point. Appalled, aghast, he felt his fingers rest on naked skin.

Again he heard the sound of Beechy's sharply indrawn breath. In the glare

(Continued on page 36)



Illustrated by Harry Burne

The bucket rattled when Chocolate sprang from the roof, over the pursuers

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By David Thibault

What Every Man Knows

ON THIS Thanksgiving afternoon peace and plenty enfolded the north Louisiana levee construction camp which untidily littered twenty acres with steam shovels, battalions of wheel scrapers and brown, weathered tents floored with rough cypress boards.

A hundred and fifty mud-plastered mules browsed on switch cane in their barbed-wire corral. The only sound to be heard was the subdued rattle of dishes from the engineers' mess tent, where Chocolate, the eighteen-year-old colored cook's helper, cleared the board tables of the remnants of a mighty Thanksgiving feast.

"HEAD 'im off! Stop 'im! Thief! Thief! Thief!"

Feet thudded down the main street of tents. In fifteen seconds forty white men and a hundred Negroes were milling frantically about the camp.

"Which way's he headed?"

"Hey! Toward the blacksmith shop!"

A figure in soiled white, as lank as a spider monkey, hurled itself to the swaying clapboard roof of the smithy. Lumps of coal and broken single-trees darkened the air, but no missile took effect.

"It's Chocolate! It's the cook's helper!" someone shouted and scores took up the cry as they surrounded the smithy. "Cut out that throwing! Don't hurt him!"

Chocolate stood on the roof of the smithy for a split second. The bail of a two-gallon zinc bucket was hooked over his arm. The bucket rattled when he sprang from the roof, over the upward stretching hands, and darted northward along the crest of the levee.

"That bucket's full of table silver! Stop him! Chocolate's looted the engineers' mess tent!"

Fifty yards ahead, Chocolate turned from the river and scrambled down the inside slope of the levee, the bucket of cutlery held as though it contained high explosive.

A knot of excited Negro youths had anticipated him, and three or four of them leaped from a clump of willows into his very path. Chocolate broke through in as perfect a series of dodges as ever marked the course of a gridiron star, turned the flank of the ambush and wheeled toward the thick willow swamp which lay between the camp and Squire Louvier's place.

The main body of pursuers gave up, panting and laughing. But at that precise moment a stubby broken branch of willow hooked into the bail of the bucket which Chocolate carried, and snatched it from his tiring hands. It hung there, swinging, as the momentum of the boy's speed flung him onward. He plowed his feet into the ground. He stopped. Deliberately he returned for the bucket.

Then they were on him, pulling him down, twenty hands to a shoulder.

"Don't hurt him!" yelled the senior engineer. "He must be crazy. It's a shame to turn him over to Squire Louvier, but I guess we've got to."

SQUIRE LOUVIER, a clean-shaven Creole of forty-five, sat reading a letter from his wife. His sitting-room revealed the squire as one of those not uncommon males who prefer privacy to servants in the family's absence. Partially eaten bits of food almost covered the top of a card table. The sewing machine in one corner held a pitcher of soured milk and a mummied hunk of unappetizing cheese. On top of the radio in a tumult of tissue paper stood a huge Thanksgiving box, open, but with the contents untouched.

"I know the house will look like a cyclone had struck it, but what hurts is having to miss Thanksgiving with you," read the squire. "But the operation was completely successful. Jimmie is already so much better—" Squire Louvier looked up and his eyes were beautiful. Then outside clattered an army of feet.

They held court on the broad front gallery. Squire Louvier's lips set thin and stern and the senior engineer found himself wishing Chocolate had gotten away.

"Chocolate was clearing the mess tables," deposed the senior engineer. "Then we saw him running with this bucket. You see those forks and knives in the bucket—that Chocolate may have thought were silver?"

"WHAT have you got to say?" The boy's doom already stood advertised in the face and voice of his judge.

Manifestly scared to death, Chocolate burst out with the candor and desperate courage of utter hopelessness.

"Yessir! I *is* got to say! Dem is *clean* knives an' forks. Look at 'em!"

Squire Louvier looked into the bucket. "Well?"

"Dis is *Thanks*givin'. Everybody done et, an' et twill every dish an' knife an' fork but dem in dat bucket is dirty. We done fed fawty white folks at de mess tent. *An' ain't nobody to wash up after 'em but me.*

"When I looked at all dem dishes it looked like to me ain't nothin' movin' on de face of de *yearth* but dirty dishes. Den I sees some knifes here an' forks yonder, what ain't nobody et with. That kinda make me feel better, 'cause I won't hafter wash *dem.* I put 'em in dat bucket, an' I started over to de cook tent wid 'em. Den a no-count triflin' boy dat was passin' asked me what is I doin' wid all dem knifes an' forks. An' I tole 'im. Den he make like he gwinta tip up de bucket an' spill 'em on de groun', so's I'd hafter wash 'em anyhow. Den I started to run—"

An incredulous laugh roared up at this weird defense. Chocolate stood panting and sobbing among them, dead to hope.

"Go as light as the law will let you, Squire," pleaded the senior engineer in a low voice. "He must be wrong in the head to give an excuse like that."

Squire Louvier held up an expressive hand and stepped briskly indoors. He returned with three quarters of the goodies from his newly opened Thanksgiving box, and loaded the lank arms of Chocolate, whose face broke into unutterable radiance. He then handed the boy a dollar bill. "Get some help with those dishes," he ordered curtly. "Charge dismissed."

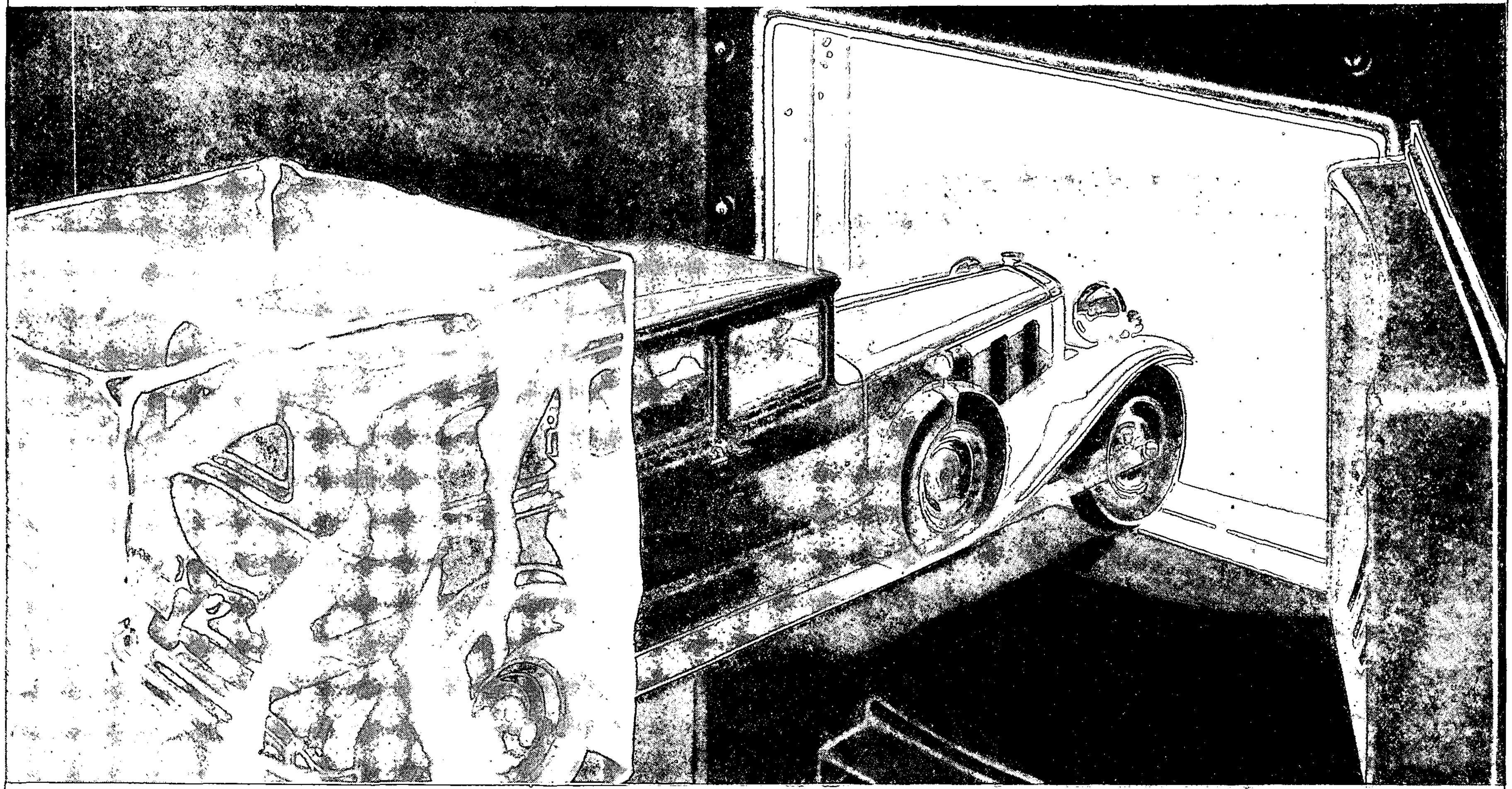
WHEN he was alone Squire Louvier finished his wife's letter. Then he dragged himself from his armchair and walked dispiritedly to the kitchen door, which he threw open.

A reek of moldy food flowed out. In the sink, upon the drainboard, the table, the stool, the chairs, the clock shelf, the cabinet and the floor, were piled dishes—soiled dishes, all the dishes Squire Louvier had found available in the house since his wife had been in New Orleans.

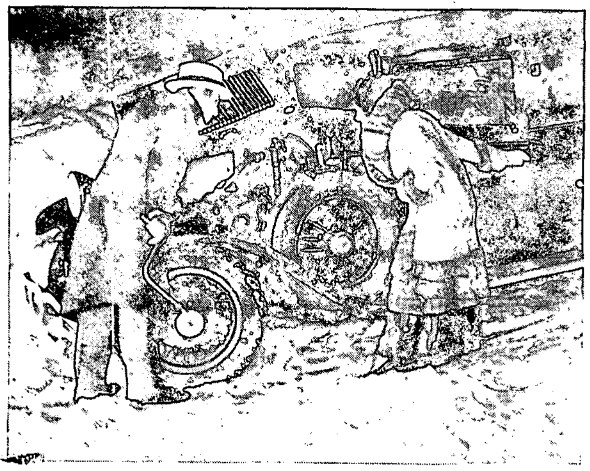
With a profound and hopeless sigh, the squire began to roll up his sleeves.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

QUICK START below zero—



FULL PROTECTION at 400°F!



2 A.M. Dance over. Left car parked in freezing cold. Oil in crankcase stiff. Starter dies trying to spin engine. "No more of this!" they decide. "We'll change to Mobiloil Arctic!"

That's why it's the Biggest-selling Winter Oil

Let the thermometer go down to freezing! To zero! Below zero!

With "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic in your crankcase you'll get quick starting. Your starter won't have to grind and groan. You won't have to drain the life out of your battery trying to make it turn over the engine.

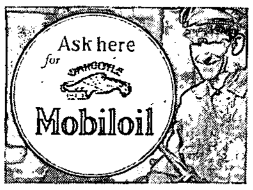
On coldest days Mobiloil Arctic does not lag behind, cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It circulates immediately. It spurts to all moving parts in your engine. Result, even below zero—Mobiloil Arctic gives you instant oil circulation.

Yet just a few minutes after you start, your oil must face another test. It must stand up under severe heat! Engine temperatures may soar to 400° F! That's when many so-called "winter oils" thin out dangerously. They don't stand up under heat.

But Mobiloil Arctic does stand up! It stands up because it is a "double-range" winter oil. You get easy starting for your cold engine—*and*—full protection when your engine gets hot.

Go to your Mobiloil dealer today. Ask him to prepare your car for winter driving. Have the crankcase oil changed to Mobiloil Arctic. For easy shifting, ask him to put Mobiloil "CW" in your gears.

Mobiloil Arctic

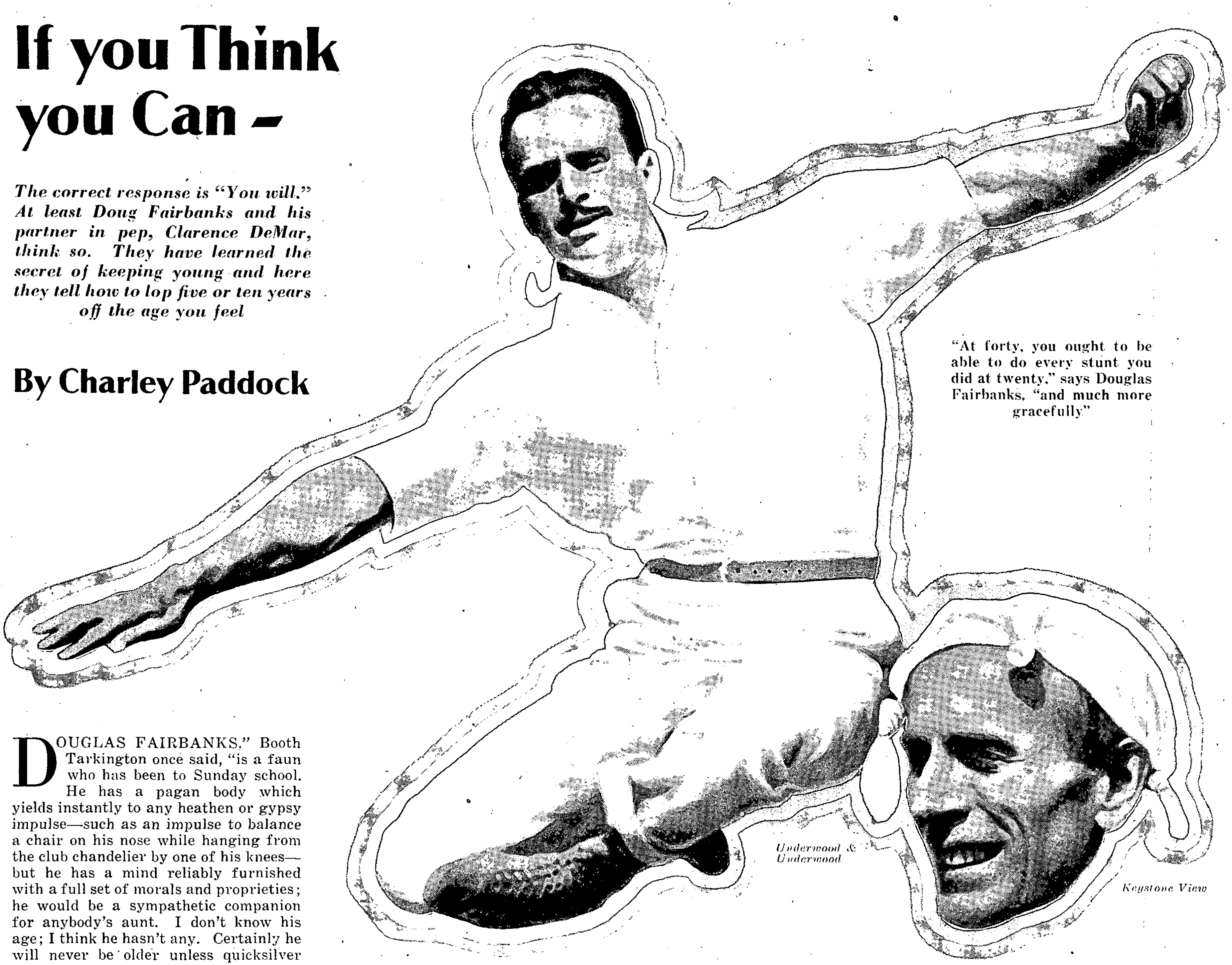


VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.

If you Think you Can –

The correct response is "You will." At least Doug Fairbanks and his partner in pep, Clarence DeMar, think so. They have learned the secret of keeping young and here they tell how to lop five or ten years off the age you feel

By Charley Paddock



"At forty, you ought to be able to do every stunt you did at twenty," says Douglas Fairbanks, "and much more gracefully"

Underwood & Underwood

Keystone View

Clarence DeMar, the marathon runner, who has been a formidable competitor in distance running since 1910

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS," Booth Tarkington once said, "is a faun who has been to Sunday school. He has a pagan body which yields instantly to any heathen or gypsy impulse—such as an impulse to balance a chair on his nose while hanging from the club chandelier by one of his knees—but he has a mind reliably furnished with a full set of morals and proprieties; he would be a sympathetic companion for anybody's aunt. I don't know his age; I think he hasn't any. Certainly he will never be older unless quicksilver can get old."

Those sentences are among Fairbanks' most treasured possessions. They were written more than a decade ago, but they are just as true of the actor-athlete today as they were then. He still stands unexcelled as an all-around champion and for his age has only one rival, his friend, Clarence DeMar, America's greatest marathon runner.

The last time these two were together they spent a merry afternoon teasing each other about their respective ages.

"Come on, Clarence, you old war-horse," Fairbanks laughed, "just how old are you?"

"I stopped having birthdays a long time ago," said DeMar, "but I can still outstep most of the boys who count their age by the calendar."

"You're dead right," replied Fairbanks. "Forget the calendar. Years mean nothing. What you can do is the real test. Come along with me and I'll show you my yearbook."

The conversation had taken place at Fairbanks' studio in Hollywood, after Clarence DeMar had won the Los Angeles pre-Olympic race.

Doug led the way behind the sets to an open place where there were any number of athletic contraptions erected for physical tests. I sensed what was coming. DeMar had hit upon Fairbanks' favorite subject of steps. And sure enough, we soon found ourselves standing in front of a short flight which led up to a small platform.

I knew those steps of old. Years before, I had gone to the studio one day with a former Olympic champion and we had stood at the bottom and tried to see how many of them we could clear in a single jump from a standing start. My friend and I had both been able to reach the step just below the platform. But we could not seem to clear them all. We did our best, but it was not enough.

Doug's Calendar

While we were still manfully trying, Fairbanks came out and stood watching us. We knew that he had been able to reach the top, and somehow or other, under the inspiration of his presence, my friend and I both cleared. The next day when we returned, we found Fairbanks hard at work on the same event, only this time another step had been added. It was not a very big step, to be sure, but it was just enough to beat us. Fairbanks, however, finally managed to make it.

"Those steps are my calendar," said Douglas to DeMar. "The risers are four inches high. Some steps have six-inch risers and some are as high as eight. Mine are made low for the sake of competition. Other people build theirs that way out of respect for age. For you see steps are planned for old people.

"A young man will take four or five of those steps there at one jump and think nothing of it. You would probably run up, Clarence, at your regular gait, even if they were a quarter of a mile long, and not be winded. But your grandfather would take them one at a time, slowly and carefully. I can tell how near a hundred a man is by the way in which he climbs a flight of steps.

"If you want to walk up you're a hundred. If they hold you back and make you impatient and you must take them in stride, then you are still young, no matter how many birthdays you may have had. So let everyone refuse to walk them except the centenarians. After all, they were built for them!

"The same is true of trees. To an old man they mean rest and shade, but every single tree in the woods shouts to a young fellow, 'You can't climb me!' But they are speaking only to youth."

Fairbanks answered the challenge of climbing while he was still in his teens. With several other young fellows he was watching a sand-lot baseball game in Denver. The contest had no more than got under way when the ball was knocked into a tree ledge, too high to be reached from the ground. The tree trunk was large and slippery and there was no convenient ladder or box at hand.

An elderly gentleman standing near became interested in the efforts of the men and boys trying to recapture the ball and agreed it could not be done. He did admit that when he was a youngster it would have been no trouble at all for him to have reached the ledge, but he was so confident the younger generation was physically inferior to the lads of his time that he offered five dollars to anyone who could accomplish the difficult feat.

After most of the young fellows had failed, a dark-complexioned, well-set-up youth, all muscle and bone, took his turn.

Are You an Acrobat?

He had been studying the lay of the land very carefully and saying little. He backed off from the tree, then approached it on the dead run and with perfect timing sprang into the air. Catching a limb and hitting the trunk with his feet at the same moment, he bounced into a perfect flip-flop and touched the ledge just long enough to dislodge the ball. Then he landed gracefully on the ground, right side up.

It was an amazing performance which captured the admiration of the old gentleman who had offered the reward.

"What's your name?" he asked, as he gave the youngster a five-dollar bill.

"Fairbanks."

"Are you an acrobat?"

"I should say not!"

"Then how can you do a stunt like that?"

This led to an explanation of young

(Continued on page 34)

"I learned spending-sense from a tube of tooth paste!"

"Lately, ever since money's been tightening up on me, I've been a good prospect for any way of saving cash without losing quality.

"And I've discovered just as good a tooth paste as I used to get—for half the price! That's taught me to study values in everything I buy.

"Always used to spend 50¢ a tube for tooth paste. Then one day I saw Listerine Tooth Paste advertised at 25¢, so I tried it.

"At first I was interested chiefly in the economy—each person in my family would cost $3 a year less, for tooth paste alone.

Results as wonderful as the economy

"But now we're all just as enthusiastic over its results. Nothing could make your teeth whiter, leave your breath sweeter, and your mouth fresher."

This is how several million of constant users have reacted to Listerine Tooth Paste. Not only men—women, who are so particular about preserving the beauty of their teeth.

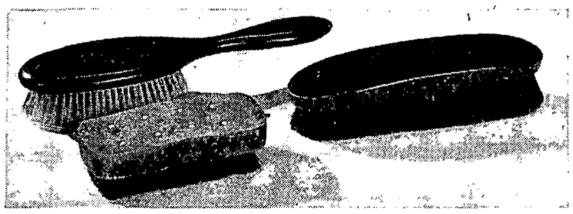
All discolorations vanish

A special polishing agent cleans twice as thoroughly in half the time. Tartar, tobacco stains—every discoloration vanishes. Yet it will never hurt your precious tooth enamel.

The makers of Listerine used all their 49 years of experience in oral hygiene, to make this tooth paste. And it justified their staking their name and reputation on it.

We are able to offer you this first-rate product at so low a price, because our manufacturing methods are the last word in efficiency, and because of immense production, to fill the increasingly great demand. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Buy these 3 brushes without stretching your budget!



By switching from a 50¢ dentifrice to Listerine Tooth Paste, each person in a family saves 25¢ a month, $3 a year. There are no end of things you could buy with that. A clothes-brush, a hair-brush and a nail-brush. Or a family supply of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes. Look in your drugstore for other ideas.

The makers of
Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brushes

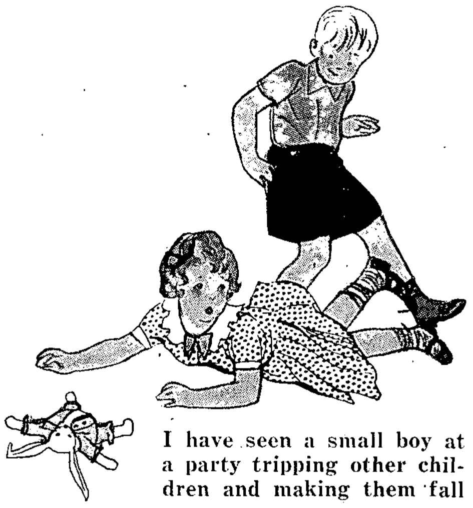
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

Spanking Allowed

It is your job to nip your child's temper in the bud, and sometimes a good old-fashioned spanking does the trick no matter what modern theories may be. But there are many kinds of discipline. Choose the one that fits your child. He'll like it

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.



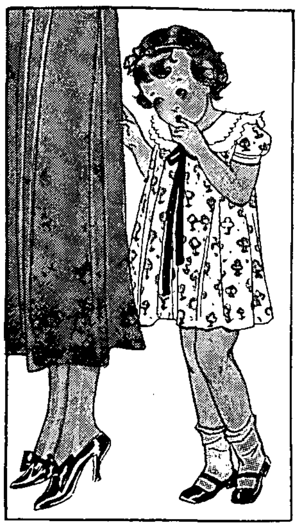
I have seen a small boy at a party tripping other children and making them fall

I WAS having tea with a friend, not long ago, when her daughter, aged eight, treated us to what is popularly known as a scene. After a cheerful and quite grown-up greeting to me she went upstairs to dress to go out to supper. Soon she reappeared, with battle in her eye.

"Not a thing to wear!" she announced. "I haven't got a decent dress to my name!"

Her mother replied with the gentle answer which is supposed to turn away wrath, but which merely fanned the flames. Before she had left to don the second-best gingham, the child had said things which made her mother blush and made me try to tell my own fortune in the tea leaves.

"Now," said the mother, "*what* would you do in a case like that? I know perfectly well what she was trying to do. She wanted to make me let her wear her best dress and thought she could do it because you were here and I would give in rather than have an argument."



Shy children need management, not discipline

"If you know her as well as that," I suggested, "why do you let her get away with it?"

"How could I stop it?" asked my friend with a helpless gesture.

"Well, you can't be so nice, for one thing. You've got to meet rage with at least firmness, and I should say a little crossness, and nip it in the bud. Don't let her have such a good time. It's bad for her."

We discussed it further and when the child came downstairs, still sullen, her mother called her into the room.

"Dr. Wadsworth says," she began, with almost unbelievable tactlessness, "that I am much too nice to you. When you act like that you should have a good spanking."

While I was trying to recover from this, the child was surveying me with scorn and superiority.

"Huh!" she said. "You know you can't do that. You'd break my spirit!" and she left in triumph.

"Now where did she get that?" I asked in despair.

"She was so bad a year ago," explained the mother, "that I took her to a psychologist. I don't know how she found it out, but that's one of the things he said to me about her."

I thought privately that it was not too hard to guess how she found it out, but I said no more. All I had succeeded in doing was to make the child dislike me.

Having definitely decided that the old idea, "Spare the rod, spoil the child," is inadequate, dangerous and rather cruel, we have been left floundering in a mass of new maxims about child training and discipline. We are influenced by the new ideas in psychology, and yet we don't know quite enough about the new psychology to use it properly. The general belief is that corporal punishment is bad, that the child's spirit must not be broken and that the child needs self-expression. And yet when we come down to cases, we don't know what to substitute for the old-fashioned spanking. If self-expression takes the form of tantrums or fits of temper or displays of temperament, we know something ought to be done about it, if only because such things are embarrassing and have a tendency to grow on a child. But with the old platform of discipline cut down from under us, we just flounder.

One trouble, I think, is that there has been too much generalizing and too much theorizing. Theories and generalizations about children have only a limited usefulness as children are individually, as every mother knows, separate problems. While a good old-fashioned spanking, with the flat of mother's hand on the place which has long been accredited with having been made for spanking, will do one child a world of good, it may break the spirit of another child.

Curing the Tantrum

I know that spanking is out of style, and that most persons look with horror on those who not only justify it but practice it. But let's see what it does to some children. Provided, of course, that nobody spanks except the mother, or someone who really loves the child, such mild physical punishment may transform a sulky, naughty child, who does not know just what is the matter with the world, into one whose tears and temporary discomfort have cleared the air and made the world a sunny place again.

They say this transformation of the mental state has a physical cause—that the counter-irritation of the spanking takes the congestion from the brain and transfers it to the buttocks where it does no harm. Even the very modern psychologists will tell you that anger is accompanied by congestion in the head and neck, and a change in the circulatory conditions in the liver. And as the emotion of anger is tied up with the physical conditions associated with anger, we may hope to shorten the emotion by relieving the physical symptoms. That sounds like a nice high-brow justification for the spanking, but I believe it has good sense in it.

The child who is not helped by a spanking but goes into a worse rage because of it should have the congestion of his head and neck relieved in some other way. Cold water is very useful, and can be applied in several ways. It's always best to begin with the mildest method—washing the face and neck with cool water; and if that doesn't work, immersion can be tried.

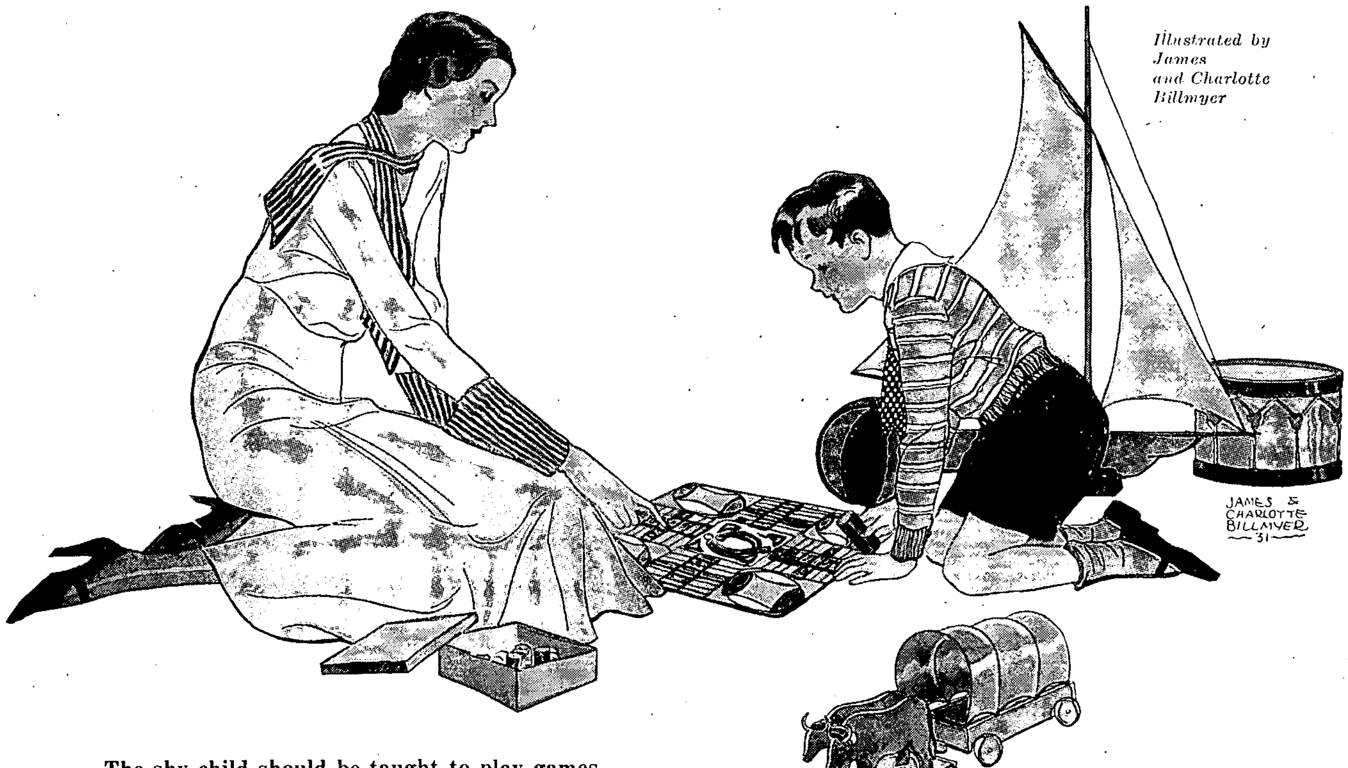
But the important thing is that the emotion of anger, in all its forms, from the temper and the tantrum to the temperamental outburst, is injurious to the child, not only physically but mentally and socially. It is the mother's job to nip the child's anger in the bud, *early in life*, before it becomes a habit. She may not dillydally and temporize and hope "that he will outgrow it." She owes it to the child, for the sake of his future happiness, to teach him that anger does not pay, and to reduce his impulse to fly into a rage at things which displease him.

A new expression which has come into use in the last twenty years is "the problem child." The child who is not easy to manage is, like the poor, always with us. But in the old days we used to call him the bad child, or the undisciplined child, and the blame for him was placed, not only on the mysterious forces of heredity, but on his home training. The difficult child, as we all know, may appear in the best-regulated families, along with several gentle and easy-to-train brothers and sisters. But any child, whether born a problem or not, may develop into a problem child if the influences at home lack the firmness and steadiness of purpose which every child needs. The modern tendency is to be so afraid of destroying some individualistic impulse in the child by discipline that the necessity for some backbone of training, some regulated idea of behavior, is lost sight of.

No Broken Spirits

Granted that most of a child's instincts are sure, and that his desire for self-expression should be indulged within reasonable limits, the parents still have a certain responsibility as to training in social behavior. That statement is surely not radically old-fashioned. In other words, a child may be trained to be a pleasant social individual, at home and abroad, without necessarily breaking his spirit or destroying his self-expression, even if he is more or less of

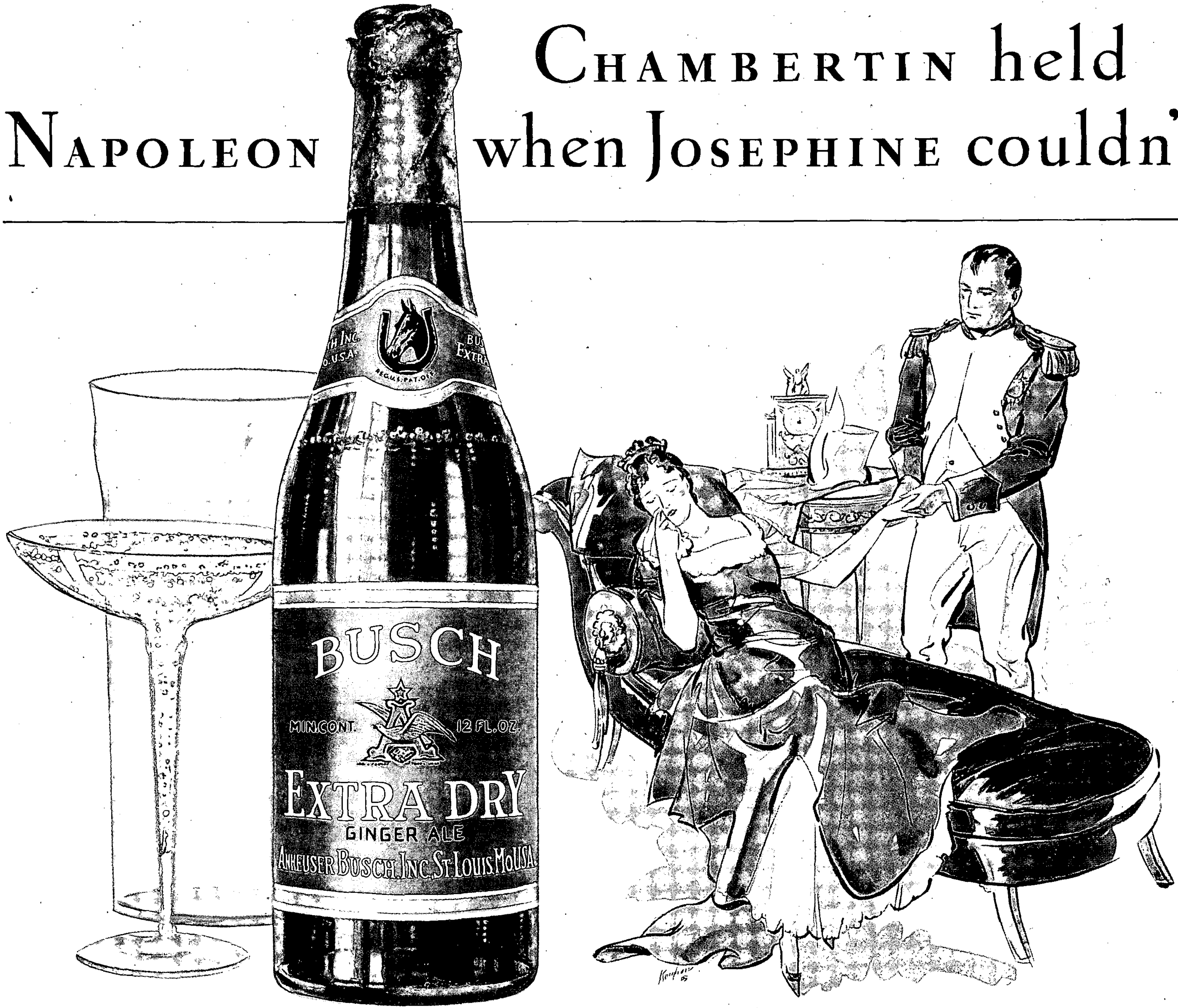
(Continued on page 52)



Illustrated by James and Charlotte Billmyer

The shy child should be taught to play games as well as other children, even if his mother has to play with him until he gains courage

CHAMBERTIN held NAPOLEON when JOSEPHINE couldn't



To the flighty lady he wooed so ardently the Emperor of the French became fickle all too soon and divorced her. Yet, Bonaparte never tired of fine old Chambertin—choice wine of Burgundy.

For him and for thousands of others this wine had its never-tiresome personality, its matchless bouquet.

Similarly, the matchless bouquet and subtle flavor of Busch Extra Dry distinguish it from the 12000 other brands of ginger ale in America. This flavorful bouquet resulted from mating the essence of a little tropical shrub with a new and finer effervescing quality. This method is, of course, a carefully guarded secret.

You'll detect the delightful difference with your first sip of Busch Extra Dry. Long after you've forgotten the taste of plebeian ginger ales you'll continue to delight in the never-tiresome personality and flavorful bouquet of Busch Extra Dry—the one of 12000. Then try to be satisfied with any other!

BUSCH
EXTRA DRY
AMERICA'S FINEST GINGER ALE

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

And at mealtimes—Drink BUDWEISER *for health and nourishment.* BUDWEISER *tastes better with food and food tastes better with* BUDWEISER.

Smoke a
CAMEL

Something

FOR that cool, mild, throat-friendly enjo
ment you get from Camels you can thank t
Camel blend and the Camel Humidor Pac
Of course there had to be the goodness
good tobaccos to start with — fine Turki
and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blende
There had to be, too, freedom from the pe

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's
Smoke a fresh cigarette
CAMEL HUMIDOR PACK

● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

©1931
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

ESH cigarette

be thankful for

ry dust that ordinarily is found in tobaccos
special vacuum process took care of that.
The problem was, to get *all* the aroma and
grance of Camels to you, *factory-fresh,* if
were to know what a joy a fine cigarette
pt in prime smoking condition can be.
That's just what the Camel Humidor Pack
does—it delivers you perfectly conditioned mild Camels no matter where or when you buy them.

Just try Camels—see how your throat registers its thanksgiving for the unalloyed pleasure of fine cigarettes *kept* fine!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday

AMELS

Mild **. . . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

say it with Flowers on Thanksgiving Day...to "her"...to the folks back home...to your gracious hostess. Let Nature's fragrant messengers of thanks carry *your* message! Make certain of dependable value and service by patronizing a member of SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FLORISTS. And in telegraphing flowers this emblem of FLORISTS TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION protects your order and assures your satisfaction.!

FLOWER SPECIAL
$1.50
each week-end at store displaying . . . this emblem

"My Quarterback"

Continued from page 17

On the Thursday before the Athletic game, Sylvia boldly went to see Red Stonehurst, and in no time had the big coach on his feet, sputtering, his little eyes burning. "And you stand here, young woman, and coolly tell me that you did this on purpose? That you deliberately trapped that boy into breaking the training rules? That he broke rules and endangered the morale of the whole squad—because a chit of a girl decided that he should? You stand here and dare tell me that?"

"I do, and I do, and I do!" she cried, her gray eyes large upon him. "Because you, Red Stonehurst, big football coach, you are—you are—"

And the word, an instant withheld, burst out. "Stupid!" she cried.

"Stupid, eh?" growled the coach, somewhat staggered.

"Stupid, yes," she repeated with clear voice. "You've got in Don something precious, and you waste it. You know and I know that he can pour something into that ivory-headed, stolid team of yours which doubles its power. You have seen him do it, again and again—unless you are blind. And what do you do? What do you do? You destroy that flame in him, you kill him!"

Red Stonehurst had seldom stood with mouth open in his life, but that is what he was doing now. It must be said that he was not at his normal best. Those evening calls on the winsome director of the women's physical department has been no good for him. Suddenly he pivoted on his heels and was gone.

Presently he came back, however, and it was sternly enough and gruffly enough he asked, "Well, what is it you want?"

"One thing. Let Don play in the Athletic Club game Saturday. Put him in, if only for a few minutes. Give him a chance—"

"If," said the great coach, "conditions arise in that game—which demand the calling in of a new quarterback—perhaps I'll make use of him."

IT WAS not much of a promise, but Sylvia seemed content. On Saturday morning she rang Don up, and he strolled over from the training quarters where the squad was religiously loafing in relaxed preparation for the afternoon game. "Don," she said, "I have a feeling that you are going into the game today."

"Maybe," he said, but he had no such hope at all.

"What is it you always tell me you do before a game or before practice?" she asked.

"Wind myself up," he answered, smiling.

"That's it. That's what I want you to do, Don. Because you are going to play this afternoon, Don—you just see."

"You're a sweet girl, Sylvia!"

They stood looking at each other. He knew, she knew, that he must go back to his mates at training quarters; they therefore did not draw near. But as he gazed across this self-imposed space between them, there passed through his mind a thought. That all this football business was perhaps of little importance beside this beautiful thing that was his, and hers, and theirs together. That life, even without making the team, might be, after all, possible. However, "I'll wind myself up," he repeated stoutly.

And all the rest of that morning, while outwardly he was with the others of the squad, inwardly he was alone, centered on that process which he called winding himself up. It was in fact an exercise not so very unlike that of young novitiate knights of old, when in a chapel, stretched out all night in the shape of the cross, they dedicated themselves. It was a calling together of all his powers, and an offering of them, which sent him out upon the field, he, slight lad, berserk among two hundred pounders, his strength doubled, his fleetness increased, possessed of a vibrant something he could pour into his mates while his mind seemed free, extraordinarily sensitive and alert, seized with intuition after intuition. That is what he called winding himself up. He could do it only when there were still reservoirs within him; the daily punishment of daily practice wore the faculty out of him. But now, for days, he had been on the side line, replenishing—

WHEN came the afternoon, in the dressing-rooms beneath the stands, vibrating with the massed crowd above, he slowly equipped himself, meticulously and with almost reverent care; piece after piece like a novice knight of old before the tourney—the moleskins, the leather pads, the jersey, the long stockings, the ankle braces, the wristlets, till he stood all ready in his cleated shoes, the leather helmet dangling from his hand. Stonehurst came in, called out names; he was not called, but Carter instead, the two-hundred-pound quarter the coach had been cannily grooming all season. The chosen eleven gathered close; the substitutes spread out on the floor to hear the coach's last exhortation—and all together they avalanched into the stadium's great roar—the eleven upon the grid itself, the others to spread on the benches along the line in silence. And the game began.

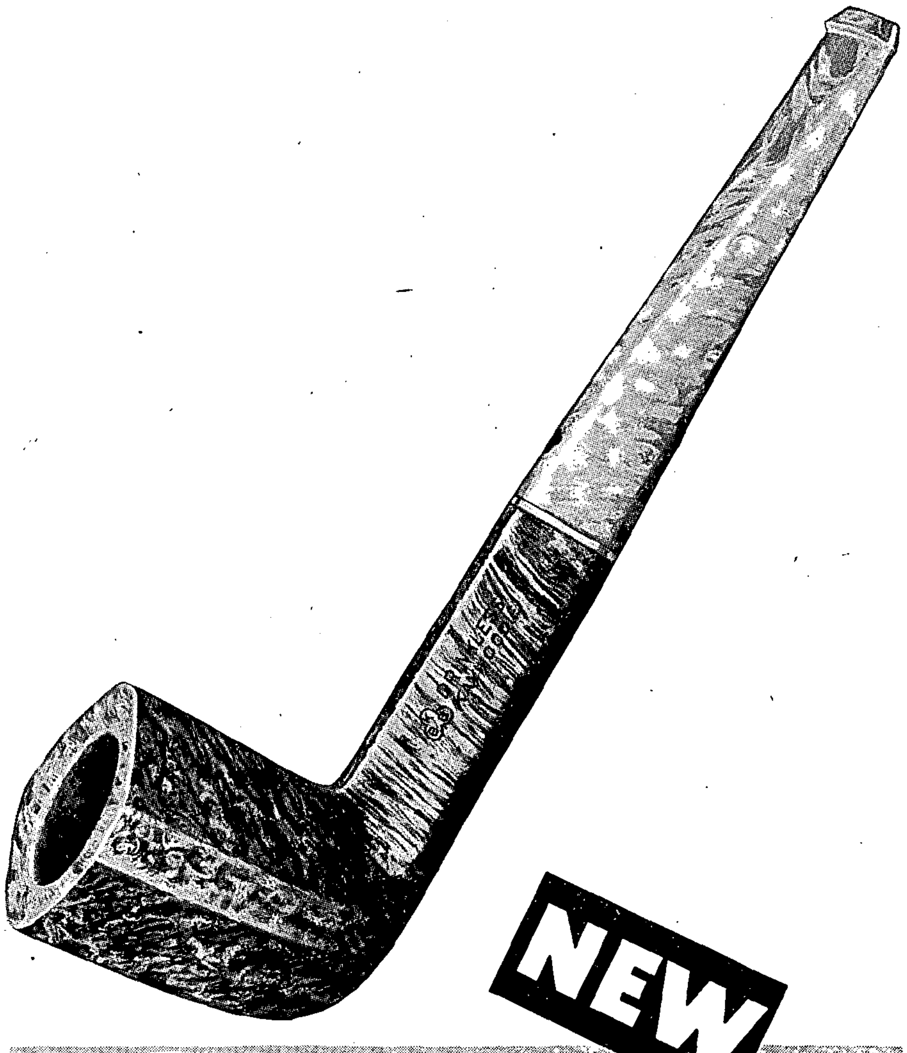
It was not long before it was seen that the Varsity had run into trouble and was functioning heavily. No one worried at first. The Athletic Club team, as usual, was made of college stars of days gone by, brilliant, all dash at first but out of condition. In a little while they would tire and the Varsity would get started, and everything would be over in a trice. But the Varsity was not getting started. It toiled sluggishly, as if in a bog, as if the atmosphere weighed extra tons upon it.

Carter, the two-hundred-pound quarter, had made a mistake, was making a mistake, over and over again was making the same mistake, Don saw from the bench where he sat in the long row of substitutes, wrapped in his brilliant blanket. The Varsity backs were shifty and fast; the Varsity tackles and ends were strong; but the center of the line was not so strong. At the very beginning Carter had done right; he had sent swift cross bucks at the Club tackles; he had thrown out long swift runs toward the ends. But these attacks having been for the time upset, he had given up too soon, he had made up his mind too soon that they could not work. And as the game developed, more and more stubbornly he was sinking into this mistake, in a sort of trance, his mind on one track. The game was going worse and worse for the Varsity.

Soon, what solely was saving the Varsity was its tense obstinacy on defense. Unable to gain for any long period, unable to hold the ball long, when they lost it they fought like wildcats. Three times in the first half they brought the stands to their feet by holding under the very shadow of their own goal posts when all seemed lost, tearing the ball away from the Club team. But the Club team, scenting victory, was attacking

(Continued on page 32)

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE



NEW

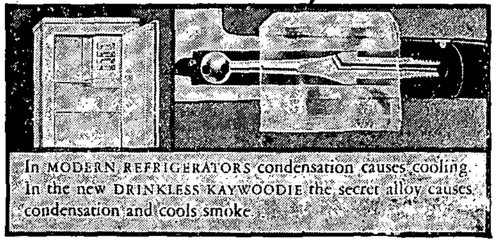
Drinkless

KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth $3.50, Thorn $4. Above No. 7254.

Here's how it cools your smoke



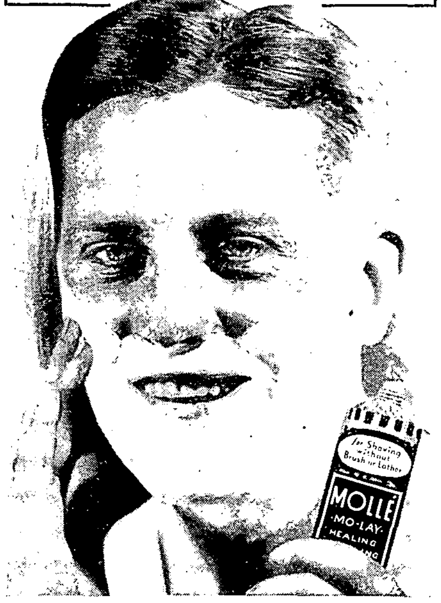
In MODERN REFRIGERATORS condensation causes cooling. In the new DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE the secret alloy causes condensation and cools smoke.

And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

© 1931, KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK

Good News!

MOLLÉ comes in three sizes: (1) the giant 50c tube; (2) in 75c jars containing twice as much as the 50c tube; (3) in the convenient *traveler's size*, 30c tube.


For Shaving without Brush or Lather
MOLLÉ
MO-LAY
HEALING

Apply With Finger Tips

The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY) shave to be a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before.

Buy a tube or a jar of MOLLÉ at any drug store. Use ONE-HALF the entire amount. If then you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is *the best shaving preparation you ever put on your face*, return the balance to us and we will refund the entire purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

(*Continued from page 31*)

more and more furiously. The fourth quarter was still young when the Varsity resistance finally cracked; and the Club shot across the line to a touchdown. The stands sat stupefied.

And Don, on his bench, shivering in a *mixture of excitement and desire, kept* thinking, "If only he would let me in! If only he would let me in." The long rest of the past days had had its effect; he felt in himself the sparkle of his big days; he felt in himself a strength capable of lifting mountains, worlds and universes. And he sat there, inactive, tied to a bench, watching disaster. He threw glances at Stonehurst, squatting stolidly there in front of the bench, his little eyes upon the field, a big, black, unlit cigar between his teeth. What was the coach thinking? Was he letting this go on purposely? As a lesson to the Varsity? To kill in it a trace of fancied overconfidence toward next Saturday's big game? What was he thinking of? Meanwhile the Varsity was being beaten! By a contemptible athletic club!

And the coach now rose and turned toward the bench and said, "Saunders!"

Don sprang to him. "Get in there and see what you can do," said the coach.

Don, throwing off his blanket, his sweater, slapping on his helmet, ran out upon the field. His legs felt like springs, his body all tight and taut, his mind seemed to be floating aloft, looking down upon the crisis in a bird's-eye view, clear and detached. In a moment he was among his mates. He ran lightly along the crouching line, and felt it vibrate under his touch; he threw a look at the backs and saw the sagging men straighten.

An exultation went through him; his head went back and the air was split by his clear clarion cry. "R-r-r-r-rump!" a drumming of feet, a crash, a short thrust just inside that Club left tackle. Now another, just outside of him this time. By Jove, it was working. Already working. From the bench he had noted it, the progressive tiring of that left tackle, the gradual caving-in of him. Now another crash, right at him. Five yards' gain—not so bad—that tackle was going, going. A little diversion now. Don threw out a long end run like a whizzing riata, on the same side. Good! Now another, just for ducks. Not so good. But the stage is all set—

WHAT Don sent out now had all the appearance of another end run. The *luckless tackle smothered,* a cloud of interference, and in the midst of it a speeding back curved low with bent arms held against a concave stomach. The Club eleven in hot charge after that. And then—that ostentatious ball carrier didn't have the ball at all! Don Saunders had it, was running back with it; seemingly crazy, he was running back with it.

Abruptly he paused, turned, his arm went behind his right ear, then forward; the ball went sailing well up against *the blue sky. And who was that,* galloping like a cow pony at a round-up, over there, already near the final goal line? Tommie Barr, Varsity right end! The ball, up in the air, was overtaking him. Tommie, who had been counting as well as running—one-two-three-four-five and so on—having reached a certain number now threw his eyes skyward. And changed his counting to a prayer. The ball was there, only a few feet overhead. He stretched out his hands. The ball seemed to check slightly in its *flight. Suddenly it was coming down* perpendicularly. In his arms! With impetus undiminished he scooted like a rabbit over the last white line, the line of glory.

In a few more minutes the goal was kicked and the score was tied. That was all Red Stonehurst wanted, seemingly, of this day. With three minutes still to go, came secret word to Don: "Play it safe. Never mind scoring." And safe he played it, punting deep into enemy land, taking the ball away once more and a last time punting deep.

RED STONEHURST did not have much to say to him after it was over. Only, "O. K., Saunders." It was to Sylvia, a little later, the coach said it.

"Your young man coming up this evening?" he growled interrogatively, leaning on her garden fence.

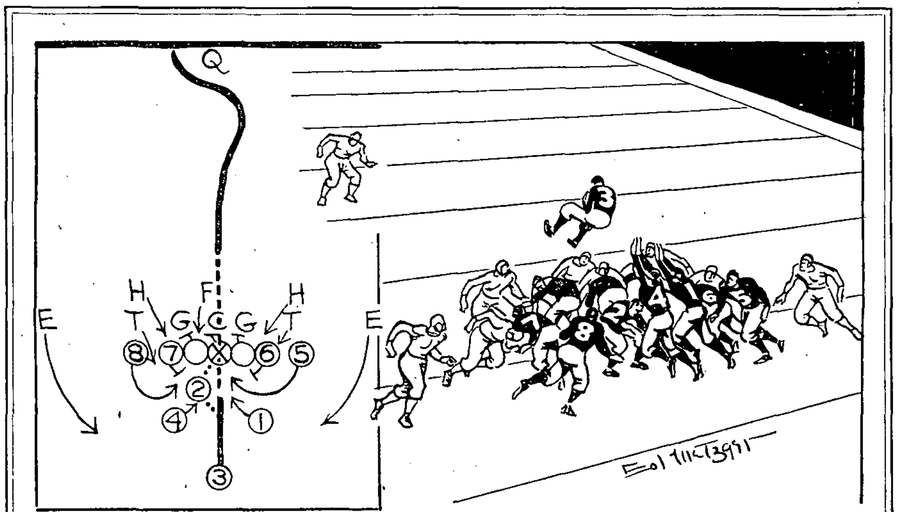
Her eyes had been like stars since her return from the game, and gave promise of remaining like stars forever. "Yes!" she answered, starry-eyed.

"Tell him something for me. To take it easy next week. I'll work him a bit; I'll call on him at practice. But tell him to take it easy, tell him to save himself. *Because he needn't worry.* He's going to be the quarter next Saturday. He's going to be my quarterback in the big game."

He turned, he was going. "Mr. Stonehurst!" she called.

"Yes?"

"He's going to be my quarterback, too!" she cried.



Leaping into Fame

By Sol Metzger

MASS attack in tandem form swept the country after Woodruff's guards back-smashed Princeton in '94. Defense necessarily became more compact. The ends moved in near their *tackles. Three backs were developed* immediately behind the line. Football might be likened now to an irresistible force meeting an immovable object.

George Foster Sanford, Columbia's 1900 coach, noting all this, conceived a new play—spectacular, effective, intriguing. Inasmuch as all backs had helping assignments in the tandem, Sandy decided to bring in reinforcements at the moment the runner was heaved upward, where he often was stopped.

His solution was ingenious. Columbia uncorked the Weeks hurdle against Princeton that fall, turning in one of the big surprises of the season. Football has never seen anything like the catapult of this halfback clear over the heads of the low-charging defense. This play, *along with the Deland flying wedge* of '92, ranks among the most sensational of all time. Many explanations of it exist. I am indebted to Sanford, its creator, for the correct one following.

The Columbia line of seven men all locked arms or legs except the ends. The center trio held their ground, did not attempt to advance. The tackles stepped back with their outside legs, thus forming a box. This to deflect any defensive men *charging* across from driving straight into the play. They had first to turn the corners around the tackles. By then, Weeks was up and over.

Harold Weeks, No. 3, lined up some five yards behind his center, started at full speed, was fed the ball by his quarter, No. 2, and then leaped to clear the center of the line, with body erect, and feet first.

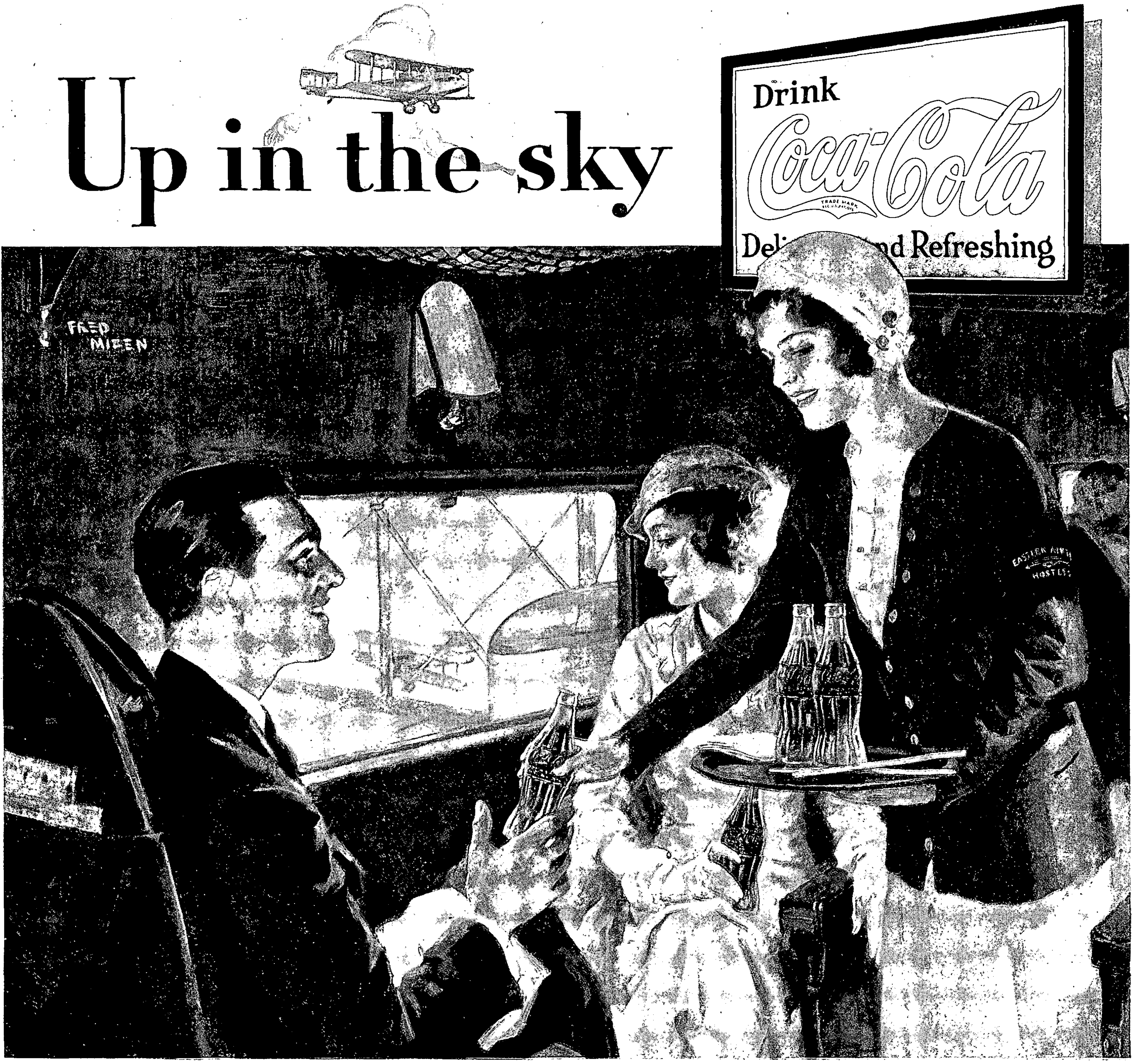
The method of propelling him into space was unique. The halfback on his left, 4, stood erect directly behind his guard, right arm straight down and rigid. He used *it as one would a crowbar,* swinging it under Weeks' thigh to lift him up and forward. The right half, 1, did the same with his left arm. This formed a chair in which Weeks sat—one that tossed him upward.

By now the ends, 5 and 8, who had dropped back, were in position to aid. They put their hands on Weeks' back, waist high, as his tilt was backward, and thus gave him the necessary forward impulse to clear the line. Couple these forces with his jump, and his feet were often six feet above the ground as he went over.

Harold's father was greatly worried over his hurdling. But Sanford's sympathies were with the defense, as Weeks descended with knees drawn up almost to his chin, *a foot ready for any* assailant. This was to protect him from stiff-arms delivered on the jaw with the heel of the hand, a jolting blow then sanctioned. Sanford was wrong on this count, as I distinctly recall a gory afternoon in 1902 when we stopped the hurdle. Our fullback played some seven yards behind his center, so timing his charge as to meet Weeks as he landed. He missed fire the first time, but on the next smashed Harold back from whence he came.

The hurdle was doomed. Danger of serious injury barred it after 1904. Football was to take to the air in another way. Although the forward pass was not introduced until 1906, in principle it had entered the game in 1893 with telling effect. I will tell about this next week.

Up in the sky



. . . the comfort and pleasure of *the pause that refreshes*

On Eastern Air Transport's giant 18-passenger planes, flying between New York and Atlanta, charming hostesses offer ice-cold Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes.* This same comfort and pleasure is given on the big ships of other companies that fly from coast to coast and over other routes. Thus through skyways, as on highways, railways and busy streets, ice-cold Coca-Cola is always ready to help speed you on your way—refreshed. Its tingling, delicious taste and cool, wholesome after-sense of refreshment add life to action or pleasure to leisure. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN
Grantland Rice—Famous
Sports Champions—
—Coca-Cola Orchestra.
Every Wed. 10:30 p. m.
Eastern Standard Time
—Coast-to-Coast
NBC Network

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

The ideal way of treating children's colds—no muss or fuss.

SNIFF, SNEEZE & SNUFFLE, INC.

THEY can soon turn your family circle into a ring of colds—these partners of nasal ills. Unless you have a bottle of Vapex—the delightful inhalant—handy.

Just a few deep breaths of Vapex will chase them away and bring you relief from colds. Vapex is the inhalant discovered in England in 1915 during a war-time epidemic of influenza. Millions of people use it to fight colds.

For it is so simple to apply that a child can use it. Just sprinkle it on the handkerchief. And so economical that many hours' relief costs only 1 cent.

Buy the one-dollar bottle containing 100 applications at your druggist's. Remember to ask for V-A-P-E-X.

E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc., *Distributors of Medicinal Products Since* 1849.

A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away

Put the youngsters to bed with Vapex at each end of the pillow.

Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

If you Think you Can—

Continued from page 24

Fairbanks' hobby. In his quest for health and a strong body he invented unusual exercises which were fun to perform. These stunts required a certain amount of skill and agility and at the same time embodied all of the requirements prescribed by the exponents of exercise. Simple enough at first, they became more and more complex as time went on, and with them he developed his philosophy of "steps" and his love for all forms of athletic competition.

For Fairbanks, like DeMar, has subjected himself to a routine of careful training. Normally, he is up with the dawn, six days a week, and enjoys a light breakfast of fruit and coffee, an equally frugal lunch without butter, pastry or sweets, ending his workday by four in the afternoon when he adjourns to his play lot back of the studio buildings, where he and his constant companion and friend, Chuck Lewis, are joined by athletic friends, some of world renown, and indulge in a couple of hours of vigorous exercise.

"A man should never lose his love for play," says Douglas. "He should take stock of himself every so often, and not call in a doctor, either. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred your middle-aged man needs exercise. That's all.

"A large percentage of young men not yet thirty commence putting on layers of fat. Athletes, too, some of them; fellows who think they should be on the shelf just because their college competitive days are over. That, to my mind, is about the silliest notion in the world. A man should just begin to find himself physically at thirty.

"If you have let yourself go and are fat at that age, get rid of it. And there's just one way to do it. Don't depend on exercise for accomplishing the purpose. It won't. I take as much exercise as any man living and I can't keep flesh down that way. When I want to lose weight I look to my eating. I eliminate potatoes, butter and bread. If I want bread very badly I munch on a piece of dry, thin toast. I only use one lump of sugar in my coffee and take but a single cup a day. And I refuse all desserts. Most important of all I think thin and keep moving.

"Next to exercise and food, a man must mind his sleep. If you play fair with your body, you'll get at least six hours and possibly eight every night. When I am at my best I even take as many as nine. I have also taught myself to fall asleep at any time when I may need it.

"At the studio I have a rubbing-table which I use whenever I feel sleepy during the day. I generally do not stay there more than twenty minutes at a time. That short period is sufficient to work wonders for me. I leave that table full of fire and the devil.

Middle-Age Boys

"If you drive yourself hard enough during your waking hours, you will never be troubled with insomnia. You will be so tired that the moment you hit a bed you will drop off."

There was only one short period in his life when Fairbanks thought he had lost interest in exercise and sports. He was in Boston at the time, working hard, and he needed fresh inspiration badly. One warm spring day, very much disheartened, he went for a walk and soon found himself in the midst of thousands lining Beacon Street, clear down to Kenmore Station and Commonwealth Avenue, to watch the last mile of the famous Boston Marathon.

The man who had finished second the previous year was in the lead. He appeared to be of no particular age or type, but there was something in his face, as he strode steadily on, which spelled indomitable will and unconquerable determination. The vast crowd, numbering more than half a million, which had cheered him all along the way caught something of his fighting spirit and when he broke the string thousands surged about him, eager to shake the hand of Clarence DeMar.

Fairbanks was one of the first to congratulate him, and DeMar's gallant achievement thrilled the brilliant young actor and served thoroughly to reawaken him again. He said to himself as he watched the marathon winner finish: "We are about the same age, and I was beginning to think that I was getting too old for this sort of thing. Yet here is a fellow, no longer by any stretch of the imaginaton a boy, who is able to run twenty-six miles in less than three hours and still finish comparatively fresh!"

While Fairbanks has been winning fame in the field of pictures, DeMar has continued to capture long-distance championships and to lead the kind of existence he loves the best. He has seven times won the Boston Marathon, as well as a place on the Olympic teams of 1912, 1924, 1928 and, in short, established such a running record as no other athlete has ever approached.

How They Differ

DeMar has changed very little through the years. He is a compositor by profession, and a member of Typographical Union No. 13. He still teaches his Sunday-school class in the old Baptist Church in Melrose, Massachusetts, and his interest in boys has made him a splendid scoutmaster. He has also been chaplain of Melrose Post No. 9 of the American Legion, having served from May, 1918, to August, 1919, as a member of the A. E. F., Company E, 301st Infantry.

DeMar's reputation for clean living and good sportsmanship and his unparalleled record in marathon running, without a question ever being raised as to his amateur standing, make him a fine example of the true value of sports.

DeMar's happiness has come from living at home and in getting his pleasure from ordinary every-day incidents of life. When he leaves Melrose he does not pretend to follow his regular routine. Fairbanks, on the other hand, keeps up his exercise wherever he may be.

Though they are both about the same age and look much younger than their years, they resemble each other in very few respects. Fairbanks is an all-around champion and DeMar a specialist. Fairbanks has always lived for today, DeMar for tomorrow. Fairbanks is a man of action, interested in people; De Mar a recluse, dodging the admiration of hero-worshipers.

Birthdays Don't Count

Though there never was anyone more fond of athletics or athletic competition than Fairbanks, he is not interested in perfecting himself for any single event. DeMar, on the other hand, possesses a consuming ambition to win the 1932 Olympic Marathon for his country despite the weight of his years, which most men would consider as an impossible handicap.

You cannot talk to DeMar long without conversation inevitably drifting to the Olympic games, the marathon race and the chances of Paavo Nurmi of Finland, his most formidable rival, who has won seven championships in three Olympic games. The peerless Paavo has announced his intention of competing the opening day in the 10,000 meters and then coming back on the last day of the meet to run the marathon for the first time.

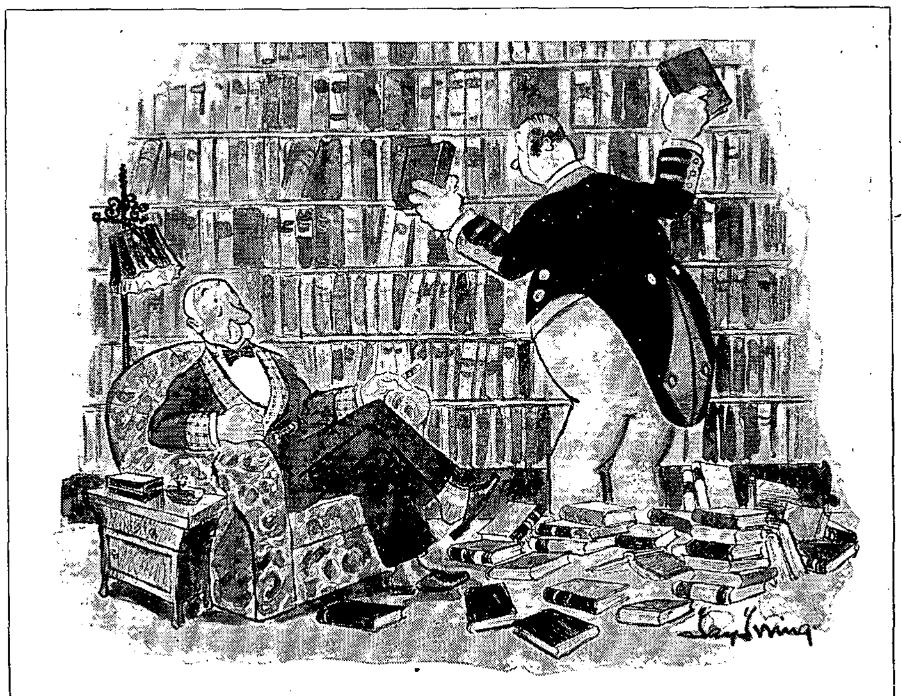
"Do you think that you can win?" asked Fairbanks of DeMar during the discussion of his proposed competition in Los Angeles.

"Why not?" countered DeMar.

"If you think you can, you will!" said Fairbanks. "And I'm counting on you to show up these fellows who measure stamina, speed and strength by the number of birthdays one may have had."

"At forty you ought to be able to do every stunt you did at twenty, and much more gracefully. At fifty most of us can be as good as we were at forty!" Clarence DeMar smilingly said.

"Right you are," laughed Doug. "And, what's more, we can prove it!"



"Is that all there is, Rollins? . . . Just literature?" *Jay Irving*

priced from
$6.50 up

They are never too young or too old to enjoy BILLIARDS ... together

THERE are so few games that sisters and brothers of different ages can and will play together. Billiards is one—the best. Boys and girls from eight up will gather around a Billiard Table, forgetting that brother is little or that sister usually spoils things. They all play Billiards on an equal footing, with equal fun.

Billiards not only develops unselfish sportsmanship, coordination of mind and muscle, keeps mischievous hands out of trouble, but it fosters a family spirit, binds the young ones together and subordinates juvenile bickerings. It solves, too, the problem of what to do in bad weather and brings their friends to your home.

Then, you fathers who at the end of the day want to play with the kids—and what real father doesn't, and so get close to them, really know them—will find Billiards a game, and one of the very few, that you and they can play together, naturally, enthusiastically, enjoyably. You will not be unduly tired, either. Instead, you will be refreshed, both mentally and physically.

Billiards fascinates adults—just as it does youngsters—whether it is played in the home, at the club or in one of the modern recreation centers. It is the most interesting and healthful of indoor games and provides enough but not too much exercise for those of us who lead, by inclination or necessity, somewhat inactive lives physically.

Brunswick has made it possible for every home to have a Billiard Table for the children. For now a genuine Brunswick Table, Junior Playmate Model, can be bought for as little as $6.50, fully equipped, ready for playing. It is not a toy, but an enduring, substantially constructed Table with folding legs.

Only Brunswick can make a Table of this quality, at this price. So be sure and get a genuine Brunswick. You identify it by the trademark shown below. Don't take a shoddy substitute. No maker other than Brunswick builds a Table that embodies the scientific construction and high grade materials that are essential in a fine Billiard Table, irrespective of size.

Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Tables are available in six sizes, at $6.50, $12.50, $17.50, $25.00, $60.00 and $100.00.

Leading hardware, department, furniture and sporting goods stores sell them. Mail the coupon below for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. *Also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.*

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

THIS CATALOG IS FREE! MAIL YOUR COUPON TODAY!

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 6-F, Chicago, Ill.

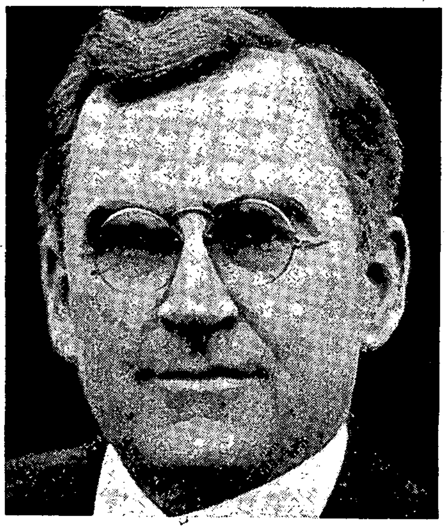
Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet," a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name..

Address..

City.................................... State..............

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

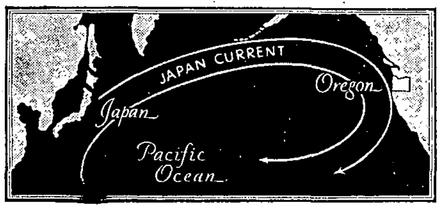


DR. J. RUSSELL SMITH, Professor of Economic Geography, Columbia University

Dr. J. Russell Smith says of

OREGON

. . . and the Pacific Northwest



"Basing my assertion on past history and economic and industrial conditions of today, it is in the Northwest where I expect American civilization, in many ways, to reach its maximum. Yes! I expect that it will outstrip New York, overcoming the advantages which the metropolis has had of an early start! In this Northwest of which I speak, I anticipate that, man for man, Americans will eventually realize their greatest achievement, almost certainly their greatest physical achievement, perhaps also their highest mental achievement—in science, literature, and the arts!"

Dr. J. Russell Smith, like many other noted scientists who have made extensive studies of climate and its relation to civilization, concedes that the North Pacific Coast Region of the North American Continent has the climate which approaches the ideal for human existence.

In summarizing the main conclusion of Dr. Ellsworth Huntington's great work "Civilization and Climate," Dr. Smith observes:

"A man feels more inclined to be active, and will do more physical work, at a temperature of about 60 degrees (55 degrees to 70 degrees) than when it is colder or warmer. He also states that man does his best brain work when the outdoor temperature is about 40 degrees. Study the temperature charts of Portland . . . and you will be struck by the fact that in winter the temperature there is right for the maximum of mental activity; in summer it is right for the maximum of physical activity!"

Oregon, with its ideal, animating climate—its veritable vacation paradise—its clean, progressive cities—its rapidly increasing industrial and commercial opportunities—is a better place to *live*, to *work*, to *play*.

Plan now to visit Oregon next summer, or earlier, if you can, both to enjoy a memorable holiday and to investigate the opportunities which await you. Write for descriptive literature and further information. ON-TO-OREGON, INC., 1411-R Public Service Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

IN OREGON'S THE LIFE!

ON TO OREGON INC.

The Big Pink

Continued from page 21

of the headlamps he could see the amazement of her wide eyes and parted lips.

"Why—why—" she paused.

Winship was a little heartened by the look. "You think," he said hopefully, "that it changes me enough?"

"Enough?" Beechy laughed delightedly. "Why, you don't look any more like a professor than—than—"

"Jack Dempsey," Edwin suggested.

"Not half so much," Beechy declared. "Jack Dempsey looks really quite intelligent." She paused. "Nobody'd ever *dream* that you're a professor!"

Lead-heavily the words fell on Winship's heart. Knell-like at the back of his mind echoed ominous words: "Jiffo takes hair off and takes it out"—and then, an octave lower:

"Forever!"

He made, again, the moaning noise.

"MAKE room in the rumble so that the Doc can ride there," Beechy said.

Obeying, Edwin brought to light a rubber raincoat which, except for shortness of sleeve and tightness of girth, proved able to contain Winship. In a dull blur of misery he crowded himself in beside Edwin's luggage. The car turned, crept back to the highway, and resumed its normal gait. Upon Winship descended, presently, the merciful oblivion of sleep.

In the seat before him, however, a slightly heated conversation continued.

Beechy spoke sharply. "I hope I'm able, at my time of life, to tell the difference between a hold-up and a raid. Of course I know as well as you do that those men weren't policemen."

"Yeah?" Edwin said skeptically. "Then why were you so warm and worried about the poor old lad's pink whiskers?"

"Because I just couldn't bear to miss the chance. He just adored that low-comedy fringe of his, and he'd never have parted with a hair of it if I hadn't made him believe that his life depended on it." She giggled softly. "I can hardly wait till Aunt Minnie sees him."

"Well, if you were just having fun with him, you've got an even rottener disposition than I thought you had," Edwin said warmly. "If all you wanted was to give your aunt a good laugh—"

"And that's another of your funny childish errors," Beechy interrupted. "I wanted to *stop* her laughing at him. He's just pathetically soppy about her, and she's never been able to give him a thing except loud, ribald mirth. I don't blame her much, but you'd think even a woman as old as Aunt Minnie would know what a perfectly good scout was hiding behind those whiskers! Just wait till she sees him!"

The car's pace suddenly diminished.

"What are you stopping here for?" Beechy demanded.

"I wouldn't want it generally known," Edwin said, "but I don't mind telling you in confidence that this car of mine has got the gas habit."

He turned off the concrete into a crescent-shaped gravel drive between a battery of prodigally illuminated yellow pumps. A car stood beside the first of these, and he passed it so narrowly that the fenders grazed. Instead of stopping, however, he put on speed, and, spurting out upon the highway, opened the throttle wide.

"Now what?" Beechy spoke with weary impatience.

"Oh, nothing, only I got a quick look at the bird that was driving that car. He was one of the gang that stuck us up."

Beechy turned to look back. "They're coming after us," she said.

Edwin chuckled. "I was afraid they might be kind of fretful about the money."

"What money?"

"Why, the money we won."

"But we didn't get it!"

"Oh, yes, we did." Eddie spoke complacently. "When the Doc started to clean house I grabbed the money. I shouldn't wonder if those guns might be sort of peevish about it."

A curious, corn-popping sound came from behind them, accompanied by even more sinister crackling noises in the air beside the car. With a loud, angry clang of hammered metal a bullet struck the upturned cover of the rumble seat. Through the glass panel Beechy Gwynn witnessed the abrupt awakening of Professor Winship. He craned his neck to look back into the thin glare of the pursuing headlamps. She called to him:

"They're shooting at us. Keep your head down or you'll get hit."

He leaned forward, his face close to the glass. "Stop and let me out! I'm the one they want. If they catch me, you two can get away."

Instead of answering Beechy turned to Eddie. "Can you cope with that? Did you hear what he said?"

"Oh, the Doc's a good egg, all right," Mr. Jewett said warmly. "Tell him to keep his bean down and not worry."

Beechy screamed this reassurance back to Winship. "We're not going to toss you to the wolves, and if you keep on yelling that way you might take Eddie's simple mind off his job and we'll all be in the ditch!"

THE argument prevailed. Winship's urgent outcry ceased. Slowly Eddie's car gained distance. Peering back, Beechy watched the angry headlamps dim and dwindle till at last they disappeared.

"I always knew that Beekie Winship was perfectly priceless," Beechy said.

"Huh, anybody could see that in a minute," Eddie answered. "Even you."

Beechy chose not to lift the gauntlet.

"That's what makes me so perfectly furious with Aunt Minnie. She's almost as wrong about him as the professors who run the mathematics department at Leicester. They keep on promoting people right over his head. He ought to be a full professor this minute, and he isn't even an associate."

Eddie gave the matter thought. "Prob'ly," he said, "those whiskers fooled your aunt and those other profs. Old folks are always kind of simple that way—judging people by the way they look."

He paused. "Does he always wear a funeral suit like the one he's got on now?"

Beechy sighed. "I shouldn't wonder if he wears his spats to bed! I've tried and tried to laugh him into dressing like a regular person, but he just can't seem to get it."

Eddie dedicated several moments to meditation. "Look," he said presently, "he still thinks the cops are after him."

"Well?"

"Well, if that idea scared him into parting with his whiskers, maybe we could use it some more." He chuckled happily. "And it's right on our way, too!"

To this cryptic statement, in spite of pungent cross-examination on Beechy's part, he steadfastly declined to add.

THE car sped on across the marshes, up over the ridge and down into Jersey City, through the long, resounding tunnel, across dormant Manhattan and the bridge. There was a premonitory pallor in the eastward skies when it came again to open country. Before an all-night service station on the Jericho road Eddie stopped for gas and oil. A dejected man in charge paused in the act of unscrewing the cap of the tank and inspected with interest the deep dent in the upturned lid of the rumble. His glance transferred itself inquiringly to Eddie, who had descended and now stood beside him.

"Hijacker got kind of peevish," Eddie said.

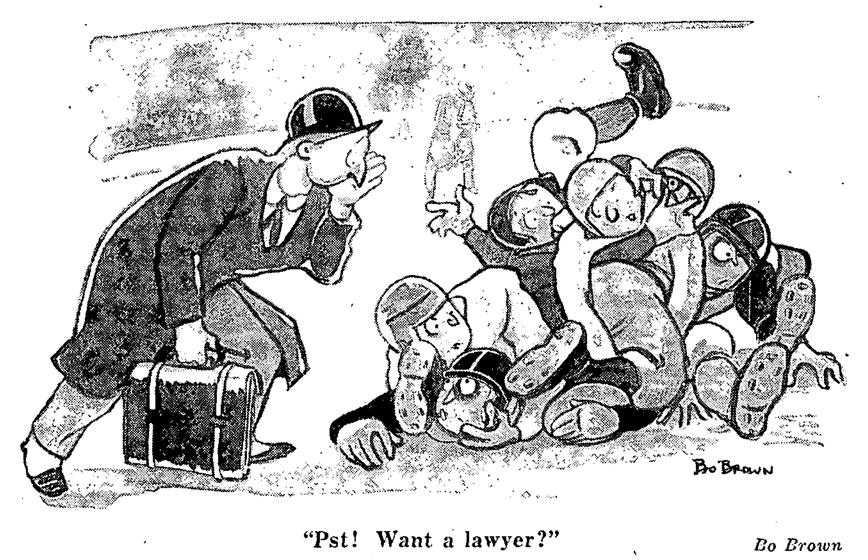
The face of the filling-station man darkened sympathetically. "Some of them birds ain't got no more respect for yuman life than a prohibition off'cer."

"That's right," Eddie agreed heartily. "Look, how do I get to Dan McGurk's place from here?"

The faint suspicion that still lingered in the man's glance visibly abated. He gave precise directions and stood watching the car as it resumed its journey, his fingers thoughtfully crumpling a fifty-dollar bill. Rather incautiously, Eddie Jewett, paying for gas and oil, had withdrawn from his pocket a fat sheaf of just such bills. Meditatively the filling-station man pocketed the money.

He continued to meditate until, on his way home, he stopped to confer, over that zealous young man's breakfast table, with Trooper Wilbur Dill, of the New York state police.

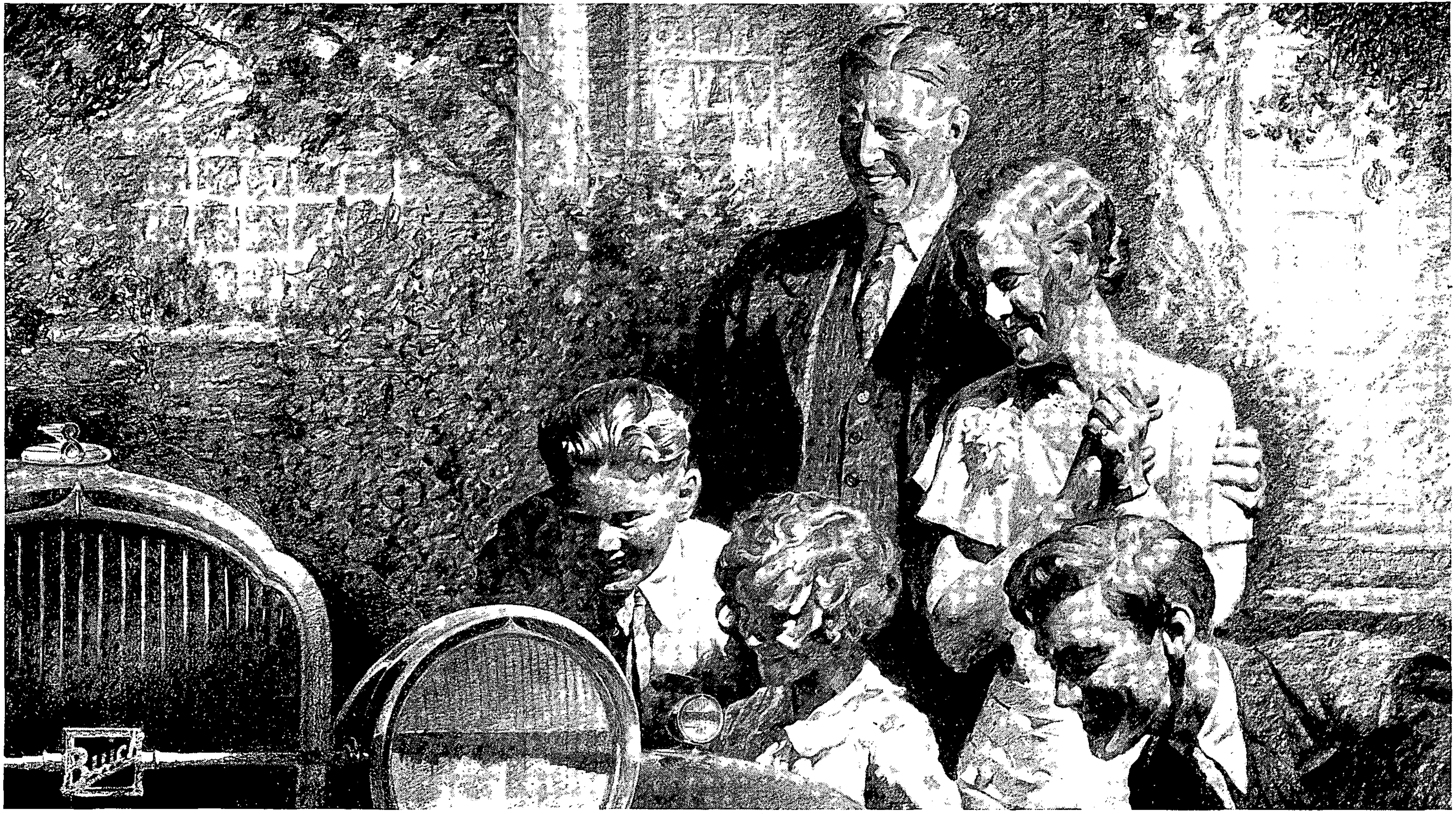
(To be continued next week)



"Pst! Want a lawyer?"

Bo Brown

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

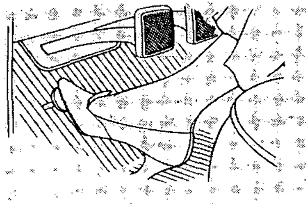


"A New Friend– yet a friend we've known for years!"

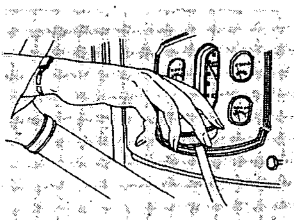
Four Brilliant new Eights (26 Models), $935 to $2055, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan, with the finest advancements in Buick's 28-year history

the Wizard control

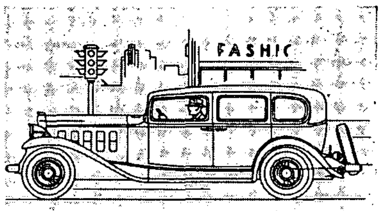
The Wizard Control—greatest achievement since the self starter, combining three great new features—Automatic Clutch, Free Wheeling, Silent-Second, Syncro-Mesh Transmission—imparting wonderful new ease and pleasure to driving.



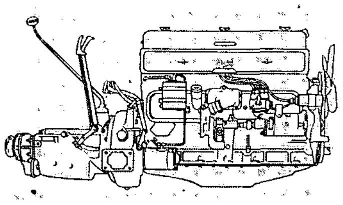
New Automatic Clutch—vital feature of Buick's new system of car operation and management—Wizard Control—making possible swift, easy shifting of all gears—first, second, third or reverse—without using the clutch pedal.



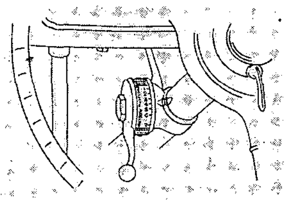
New Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission—One of the outstanding engineering achievements of the decade, now improved by the addition of Helical Gears—imparting, not only a truly silent second speed, but thrilling new getaway.



New and Advanced Free Wheeling—Full coasting advantages, when and as desired, always under positive control. Permitting instantaneous change from Free Wheeling to Conventional Drive or vice versa at the will of the driver.



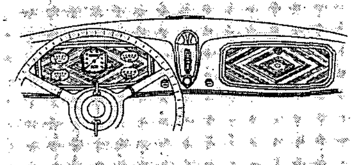
New Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine—(High compression head optional without extra cost)—providing an entirely new order of swift, smooth, powerful performance plus traditional Buick stamina and dependability.



New Ride Regulator—permitting such precise adjustment of shock absorbers that the driver may choose his ride to meet varying road conditions, number of passengers and car speed. (Available on Models 32-56 and 32-57 at extra cost.)

BODY by FISHER

Newly-Styled Bodies by Fisher—Achieving an entirely new effect of length, lowness, luxury. New colors, newly-designed radiator, lamps, fenders and hood doors, all combining to form an ensemble of surpassing smartness and distinction.



New, Modernized Instrument Panel—A distinct advance over previous types—with instruments directly in front of driver for maximum visibility—controls in center—and a spacious built-in convenience compartment for storing valuables.

THE NEW BUICK FOR 1932

Rhapsody in Red

Continued from page 9

weren't here to spy for Orpington.)

"Well— Frankly, Penwell, the only job I have is what my father used to call 'the responsible man.' Things are bound to go wrong occasionally in an organization as big as this; and the customer they go wrong on comes in and demands that whoever is responsible be fired. So we used to keep somebody on the pay roll simply to be called in and fired whenever there was a complaint, and then fired again the next time—"

"But you don't have that sort of thing up here?" Roddy exploded. "Down on Twenty-third Street, yes; but the Fifth Avenue trade wouldn't—"

"I thought so, too," said Wolfson moodily, "when we came up here. But I know more than I used to about the kind of people who live east of the Park. There's only this difference, Penwell—people who get mad down on Twenty-third Street are satisfied if you fire a sales clerk or a cash girl. But when *they get mad up here they want you to* fire an executive. Mr. Orpington tells me that all your experience has been as an executive. So if you're willing to be an executive in a nice office, with not a thing to do except to be called in here occasionally and fired—fired good and hard, in the presence of the complaining customer— Why, you can have the job."

. . . If he isn't a spy, thought Norbert Wolfson, he'll tell me to go to hell; and we'll have a drink and forget it. . . .

"How much does it pay?" asked Roddy Penwell. Wolfson smiled sourly.

"Well, to keep up the appearances—say ten thousand a year."

Ten thousand a year; five times as much as Roddy could earn at any other job he could get. He could live on two thousand a year—he'd learned how, this summer—and use the rest of his salary to margin stock purchases in a market that was still wildly going up. A few months of that, if he bought the right stocks, and he could talk to Nele Vandermuylen.

If she waited for him. He hadn't written; and she didn't know that the Penwell fortune had gone down the sinkhole of those Russian imperial bonds. She must think— But this was a chance; and he'd have no other chance, if he refused the job Orpington had found for him. A ridiculous, humiliating job; but if he could get Nele by taking it—

"All right, Mr. Wolfson. When do I start?"

No more was said about a drink. I wish I lived on Hester Street, thought Norbert Wolfson. Then I'd never have seen a Penwell turning spy.

IN THE next two months Roddy earned sixteen hundred dollars, and lived on four hundred, and played the market so well with the rest of it that by October he had a paper profit of fourteen thousand. The first stock he bought was Wolfson-Plaza B; he wouldn't have bought it if he'd known as much about the store as he did a month later.

For he had to learn a *good deal* about the store to make his firings more plausible. At first he stood meek and silent while Norbert Wolfson delivered his stern but just rebuke; but presently Wolfson told him—

"Look here, Penwell, this won't do. You act like a shipping clerk. You're supposed to be a vice president, remember; a department manager at the very least. Our act won't get over unless you talk back to me, give me an argument, quote figures. Get around and learn some figures, if necessary. Only remember," Wolfson finished with a sour smile, "I always win the argument in the end."

Roddy wanted to knock that smile off his face. Yet he'd have liked the fellow, if it hadn't been for his job.

"Very well, Mr. Wolfson. I'll try to seem more convincing."

. . . I suppose, thought Wolfson, I've given Orpington's spy a grand chance to learn all about the store. But it can't do much harm, now. . . .

For October had come—the season when people ought to buy merchandise and the Wolfson-Plaza ought to make money; and nobody was buying anything but stocks. Even Norbert Wolfson was buying stocks—sardonically following the crowd and playing Wolfson-Plaza B for the rise. He wouldn't make enough money out of the store's earnings to pay the interest on his note to Orpington; but if he could make it out of speculating in the B stock he *might yet save the A stock that meant* control of the store. . . .

THAT evening Roddy left his office when the store closed and walked down the side street, thinking about Nele Vandermuylen. He'd kept track of her movements all summer through the society pages, and now he learned that she had come back to town. And what was he going to do?

He hadn't written to her. He knew that was dangerous; but if he wrote there was only one thing to say, and he couldn't say it yet. Ten thousand a year wasn't enough to ask her to marry him on, and he couldn't be jocular about his job at Wolfson's.

Well, he needn't wait much longer. If stocks kept going up he could run his paper profit of fourteen thousand up to fifty thousand or so by Christmas. And then he could get a decent job. . . .

He turned aside to go down to a basement door; and as he turned a taxi ran up to the curb beside him, and Nele stepped out of it. The first time they had met since the spring night when he kissed her.

"Hello, Roddy!" She was smiling, jaunty, detached—as if she'd seen him yesterday. Roddy grinned easily.

"You're looking lovely, Nele. Where are you going?"

"Right in here to Luigi's, to have a drink. And so are you, aren't you? Fine! You can buy me one and I'll buy you one."

If a woman of the Vandermuylens had set her foot on the brass rail of a bar forty years ago, Manhattan Island would have folded up and slid into the sea; but times have changed. Over their cocktails she looked at him with a languid curiosity.

"I heard you'd left the bank, Roddy. What are you doing now?"

"You'll laugh, Nele. I'm efficiency man in the Wolfson-Plaza."

"I've heard it's a nice store," she said. "Of course I can't afford to trade there. Why don't you put your prices down within reach of the respectable poor, instead of catering to the filthy rich?"

"Ask Mr. Wolfson. My job is only to—to promote customer satisfaction. . . . It's a queer job, Nele. Some day I'll tell you all about it, maybe. I—I don't think I'll be there very long. I'm doing pretty well in the market; perhaps in a few months more—"

"I didn't know Penwells ever played the market. I thought all your money had been in government bonds since about 1791."

"Since 1914," Roddy told her quietly, "it's all been in Russian government bonds. The Czar's government."

"Oh!" she said, and looked down into her cocktail glass. "So that's why you do queer things like—like playing the market. One must have money, mustn't one?" She seemed a little acid.

"You know quite well one must," he said. "But— Nele—"

"No more, Luigi," she interrupted. "Sorry I've got to run, Roddy. I'm going home to pack—spending the week-end at Glen Cove."

"But I'll see you next week?" he demanded as they went out.

"You probably will; we've been seeing each other at least once a week ever since you were six and I was three. One of these inescapable things, isn't it?" He wondered what that meant.

He stood looking after her disappearing taxi, seething with bitter uneasiness. He didn't know if she still cared about him, or if she hated him. But he had a premonition that when he saw her next week he was going to ask her anyway.

He was wrong. The next week nobody was asking anybody anything except where—or if—the collapse in stock values would stop.

Roddy Penwell sat in his office reading the evening papers and wishing he were dead. His margins were wiped out; his hopes were wiped out; he was broke—and Nele, for whom he endured the daily humiliation of his job, was forever out of reach. . . . Norbert Wolfson was also reading the evening papers. Wolfson-Plaza B had closed at 180 on Saturday; now it was 47. That was that; he couldn't pay interest; Orpington would get the A stock that controlled the store. . . . Wolfson wished he could die; but he didn't believe in suicide. He wished he could vent his intolerable bitterness on something—somebody—anybody. . . .

The telephone buzzed; he heard his secretary's soft voice.

"Who?" he asked. Then— "Oh! Bring her in at once, please."

FIVE minutes later Roddy was sent for. Mr. Wolfson, behind his desk, looked very stern; a stout woman seated beside him looked very angry.

"This," snapped Norbert Wolfson, "is our Mr. Penwell, whose inexcusable carelessness was responsible for this mistake. Our so-called efficiency man. Penwell, I've had all I can stand. I warned you last time—"

"Stop!" howled Roddy Penwell. Something had snapped inside him—not so much at what Wolfson said (it was what he was hired to listen to) as at the way he said it. Or perhaps it was something else; the fury of the tigress who has lost her cub is nothing to the fury of the speculator who has lost his margin.

"I've had all I can stand!" Roddy barked. "I'm sick of taking the blame for things that go wrong in this joke store. Yes, it is a joke; I know what's the matter with the Wolfson-Plaza. You've high-hatted your old trade, put your prices up and brought your sales down. You've been playing for the snob trade; but most of those people are scared away by the name of Wolfson. Why didn't you make this place, in its way, the Big Cheap Store of Fifth Avenue—serving the respectable poor who want good quality at the lowest possible cost? If you want a snob trade, go after the people who are just graduating from Fourteenth Street and Thirty-fourth. That means volume, of course; none of this pretending to be the Rue

(Continued on page 40)

Watch that COUGH because..

constant COUGHING strains the HEART

Women especially are susceptible because of tender throats. The Menthol Action in Luden's really is a "prescription" to quickly relieve coughing — a scientific blend of Menthol and other potent ingredients that soothe, cool and comfort the irritated tissues.

In the Familiar Yellow Package — 5c here; 10c in Canada

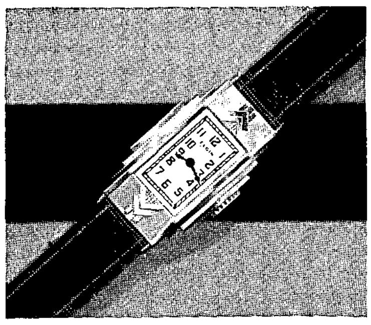
QUICKEST RELIEF FROM COUGHING

GIVE QUICK RELIEF
LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
LUDEN'S NAME ON EVERY DROP

Radio Program — Columbia System
Sunday Evenings 7:30 to 8 P.M. (E.S.T.)

Only Elgin MACHINES CAN PRODUCE A WATCH OF SUCH PERFECT ACCURACY

Precision inventions improve upon human skill a thousand-fold in perfecting tiny parts.



HERE it is . . . the tiniest watch ever to meet Elgin's rigid standards of precision. Never before has such exquisite daintiness been combined with such remarkable time-keeping accuracy. 15 jewel movement, 14k white gold semi-baguette case $60

A SPRING, the breadth of a human hair! . . . Screws that look like gold dust to the naked eye.

Think! Unless these parts are made unfailingly precise, your watch will gain or lose time.

How are they made? In most watches they are still tooled by human hands, the old-fashioned way. But this is a great cause of error. For even the steadiest hand, the most expert eye, must waver at such microscopic fineness.

To make these tiny parts unfailingly accurate, Elgin has developed marvelous precision machines; secret inventions, perfected by Elgin's precision engineers. These machines improve upon human skill a thousand-fold. They give to every Elgin watch that superior accuracy for which Elgin is internationally famed.

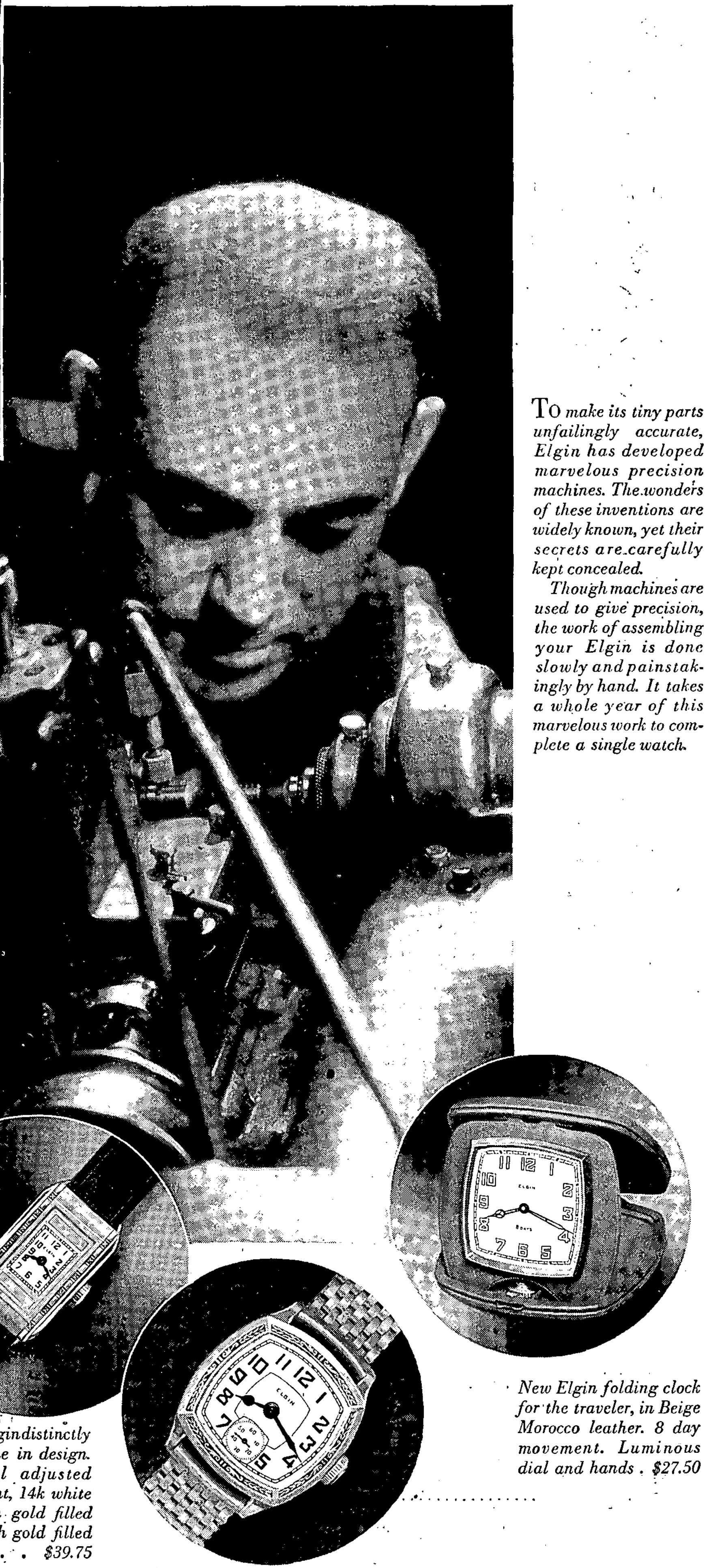
A whole year to make an Elgin

But marvelous as these inventions are, they perform only a fraction of the work in making an Elgin. The careful fitting of part-to-part is done by master craftsmen. Every jewel, pinion, wheel, is assembled with painstaking care. *It takes a year — and sometimes 14 months — to complete a single Elgin watch!*

Thus American machinery genius and skilled American workmen give you this watch of marvelous perfection.

Your jeweler is now showing a sparkling array of new Christmas Elgins. Visit him, seek his advice, and buy with confidence. The fact that he is an Elgin jeweler doubly assures you of honest policy, fair dealing, and merchandise priced in strict accordance with its intrinsic worth.

Elgin watches range from $16.25 to $500. Diamond ornamented models run as high as $2,000.



TO make its tiny parts unfailingly accurate, Elgin has developed marvelous precision machines. The wonders of these inventions are widely known, yet their secrets are carefully kept concealed.

Though machines are used to give precision, the work of assembling your Elgin is done slowly and painstakingly by hand. It takes a whole year of this marvelous work to complete a single watch.

A beautiful creation for the young lady. Comes with dependable 7 jewel movement and 10k white or yellow gold filled engraved case . $27.50

A new Elgin distinctly masculine in design. 17 jewel adjusted movement, 14k white or green gold filled case with gold filled band . . . $39.75

New Elgin folding clock for the traveler, in Beige Morocco leather. 8 day movement. Luminous dial and hands . $27.50

ELGIN

Made in America by American workmen

ST. PETERSBURG

America's Convenient Winter Playground

Down on the warm west coast of Florida, on a little peninsula lying between the Gulf of Mexico and Tampa Bay, is sunny St. Petersburg, "America's Convenient Winter Playground."

Study your map and you will see how close it is to you. By rail it's just an overnight trip for two-thirds of America's population. By air it's only a few hours away. And by auto it's a short, delightful trip over smooth paved highways all the way.

St. Petersburg, one of the world's leading resort centers, offers you a delightful, warm winter climate, a surprising variety of entertainment, and every kind of summer sport and recreation. It has 147 hotels, some 300 apartment houses, hundreds of furnished homes—and rates are moderate. Come for a happy, carefree vacation. For booklet mail the coupon below.

St. Petersburg
FLORIDA
THE SUNSHINE CITY
AMERICA'S CONVENIENT WINTER PLAYGROUND

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

A. C. Deaderick, Sec'y,
Chamber of Commerce,
St. Petersburg, Florida.
Please send booklet.

Name..............................

Address..............................

Rhapsody in Red

Continued from page 38

de la Paix under one roof, none of this so-called sophisticated publicity—"

He paused, out of breath. Vaguely he was aware that his voice had risen, that people had crowded in from the surrounding offices. Norbert Wolfson looked at them coldly.

"Get out!" he commanded. "Don't come back till you're sent for, no matter what happens." They got out; the stout woman got out too, looking alarmed. "Now, Penwell!" said Norbert Wolfson. "Every word you say is true—but it's a second guess. I had to guess before I came up here. But never mind that. Don't tell me what's wrong with the store; I don't own it now. Your friend Mr. Orpington owns it—so the job he sent you up to do is done. In about two minutes, Penwell, I'm going to fire you—authentically and finally. But before I fire you I'm going to lick hell out of you. Are you ready?"

. . . And was it a good fight? It must have been good because it was a grudge fight. Harvard against Princeton, Orpington's victim against Orpington's spy, Norbert Wolfson's doormat against the man who wiped his feet on him every day—all of that. But besides that it was each of them against the stock market, the world that had let them down.

Anyway, about ten minutes later Nele Vandermuylen happened to be walking past the side-street delivery entrance of the Wolfson-Plaza (and that wasn't the coincidence you may think) when a battered and bloody young man staggered out of it.

"Roddy!" she gasped. "Oh, darling! Whatever happened to you?"

"Norbert Wolfson," he said with a wry grin. "He's a good man, Nele. He may be a rotten department-store executive, but he certainly can fight."

"But, Roddy! Fighting your boss? Why, you'll lose your job!"

"What?" Roddy pulled himself together, looked into her gray eyes in the October dusk. "And would that make such a difference?" he demanded.

"You know it would. Your father lost his money, and the bottom's dropped out of the market; what have you but your job? And I'd been hoping—I mean I'd been wondering—" She broke off, looking at the pavement.

"I see," he said. "Nele, where were you going?"

"Nowhere in particular. I'd been looking in your windows at stuff I can't afford to buy. Where were you going?"

"I'm going to put you in this taxi," he said, "and then we'll ride around the Park, and I'll tell you a story—a long story. I ought to have started telling it to you last spring. Some of it's rather ridiculous, too. But I've got to tell you now."

HALF an hour later he was finishing his story, in a taxi that was wandering aimlessly around the Park; and Nele Vandermuylen had been snuggled in his arms all the time he was telling it.

"I've been six kinds of a fool," he finished, "but, thank God, I'm rid of that preposterous job. And I had to tell you that the only reason I ever took it, the only reason I didn't write, is that I was so crazy about you—"

"Aren't you funny, darling? It would have been so much more sensible to tell me that the morning after you kissed me, instead of just letting me think—Then we wouldn't have wasted all these months."

"It—it may take me some time to find a job," he warned her.

"It may," she agreed placidly. "But you don't think I'm going to let you keep me waiting again, do you?"

"But I'm absolutely broke," he said. "And your father—"

"Poor Dad! He's been playing the market, too. . . . How much money have you, Roddy? With you, I mean?"

"Oh, about forty dollars. But that's all. There's none in the bank."

"I must have twenty or so in my purse. So I think it would be clever of us," she said, "to telegraph Dad from Atlantic City or someplace that we were married, and then he wouldn't have to worry about me any longer. We know plenty of people with country houses where we can honeymoon around a while; and then you can come back to town and get that job."

MR. ORPINGTON, in those dark days, was one of the great men who were busy trying to save the situation. It was a week or so before he had time to talk much to his wife.

"Very disheartening, Alice. A man at my time of life wants to get rid of his responsibilities, and here I've had a lot more dropped on me. Why, I even own a department store—had to take over the Wolfson-Plaza. Heaven knows what I'm going to do with it. I don't suppose there's a man on earth who knows how to make the place pay out."

"Why, Henry, I met a young man who had some very sound ideas on that subject." Orpington sat up in his chair.

"You did? Who was he? Where can I get hold of him?"

"He was an executive of the store—a young man named Penwell."

"Not old Stuart Penwell's son—the one that just ran off with the Vandermuylen girl?"

"I don't know. He looks rather like Stuart Penwell, but he doesn't act, or talk, like any of the Penwells we ever knew. . . . You see, Henry, I'd ordered a set of Venetian goblets, and they sent me the wrong size. I'm afraid I rather lost my temper; so I demanded that the person responsible be discharged, and Mr. Wolfson called in this Mr. Penwell—the efficiency man, he said. It struck me at the time that it was strange an efficiency man should be held responsible; I can see now that Mr. Wolfson must have been jealous of his superior ability and waiting for an excuse to discharge him. At any rate, Mr. Penwell talked back to him—told him exactly what was wrong with the store—"

"He did?" said Orpington. "Try to remember what he said, for Heaven's sake." She tried to remember; and after she had told him he nodded.

"Sounds like sense," he said. "Norbert Wolfson always wanted to be a poet and now he's going to have the chance. That whole extravagant Wolfson-Plaza layout is a poem, I suppose; and a pretty bad one at that. What you might call a rhapsody in the red. But perhaps this boy can straighten it out. . . . I suppose I can reach him at Bob Vandermuylen's; I hear the young people have been forgiven, and folded into the parental arms."

RODDY called at Orpington's office the next morning.

"Young man, I'm told you think you know how the Wolfson-Plaza could be made to pay. How you could make it pay. Is that right?"

"Yes. . . . But it would cost money to make the changes the place needs. If you'd lend a million dollars—"

"What do you want to do with it?" Orpington asked.

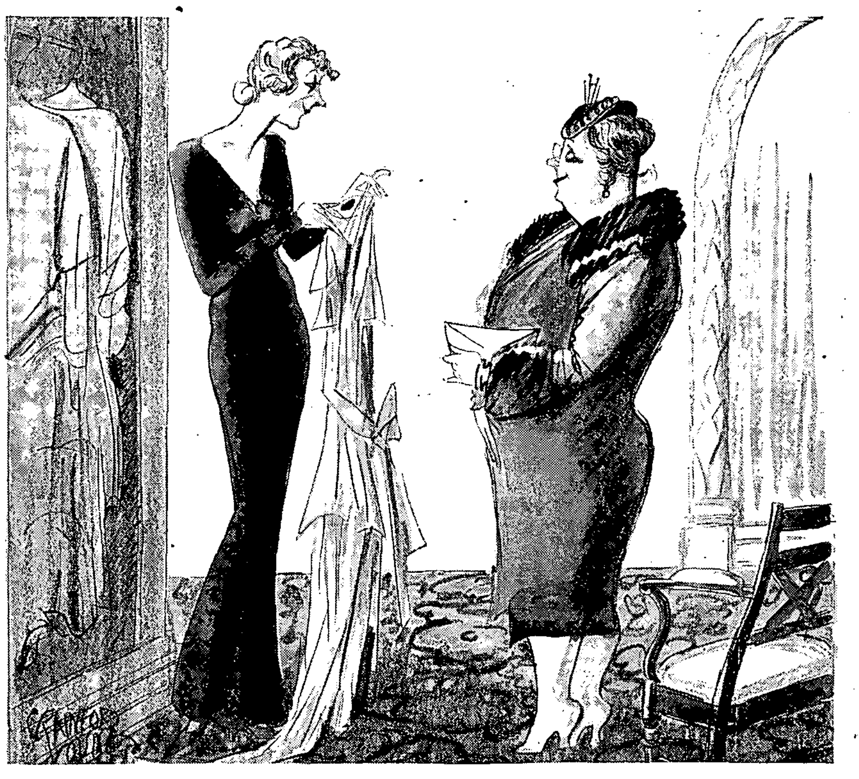
Roddy told him, department by department. And when he finished—

"All right," said Orpington. "I'll put another million into it. . . . Not as a loan, however. I own the place now. But you're general manager at— Well, would forty thousand a year be a fair salary to start on? With a stock interest, of course, increasing as you reduced the deficit?"

"Fair enough," said Roddy, rising. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Orpington?"

"There were some more things I had to say to you, but—"

"I'll be back in a moment," Roddy promised. "But I want to telephone to my wife."



"My real size is thirty-six, but thirty-eight is so comfy that I usually buy forty"

Crawford Young

DANGER! *This picture was taken last winter—a winter that was mild. But cold snaps came anyway. Came suddenly. Play safe! Protect your car from freezing. Fill up with Whiz Gold Band now!*

SAFETY! *"Looks like a big money's worth to me, Joe—$3.25 a gallon and I'm through worrying for the winter."*

ONE FILLING TO MAKE . . . ONE PAYMENT TO MAKE . . . ONE WHOLE WINTER'S PROTECTION FROM FREEZING

This anti-freeze costs only $3.25 a gallon—and, once in your radiator, prevents freezing all winter!

Add up your bill for anti-freeze last winter. What does it come to?

It needn't cost that much! It *can't* cost that much with Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze.

For you have to have *one filling* only—and that one filling costs just $3.25 a gallon. There is no safe way to protect your car all winter for less money than that!

And instead of constant worry you get constant protection. Instead of thinking, "Has it evaporated? Will it boil away?"—instead of that, you drive along in any kind of weather, mild or bitterly cold, knowing your car is safe for the whole winter.

You can fill up now, *today*. Whiz Gold Band won't boil away in the warmest weather, any more than it will freeze in the coldest.

Harmless

Whiz Gold Band is absolutely harmless to the paint job and the cooling system. It won't burn, evaporate, boil away, smell, hurt metal or rubber, or cause short circuits.

Your car is just as safe from freezing at 50° below zero as it is at 90° above.

No wonder Whiz Gold Band is cold Canada's choice! No wonder the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory gives it the stamp of its approval—as you can see by the certification tag on every can and drum.

Put in that filling of Whiz Gold Band now and be done with it for the rest of the winter.

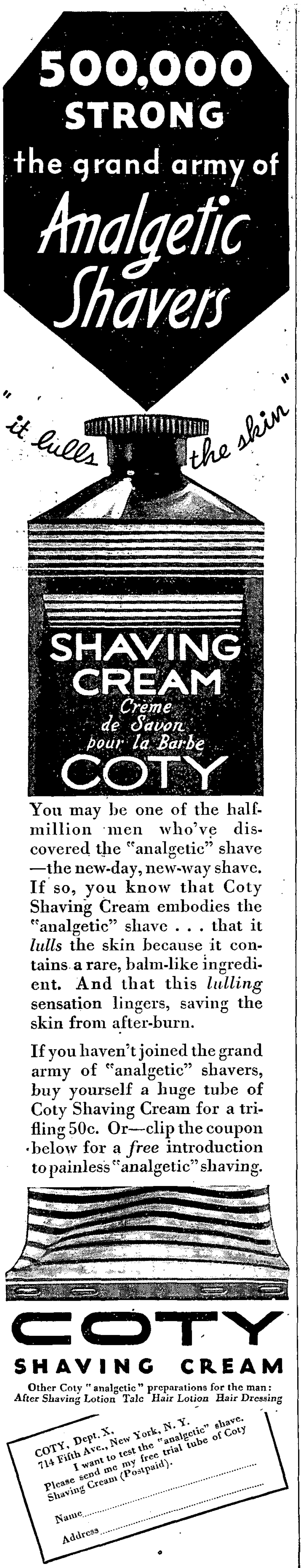
THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD COMPANY
Camden, New Jersey · Toronto, Canada

Let your local dealer put Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze into your car from the gallon can or from the larger drum.

Whiz
GOLD BAND
C2361

WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE

$3.25 PER GALLON
CERTIFIED BY THE PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY


500,000 STRONG the grand army of Analgetic Shavers

"it lulls the skin"

SHAVING CREAM
Crème de Savon pour la Barbe
COTY

You may be one of the half-million men who've discovered the "analgetic" shave—the new-day, new-way shave. If so, you know that Coty Shaving Cream embodies the "analgetic" shave . . . that it *lulls* the skin because it contains a rare, balm-like ingredient. And that this *lulling* sensation lingers, saving the skin from after-burn.

If you haven't joined the grand army of "analgetic" shavers, buy yourself a huge tube of Coty Shaving Cream for a trifling 50c. Or—clip the coupon below for a *free* introduction to painless "analgetic" shaving.

COTY
SHAVING CREAM

Other Coty "analgetic" preparations for the man:
After Shaving Lotion Talc Hair Lotion Hair Dressing

COTY, Dept. X,
714 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
I want to test the "analgetic" shave.
Please send me my free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream (Postpaid).

Name..

Address..

King of the Prairie

Continued from page 13

what we had done. They said our constitution, which was the newest in the nation, was the most radical one ever devised by man. Well, maybe it is. But it takes care of us."

It is Governor Murray's boast that he is one of the nation's experts on constitutional law. It is admitted by members of the Oklahoma bar that he shows an intimate knowledge of the constitutions not only of all the states but of most of the nations. He can describe, by scores, various Supreme Court decisions which have helped to define our Federal Constitution.

It took a depression in oil prices to bring "Alfalfa Bill" Murray into the national limelight which he enjoys today.

"See how it worked! Crude oil went down to about ten cents a barrel in our state. There's a state tax on crude oil. This tax money goes for schools. We should have been getting from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year. We couldn't get a million a year on ten-cent oil.

"We tried to put up the price by letting each well take out only so much. Tried to be kind and gentle. But a couple of the big fellows, who didn't seem to know our constitution, ran their wells full blast and called on the Federal court to issue a restraining order against the governor and the State of Oklahoma. Tried to have the Federal government paralyze our power to protect our own natural resources.

"Well, it wouldn't work; it couldn't work. That's when we pulled out our gun, the state militia. And there wasn't any Federal restraining order issued. We were constitutional, every inch of the way, because we've got a law that says that no oil shall be taken out of the ground when prices are below actual value."

"Could you call out the militia to keep up the price of cotton?" I asked.

"Why, I don't think so," he replied somewhat hesitatingly. "This oil business is special. You see it's like this: A farmer can grow cotton over and over again on the same soil, year in and year out. He's going to have some more cotton, next year, where he had cotton this year. He's not removing a natural resource. But it's different with oil. When you take oil out of the earth it's gone for good. The more you take out the less you have left."

Business men, in other industries, in other parts of the country, wrote to ask Governor Murray how they might get their own state militia, possibly, to help them in their own production problems. Representatives of certain soft-coal producers wrote him for such information.

What Rights Has Your State?

"It all depends," says Governor Murray, "on how their state laws and state constitutions regard natural resources. If a man on the Atlantic seaboard can organize a company in Delaware, go into Michigan, buy a lot of timber, cart it away and sell it over here in Texas, and do this legally, under the state law without the state of Michigan having anything to say about it, I don't see how Michigan could call out guards with guns to prevent him doing it. Seems to me the thing to do in such a case would be to change the laws.

"It would be the same with soft coal. Does the coal belong to the people of the state, who consider it a natural resource which they are willing to dole out at good prices and under right labor conditions to buyers, or does it belong to the first Tom, Dick or Harry from Timbuctoo who comes along with enough money and buys it outright, way down in the ground?

"All I've done in Oklahoma was to turn constitutional.

"That's what folks want these days. They want laws enforced. They want people in power whom they can trust.

Government for the People

"Don't make folks feel like strangers and outsiders. Make 'em feel as if they're part of the body politic and that the government is their own. That's the way to set things right in this country. And you can do it, too, by asserting the sovereignty of the state and wiping out that borderland between the state and the Federal government. We're expecting Washington to do ten thousand things for us that we ought to be doing for ourselves. But in this state of Oklahoma we're going to be doing them for ourselves just as long as I'm governor.

"Now put this down and you've got my idea in a nutshell: Every well-regulated government possesses the power to meet and correct every evil that may confront such government and its people. *Otherwise, it is not a government.*"

Governor Murray does not like certain associations of business men. He describes them as "organized greed." "I am opposed," he told me, "to the United States Chamber of Commerce and state chambers of commerce because they participate too much in political activity. These chamber-of-commerce groups make me disgusted. I always find 'em talking about service but acting greedy and for their own interests."

Ask Governor Murray about prohibition. He follows his formula of state sovereignty. "We got into this mess because states gave away to the Federal government their sovereign rights to control liquor. They had no right to do so."

"Can a state permanently give away a right?" I asked.

"I'd like to see that question tested," he replied, simply.

Murray's amazingly quick comeback in politics may be explained by his previous political prominence, throughout many years. He was president of the state constitutional convention, speaker of the first House of Representatives of the first legislature of Oklahoma, chairman of the first state Democratic convention, member of the United States Congress for two terms, from 1913 to 1917. He was delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1908, 1912 and 1916.

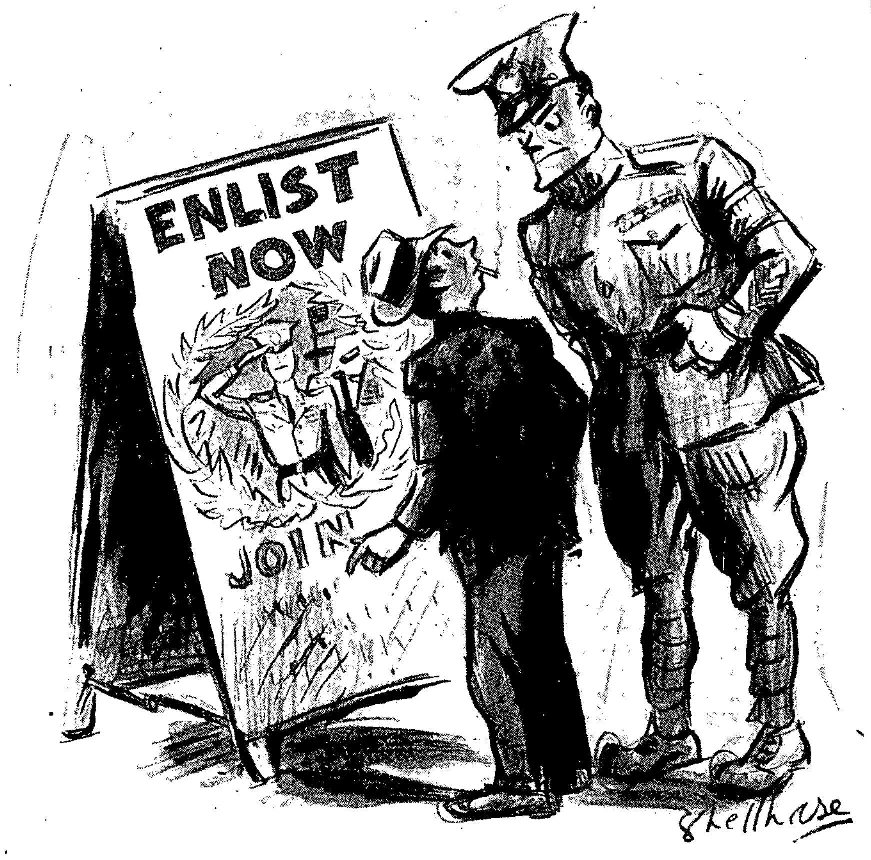
The war unseated him from his political horse. Pacifist? Not Mr. Murray. He made a speech in the United States Congress in October, 1916, pleading that we prepare for going into the war; said we couldn't dodge it. That made him unpopular back home; too many people were making fortunes out of selling oil to the Allies; they wanted a peace of greed.

Off to South America

But William H. Murray, who wanted to go back to Congress for a third time, took the fight for preparedness right out to the gold-bubbling oil fields. He tried to make a speech at the state Democratic convention in Oklahoma City in 1916, saying America must get ready to go into the war. He was jeered and hissed, and defeated for the nomination. His successful opponent at the convention had declared, "I will not vote for war under any circumstances," though later he did so.

"I had a thousand acres of land, thirty tenant houses and a good many farm animals," Governor Murray told me, "when it suddenly occurred to me that I had gone into debt during my political career. I sold out, paid up $47,000 I owed, and went off traveling

(Continued on page 45)



"No—I wus just admirin' de art woik!" *George Shellhase*

SAVED $8,400 a year

on sales-analysis figure-work

Business companies of every size are cutting costs and speeding figure-work with Comptometers. The average *minimum* saving is $1,000 a year per Comptometer.

A Middle Western drug manufacturing company recently installed five Comptometers for sales-analysis work. This company estimates its direct savings at $8,400 a year!

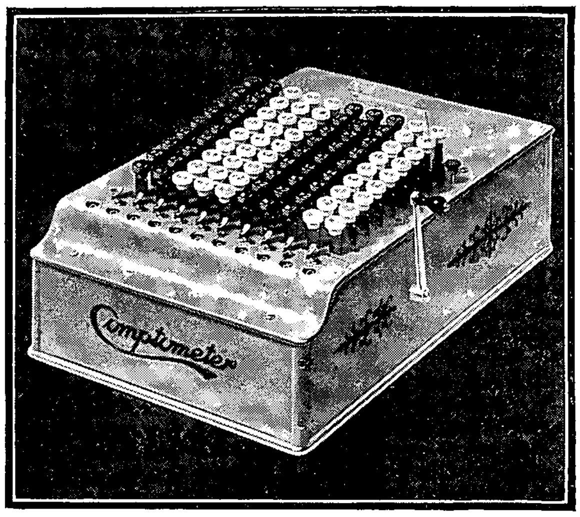
Two other systems had previously been used and discarded. In tests conducted by the company, the Comptometers produced all necessary information in *one-half* the time required by one of these systems.

The company sells more than 1,000 different items, through 118 salesmen and 180 distributors. It has 500 invoices a day, with approximately seven items to an invoice. The Comptometers handle the complete job of sales analysis, recapping, and preparing reports for stenographic departments.

Comptometer representatives are skilled in all phases of accounting. They will gladly analyze your routine, and help you put your office on a unit-system *production* basis, with all figure-work concentrated in one place — where it can be done most economically.

They will also, if you wish, suggest new and simplified office methods and forms, for still further cutting overhead. Telephone the office in your city, or write us direct. A representative will call at your convenience. You incur no obligation. Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

The Comptometer—with the Controlled Key safeguard—is made only by Felt & Tarrant.



COMPTOMETER *AUTOMATIC ACCURACY*

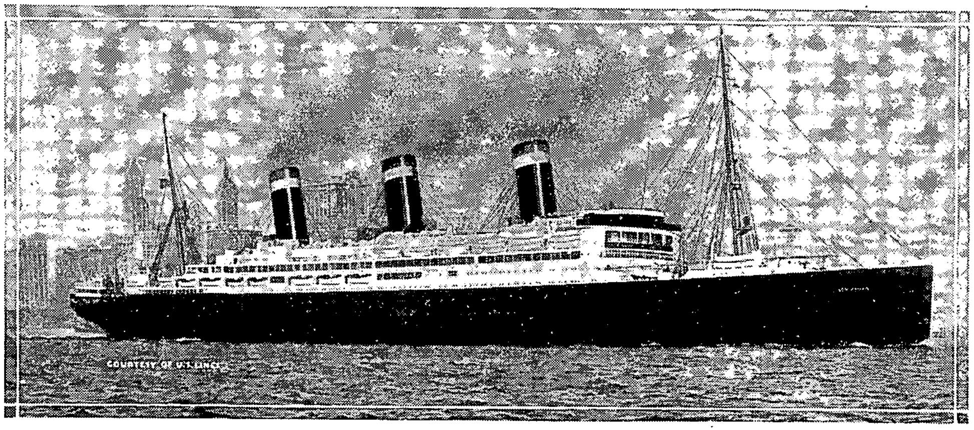
(TRADE MARK)

WORLD RADIO A SENSATION!

TUNING IN THE WORLD!—Even the big radio stars get a thrill listening to distant reception with the new short-wave equipped Stewart-Warner Radio. "Here it is!" says Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, pointing a finger at the spot on the globe from which a short-wave program is coming. Jane Froman, another NBC star, is doing the dialing. The upper dial and knobs make available world-wide short-wave reception. The larger dial below tunes in your favorite standard-wave programs.

RIOT CALL!—Follow the speeding police cars to the scene of the crime—by short-wave radio! Day and night, orders to roving squad cars are broadcast from Police Headquarters in our large cities. Listen in with a new Stewart-Warner short-wave equipped radio.

SQUADS ATTENTION!—Short-wave radio is the heart of modern crime detection. Here's a Police announcer broadcasting orders to radio equipped squad cars cruising the city streets.



"LEVIATHAN SPEAKING!"—Crack ocean liners frequently broadcast entertainment programs when far at sea, through short-wave stations carried aboard. The new Stewart-Warner Radio, with built-in short-wave converter, enables you to also listen in on these fascinating programs—in addition to the standard-wave broadcasts you now enjoy.

Public Interest Is Red Hot Over World-Wide Reception Offered in New Type Radio

Proved the most sensational development in radio since the days of the early crystal set, there has just been placed on the market a new type radio that makes available stations from all over the world.

In appearance, this new radio is similar to any high grade standard console, except that it has TWO dials instead of one. The larger, lower dial tunes in the familiar standard wave programs, as does an ordinary set. But, the top dial enables the owner to tune in *in addition* on the many broadcasts sent out today by over 200 Short Wave Stations, here and abroad.

Short Wave broadcasting is practically unknown to the radio public today, due to the fact that the short wave "band" (from 20 to 200 meters) is *below* the tuning range of the standard radio set alone. Yet, according to the reports from the many thousands of users of this *new* type set, the romance and adventure of short wave reception offers radio's latest and greatest thrill. In the short wave "band" there are available the messages of the Air Mail flyers, speeding through the clouds—the musical programs broadcast from the big ocean liners, at sea—the broadcasts from our metropolitan Police Headquarters, as they direct their radio equipped squad cars in swift forays against the underworld—and, under favorable radio conditions, even the broadcasts *direct* from the many foreign radio stations located throughout the world. In addition, Television stations and numerous American amateur stations all contribute to the fascination and thrills the short wave "band" holds for the radio listener.

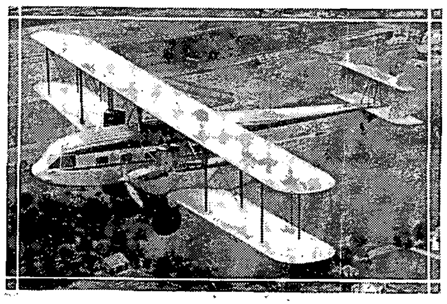
These sensational new type radios, which a short while ago would have been a scientific luxury, are now priced within the means of the most modest home. They are available with and without short wave equipment at prices ranging from only $34.95 to $104.75, complete with tubes. The Tudor console, illustrated, is only $87.75, with tubes. A separate Short Wave Converter in a compact cabinet is also offered for use with practically any make A. C. radio, of adequate sensitivity. Only $23.95, complete. All prices are slightly higher in the West and in Canada.

All these new type radios are made by the Stewart-Warner Corporation, pioneer radio manufacturer of Chicago, Illinois, and Belleville, Ontario, Canada, and are for sale by Stewart-Warner Radio dealers, located everywhere.

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

A GREAT RADIO BACKED BY A GREAT NAME

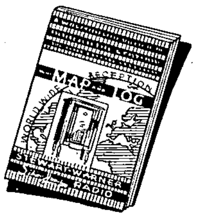
THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!—Short wave reception also brings you broadcasts to and from air mail and passenger planes, as they speed thru the clouds. Listen in with one of the new Stewart-Warner Radios.



FORD & WALTON

© Special Press from Wide World.

THE CHIMES OF BIG BEN STRIKING MIDNIGHT wind up the program of G5SW, Chelmsford, England, the short wave station of the famous British Broadcasting Company, whose new London headquarters are here illustrated. G5SW is but one of more than 200 short-wave radio stations located thruout the world, direct broadcasts from which are available, under proper radio conditions, with the new Stewart-Warner Short-Wave equipped Radios.



WORLD-WIDE LOG FREE!—An up-to-date list of standard and short wave radio stations here and abroad. Address your request to Stewart-Warner Corp., Chicago, U. S. A., or Belleville, Ont., Canada.

King of the Prairie

Continued from page 42

in South America to sort of rest up and think things over."

For ten years, from 1919 to 1929, Murray was out of the United States, except for short visits on business. That's why we haven't heard from him until now. In 1924 he started a colony project at El Gran Chaco, Bolivia.

It failed because the government rescinded the land concession. That left him broke in Bolivia with his wife and five children.

Back with a Bang

He wired to old friends in Oklahoma for money with which to come home. The money was slow in coming. After ten years not many seemed to have remembered him.

But finally one man did and Mr. and Mrs. Murray, with their daughter Jean and their youngest son, Burbank (named for Luther Burbank), were able with the funds sent Murray to return home.

The other sons, Massina Bancroft, Johnston and William H., Jr., now all of age, remained in Bolivia until they had earned enough to return. They're all home now except young Bill, who has just returned to a job in Argentina.

The town of Ardmore gave Murray a tremendous reception; five thousand people turned out to hear him speak.

"This greeting gives me a dig in the ribs," he told them.

August 24, 1929. That was the date on which he returned home, after an absence from the United States of ten years.

Within eighteen months he seated himself in the governor's chair.

His campaign was amazingly informal. He went into the country and into small towns. He walked the roads or was driven from one town to another by pick-up friends. He talked to waysiders and at ranches and farms. Only one newspaper in the state was for him. His opponent was a rich oil man. He told his hearers that it was time people without money were represented in government.

"We must have religion," he says, though he belongs to no church.

"I'm not an authority on how to get to heaven; but I do know that religion is essential to liberty protected by law."

Murray, during his campaign, gave a definition of a public official which many Oklahomans can quote for you, verbatim: "An honest, wise, brave man—too honest to be bought; too wise to be deceived; too brave to be intimidated."

Murray is not entirely self-educated. He attended various country schools. He attended several terms at College Hill Institution, Springtown, Texas. He's a Texan by birth; taught school in Texas; ran several newspapers there. He ran away from a motherless home at the age of twelve with his two brothers, George and J. S., and never went back.

Mrs. Murray was a school teacher. She is gracious and motherly.

As I left the governor's residence at eleven o'clock, a crowd of young people were sitting in the library downstairs.

The Negro maid who had taken my hat was not in evidence.

A young man, one of the four Murray sons, jumped from a chair, hurried to a closet, smilingly handed me my hat and graciously showed me to the door.

"I hope you enjoyed your evening with Dad," he said. "Good night."

And, oh, yes! About calling out the militia. Well, this correspondent, going over militia records in the capitol at Oklahoma City, discovered nothing unusual about that. Strikes, county-seat fights, K. K. K. whippings, Negro riots, I. W. W. demonstrations, the recent toll-bridge fight with Texas; many problems have been "settled" by the Oklahoma militia.

An Old Oklahoma Custom

It numbers five thousand men. Only the state of New York, it is said, has a larger number of state guardsmen.

It goes easily and ardently to work like a well-oiled six-shooter whenever a governor pulls it. The governors of the state are delighted to use it, on occasion. The people of the state are not surprised when it *is* used.

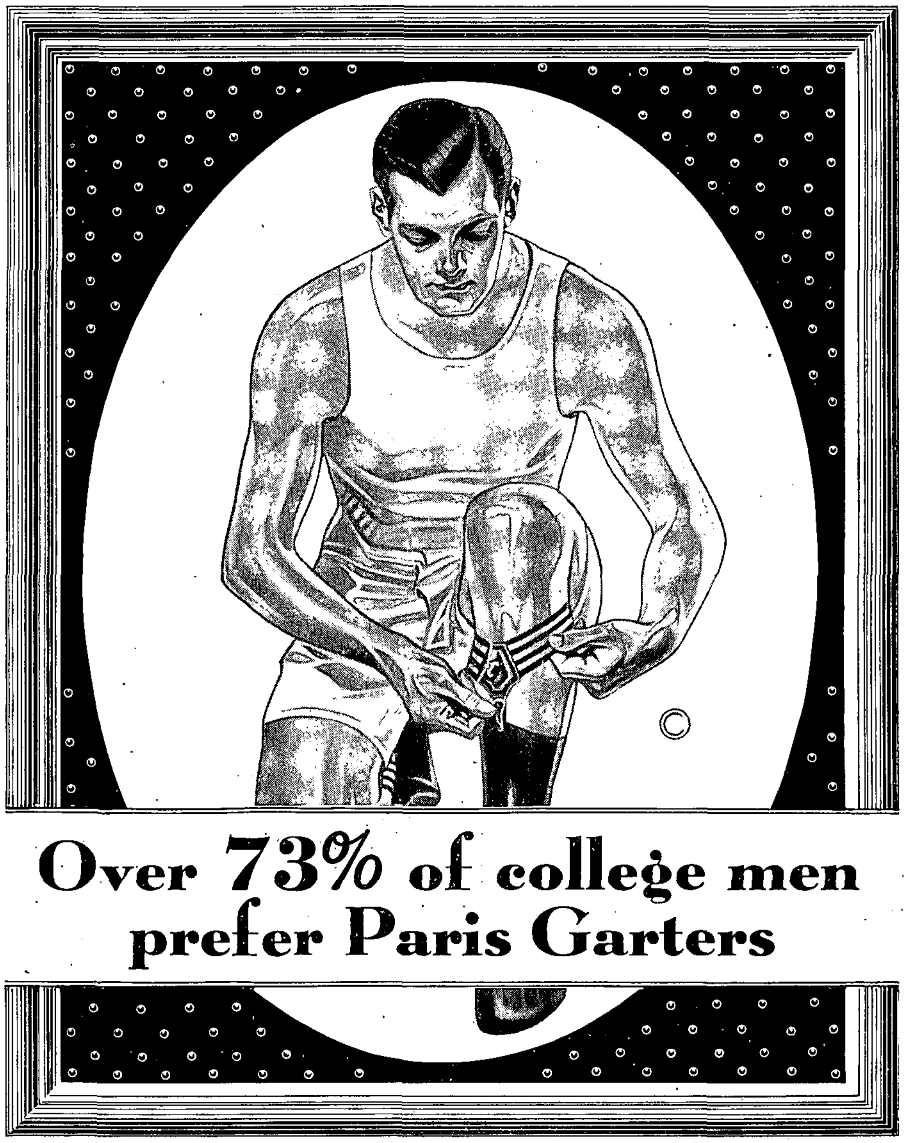
If Governor Murray had *not* called out the militia, for some trouble or other, he would have been the *first* of the nine men who have sat in the governor's chair to fail to do so. Governor Murray says: "But I called them out to *protect* the common people, not to suppress them!"

The Crime Situation

Continued from page 19

Marvin Hicks, *publicist:* The cause of crime is not far to seek. People are tired of the theater, tired of the movies, tired of marriages and divorces, tired of miniature golf courses, tired of bad liquor—and so naturally they turn to crime. What other form of amusement is left? The remedy for the present situation is obvious—in fact, it will solve itself. As soon as the racketeers have killed all the decent people, there will be nobody left for them to live on, and they will die off for the lack of prey. If the decent people wish to hasten this consummation they can readily do so by suicide.

John Smith, *dietitian:* It is merely a question of diet. I will illustrate what I mean. As a young doctor, nearly sixty years ago, I settled to practice in a spot in the West that was much troubled by a band of outlaws. I was a member of a posse which cornered this gang in a canyon and guarded the only point of egress. The walls were so high and sheer they could not be scaled. The outlaws, who had been used to living on the fat of the land, were forced, as the days went by, to adopt a simpler and a simpler diet. Within six weeks they had eaten their horses, their saddles and bridles, their boots and clothing, and were beginning on each other. This diet perceptibly lessened their disposition towards crime, week by week, and within three months a complete cure was effected. I recommend the principle to the country at large; and to my mind the application of this method, or some variation of it, offers the most practical solution. I should state, I think, that in three or four cases the addition of several leaden pellets to the diet partaken of hastened the cure.



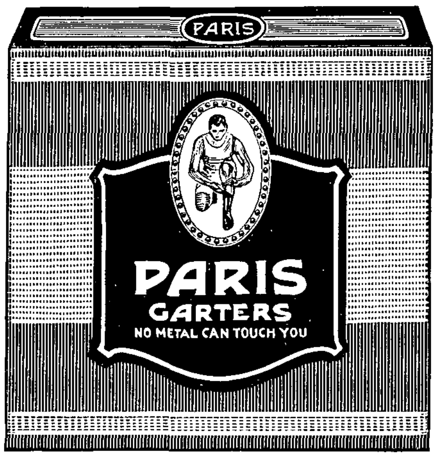
Over 73% of college men prefer Paris Garters

and for very good reasons—

Because Paris Garters fit better, feel better, look better and wear better, more than 73% of the 620,000 students in leading universities make Paris their first choice in garters. These active, alert men know style, demand dependability and insist on their money's worth.

More men than ever are swinging to Paris. It's a great day for careful spending and wise selection. Lots of folks are finding out for the first time what millions of men the world over have known for a long time—Paris Garters, Suspenders and Belts are *always* modest in price but high in quality.

See that the Paris "kneeling figure" trademark is on the box, as illustrated here. Refuse imitations. Substitutes at any price, cost YOU too much.



Paris Garters 25¢ to $1

Paris Suspenders 50¢ to $3.50.

Paris Belts 50¢ to $3.50

. . . .

Paris—always modest in price but high in quality.

PARIS GARTERS SUSPENDERS BELTS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

Man's Best Friends

A good dog is one of man's best friends. He will stick to his master through thick and thin, through riches and poverty. He knows no class distinction—he is just loyal.

So it is with a good pen. When one's sky becomes overcast, fairweather friends may desert, but a good pen remains faithful. Prosperity or adversity makes no difference—it is ever willing to respond to any writing task its owner may command it to perform.

Such a pen is the pressureless-writing Parker Duofold at the thrift-time price of $5. It has 22% to 69% more ink capacity than some pens of other makes priced 50% higher. Its streamlined shape is the last word in style. And this famous pen is guaranteed for life.

Send your address and sample handwriting, and we'll tell you which point will most improve your penmanship; also where you can try it. Address Department 711-A, The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

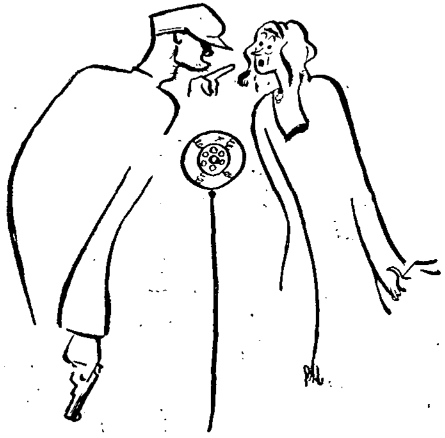
112

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

$5 ▾ $7 ▾ $10

Other Parker Pens, $2.75 to $3.50
Pencils to match them all, $2 to $5



LIGHT the tubes and turn the dials while we bring you thrills and smiles. Villains, victims, heroes bold, on the air their tales unfold. Love, romance and mystic power sped to you by Collier's Hour. Music, too, in stirring measure, speakers sure to give you pleasure. Fact and fancy, fun and fight. Listen in on Sunday night!

TUNING TABLE

Baltimore	WBAL	Detroit	WJR	St. Louis	KWK
Boston	WBZ	Kansas City, Kan.	WREN	Salt Lake City	KSL
Chicago	KYW	Los Angeles	KFI	San Francisco	KPO
Cincinnati	WLW	New York	WJZ	Seattle	KOMO
Cleveland	WGAR	Pittsburgh	KDKA	Spokane	KHQ
Denver	KOA	Portland, Ore.	KGW	Springfield, Mass.	WBZA
		Rochester, N.Y.	WHAM		

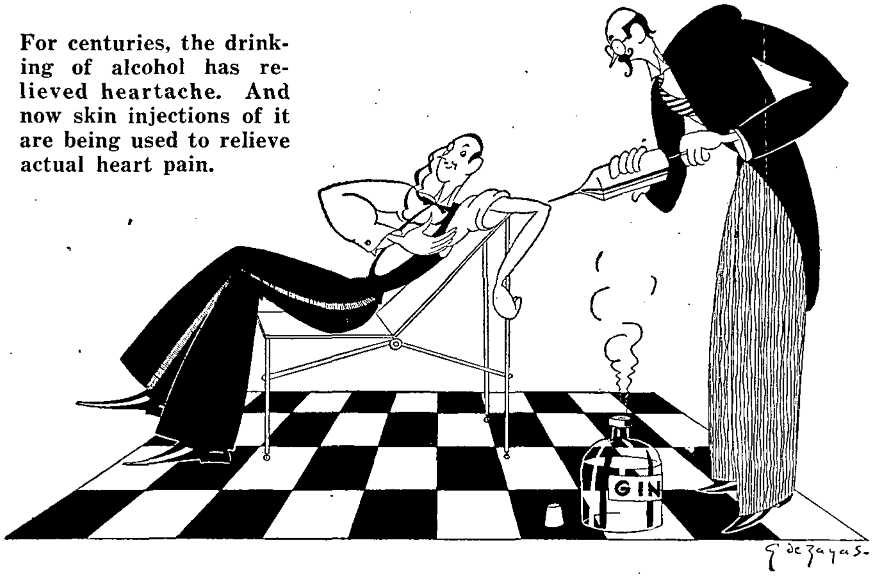
Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

TIME

8:15 P. M. Eastern 7:15 P. M. Central 6:15 P. M. Mountain 5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

Collier's Radio Hour

Every Sunday Evening



For centuries, the drinking of alcohol has relieved heartache. And now skin injections of it are being used to relieve actual heart pain.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The longest-term security is a non-recallable railroad bond issued in 1885 and due to mature in 2361—a period of 476 years. When called, the interest paid will be about 19 times larger than the principal of $50,000,000, or approximately $950,000,000. —*By F. H. Richardson, New York City.*

For every 10,000 families in the United States today, there are 50 physicians, 41 lawyers, 22 dentists and 76 ministers.

Medical history has recorded about 200 cases of reversed body construction in which from one to nearly all of the vital organs—such as the heart, liver and stomach—were on the "wrong" side. The condition itself did not interfere with the health of the individuals.—*By V. A. Tadross, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Through the aid of chemicals, scientists now are able to "bring back" the serial numbers that have been filed off of revolvers. —*By W. R. Blance, Chicago.*

In Soochow, China, where the making of silk is almost a religion, there are produced today more than 300 varieties of satin, 200 weaves of silk and 200 kinds of gauzes that are virtually unknown outside of that city.

Snow never falls on 70 per cent of the earth's surface.—*By A. M. Andrews, Bristow, Okla.*

A necklace of green-glazed steatite beads, now in the possession of the Egypt Exploration Society, is said to have been made more than 6,500 years ago and is considered the oldest man-made thing on earth.

Yes, sir, prices have come down. For example, take helium. Before the War, a thousand cubic feet cost $1,700,000. Today the price is $35.

More World War veterans are in government hospitals today than at any other time since the war.

In the Tuareg tribe of southern Algeria, no man ever thinks of kissing his mother, sister, sweetheart or wife under any condition. It is considered positively disgraceful.

Primitive Siamese ladies usually run from photographers because they believe that cameras can see right through their clothing. And in Hollywood—

More than 400,000 Christian hymns are in existence today and about 100,000 of them have been composed by Germans.—*By Miss O. A. Kunny, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

At least 100 pounds of glass are required to make 3 pounds of eyeglass lenses.

America is being convinced rapidly that knowledge — not ignorance — is bliss. Although our population has increased only 16 per cent since 1920, the number of our students over 20 years of age has increased 200 per cent—from 344,789 to 1,034,782.

One of the most important parts of a new instrument used to measure heartbeats is a gold-plated wire that is so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Milk is one of the best-balanced foods on earth. Our present consumption is one pint per person per day. This is a 30 per cent increase in the past ten years.

New construction materials: Shingles covered with aluminum, glazed brick in various colors and wall paper made of glass.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 15

3. Station WBLA: Reception Room: Sally O'Neal.

. . . and now Miss Sonia Levinson, lyric soprano of the Maidenfoot Corn Plaster Trio and Girls' Ensemble, will delight us with that charming old Scotch folk song, Hither, Me Bonnie Johnny. . . . Miss Sonia Levinson. . . .

Oh, hither, me bonnie Johnny,
Oh, me bonnie Johnny, come hither,
come hither,
Oh, hither, come hither and
hither again,
Me bonnie, bonnie Johnny.

Good-by, Mr. Moog. . . . everything work out all right? . . . Swell! . . . I'm going to listen in tomorrow morning. Hope it's a big success. . . . 'By. . . . Hello? . . . Yes, Laura, Bill is just coming out of the elevator. I'll tell him. . . . We're having lunch at one, you and Honey and I. . . . Yes, I'm dying to hear about the trip too. . . . 'By. . . . Hello, Bill, Laura just called out to see if you had got in yet. . . . She's in C. . . . You're looking swell these days. Is that a new suit? . . . Boy, solid wool, too. Billy, the well-dressed man. . . . Excuse me a minute. If it isn't that loud-speaker it's that phone. . . . Hello. . . . Yes, wait a minute. . . . You better run in to see Laura, Bill; she's waiting for you to come in and cut the lecture down to running time. It's three minutes over . . . Hello? . . . You want who on the phone? . . .

And now we pause on the threshold of the House of Health and take our reluctant departure, as the swooning strains of the Maidenfoot Corn Plaster Trio and Girls' Ensemble follow us down the road of life. Let us be kind along the way—kind to the fellow traveler—kind to the birds and flowers—and kind, most kind indeed, to our best friends—our feet!

4. Station WBLA: Studio C: Laura O'Neal and Bill Grimes.

Why didn't I get a man who could provide for me? Some women seem to have all the luck, and it isn't that they're more deserving. Goodness knows no man ever had a more patient, uncomplaining wife than you have. I've stood for everything from you, without a word. Everything. I've worked and toiled and slaved till I'm skin and bones, and for what?—to have landlords come and double the rent and you won't even say a word. Cowardly, that's what you are. To think that I've lived to see this day, with not a place to lay my head, hunted from flat to flat, persecuted, bullied, browbeaten, insulted, with no husband to come to my defense. He won't even. . . .

Stop, Laura. That does it. Cut from "he won't even say a word" down to "but I'm not afraid," and then pick up "I won't cringe," and go on.

Wait a minute, Bill, till I mark the place. From what?

"He won't even say a word."

All right . . . down to . . . "but I'm not afraid." Is that it?

That does it. That cuts exactly two minutes and twenty seconds.

But it was three minutes over.

That's because you were reading it slowly. You'll have to speed it up a bit. Anyway, I'm cutting down the commercial more than enough to even it up.

HOW'S it going, Bill? Is Logan happy about it?

Well, he ought to be. Going! You should see the mail. They're talking of hooking up five more stations.

Gee, I'm glad, Bill. Isn't it wonderful how things are working out?

Great! Why, the old man lets me run things without hardly ever talking to me about it, and as for Jack, I doubt if he even tunes in on it.

That shouldn't make you mad.

Doesn't. As long as I do the work, he'd rather play anyway. Got a wire this morning saying that he was still in Chicago and wouldn't be back for a week. That's the kind of a boss I would have invented for myself.

Gee, Bill, I can't tell you how happy I am the way things are working out. You've got a real future now in this work. Don't you feel it yourself?

This is only a start, Laura. A back log to keep the home fires burning until I've got a chance to organize myself. It's a terrible thing to say, Laura, but it took just what you did to jar me awake.

Let's not talk about that any more, Bill. Let's never mention it.

All right, Laura. But I can't tell you how happy I am that you're all right again. Even your voice is as good as ever. Gosh, when I think—

Don't! Let's talk about something else. I like your new suit. But I certainly don't like that tie.

Well, you could buy me one.

I will. I suppose Alice bought that for you.

She did.

She would.

I bought the new suit because I was happy, and she bought the tie because she was happy. And, curiously enough, we're both happy about the same thing, but differently.

I don't care to hear anything about it.

You would, darling, if you knew.

What?

Well, something is happening. Something has been happening, as a matter of fact, for quite a while.

You mean Alice and that doctor?

Yes.

Well, what of it? What's that to be happy about?

Because it's working out.

Are you crazy? What are you talking about? It's working out—what's working out?

It's working out for us.

Well, for—

Wait a minute, now, don't get excited. I'll tell you. I've got it all figured out. Tell me if I'm wrong.

You are. I can tell you now. I don't even know what it is, but I can tell you that.

I'm not being funny, Laura, I'm serious.

You don't think I see anything funny in this situation, do you?

YOU don't understand the situation, Laura. It's changed. It isn't what it started out to be at all. At first it was just another doctor to tell her troubles to.

And more bills for you to pay—

I know, but then he got really interested in her and she in him and—

And they've been having an affair. Go on, go on.

All right. Maybe. I don't know for sure and you don't either.

Any old day.

That isn't the point anyway.

Well, what is the point?

Will you give me a chance? What I'm trying to say is that what started out to be a situation which made me boiling mad because I was sure she was doing the very thing she was giving me hell for, and doing it so cleverly I couldn't get anything on her—well, that's gradually changed. Now they're in love with each other. See each other every day. He has her on the phone. Sends her books that she sits up nights reading. What she doesn't know about the unconscious and psychoanalysis and the influence of glands on personality, and repressions, and—

Yes, all that bunk. I know. There are a thousand doctors like that, and a million women.

Yes, but this is different.

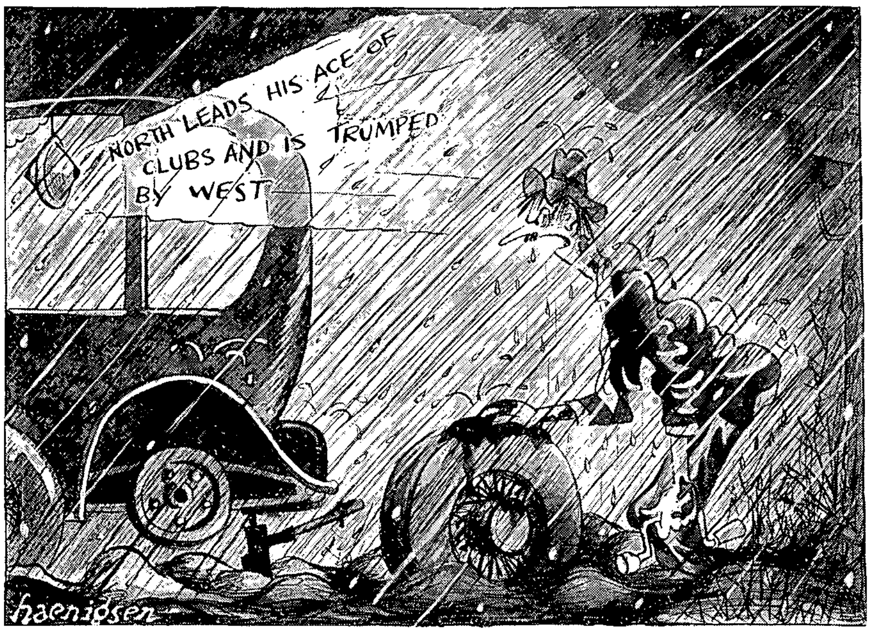
Don't be so naïve. Heavens, what a baby you are, Bill.

I don't mean that. I mean Alice wants to get married again. She isn't the kind of a woman who would be satisfied with anything less. And this doctor is single and successful.

How old is he?

I don't know exactly. I saw him only once. About my age, I'd say. Don't you see, Laura? All we need to do now is stand by and encourage this affair to the

(Continued on page 48)


NORTH LEADS HIS ACE OF CLUBS AND IS TRUMPED BY WEST
Haenigsen

"The sap should have played his singleton diamond"

Harry Haenigsen

FREE

Get this new LIONEL Railroad Planning Book for your Boy!

The book of a thousand thrills—a magic fairyland of colorful railroad scenes that any boy can have and enjoy. A complete 52-page catalog of Lionel Trains and equipment—and a railroad planning book as well. Lionel Trains priced as low as $5.95.

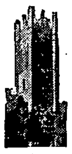
LIONEL ELECTRIC TRAINS

THE LIONEL CORP., Dept. "G"
15 East 26th Street, New York City
Please send me FREE the Lionel Railroad Planning Book.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO



HOME-STUDY COURSES

Continue your high-school, college or personal program of education. Teachers, Religious and Social Workers, Men and Women in many vocations are using the 450 courses in 45 different subjects to obtain guidance by experts for cultural and for practical purposes. The courses yield credit. Ask for free booklet.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
617 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS

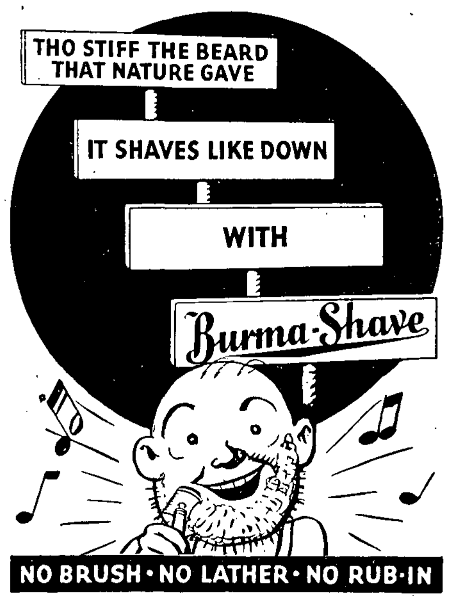
In good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.

PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

LITTLE AD—BIG BARGAIN $1

200 note sheets and 100 envelopes each neatly printed with your name and address, sent postpaid for $1.00. Correct style, high quality. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO. 100 Park Ave. PERU, Ind.



New RONSON GIFTS

New RONSON LYTACASE
PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PDG. TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

A FLIP-AND IT'S LIT! RELEASE-AND IT'S OUT!

Ronson Gifts require no extravagance yet are rich in beauty and utility...New Ronson Lighters, Lighter Sets and this newest Ronson creation combining a smart cigarette case, in chromium and colorful enamels, with the most positive lighter action...each in regal gift case.

Write now for catalog and name of nearest dealer

RONSON Perfu-Mist
PATENTED OTHER PATS. PDG. TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

Women prize it as the "saving grace" of their precious perfumes. ¶Just press the plunger for a fine perfume-mist . . . no waste. ***Write for illustrated catalog and name of nearest dealer.***

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

RONSON De-light

Art Metal Works, Inc, Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
***Canada:* Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.**

(*Continued from page 47*)

point where Alice will be glad to get a divorce for her own sake so that she and her doctor can get married. Don't you see? Do you blame me for being happy? Don't you see what this means to us, Laura?

It's too good to be true, Bill.

Why? Don't you think it's about time we got a break?

It's long past time.

Well, it's coming, Laura. It's here. I know it. I feel it. You'll see.

5. Office of Dr. Paul Linden: Dr. Linden and his nurse, Ruth.

Mrs. Grimes called twice, doctor.

Now what does she want?

She wants you, of course.

Look here, Ruth, you seem to have some kind of an idea that—

I have a lot of ideas. I haven't been telephone operator, secretary and nurse around here for five years without learning something.

I know. But this is different. It isn't what you think at all.

How do you know what I think?

I can tell. Speaking quite plainly—

Now, now!

I mean it. Speaking plainly, you think Alice and I are having some sort of, well, some kind of a relation—which—

Go ahead. Speak plainly. Remember you said you would.

Very well, then. You think we're having an affair—that I'm in love with her and she—

I don't think anything of the kind. I know you're not in love with her. You *couldn't be in love with anybody.*

Why?

We won't go into that. But I do know she's in love with you—or rather, she thinks she is, which is just as bad.

Well, suppose she is, can I help that?

Of course you can help it. At least you could have helped it, earlier in the treatment.

How?

You know perfectly well. You should have kept her in control. And yourself too. What's the use of trying to pretend? You know I don't care what you do, Doctor. It isn't any of my business. But you do keep getting yourself into such messes. And this time I'm really afraid. She thinks you're serious. She's fallen desperately in love with you. She's on this phone a dozen times a day. She's around here, morning, noon and night.

Well, I feel sorry for her. I really do.

That's all right. But you don't have to play with her.

Who's playing?

You are. You know perfectly well you have no intention of marrying her. And you know that all she has in her mind is to get rid of her husband and find another man. It just happens to be you, because you're her doctor. Because she can come and talk to you and you listen to her sympathetically. She thinks that's interest. She confuses the man with the psychologist. Which is all right. You can't blame her. She's not trained to analyze herself or her feelings. You are, and that's why it's so wrong. It really is, doctor. Not only wrong, but dangerous. Especially in this case.

NOW, now, you're just being feminine and loyal and all the things I like about you.

All right, call it any name you like. I'm just telling you that I'm worried and scared. You've got to do something about this woman. You can't go on like this. She's dangerous. You know it too. You know it as well as I do, but you won't admit it.

Why? Just because she's emotionally starved, repressed and somewhat inclined to hysteria? What of it? Most married women of that age are.

True, but she's a potential manic-depressive, starved, thwarted and fixed on you. You know that's a bad spot. You're too good a psychologist not to know that.

I think sometimes you're a better psychologist than I am, Ruth. You know me better than I know myself.

I know you pretty well and I like you a lot in spite of it. How's that?

You've got a lot of sense. To tell you the truth, I've been feeling worried about Alice myself recently. I've got to break the transference.

You mean you've got to stop this affair. You've passed the place where you can talk professionally and technically about a transference. Haven't you? You know you have. The point now is you've got to do something drastic and soon.

You're right, Ruth.

But drastic. Not just refusing to answer telephones or being out when she calls. That won't do it.

What do you suggest?

What you've done before in similar cases. Go away. Take a trip. Go South. You need the rest.

You may be right.

It's almost December. You have to go South for a short trip and rest in the sun. While you're gone, I'll handle her —or try to.

I don't know what I'd do without you, Ruth.

Yes, I know. That's how you feel when you're in a jam. But as soon as you're out of it . . .

Ruth, that isn't nice. You know I'm very fond of you. You're like two right arms. Why, I couldn't run this office without you. And when it comes to . . .

JUST a minute while I answer this phone. If it's something real nice you were going to tell me, don't forget it . . . hello . . . just a minute . . . it's Alice. She wants to come right over.

Tell her all right.

But you can't. You've got an appointment with Mrs. Clark at three-thirty, and that Morgan girl right after that.

What time is it now?

Three-fifteen . . . just a minute, Mrs. Grimes. I'm afraid the doctor is going to be busy all afternoon . . . well, just a minute, I'll ask him . . . she says she's got to see you. I think you ought to see her and tell her now.

Let it go until tomorrow, don't you think?

No, you better do it now and get it over with . . . just a minute, Mrs. Grimes . . . yes, he can see you for a few minutes if you come right over.

6. Offices of the New York Morning Tab: Ted Russell and Honey O'Neal.

Alarm three two three two. Code signal six. Wanted for grand larceny, first degree, Jack Tombes, thirty-seven years, five feet nine inches, one hundred eighty pounds, color white, has smooth face, gold teeth front very noticeable, occupation chauffeur, may be in company with female named Agnes Jones, driving Detroit sport coupé, license number unknown, this woman recently left Washington for Canada. . . .

Where does that come from, Mr. Russell? That isn't JZ, is it?

No, that's short wave. Police department. Murders, holdups, missing persons' bureau. The police broadcast all the time and the squad cars cruise around and pick it up on the receivers.

GEE, that's thrilling! Not much chance for anybody getting away with anything these days.

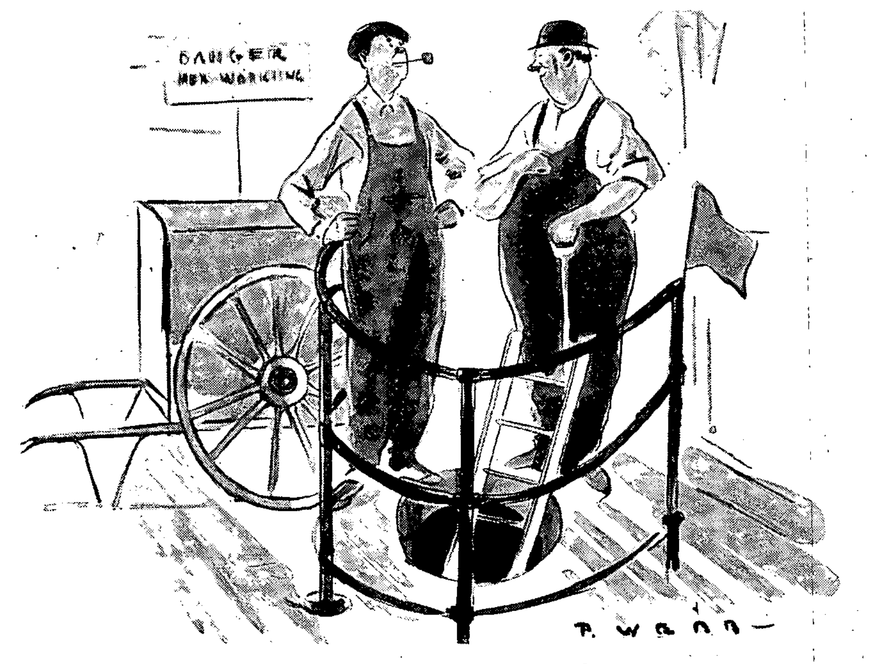
Less than you'd think. Eventually every filling station, every garage, will be equipped. Already is in a lot of cities. A car is stolen and fifty miles away, as it drives up to a gas station, the thief hears the license number and description of his car broadcast.

But what do you have it on your desk for?

Crime is news. We want to know it as soon as the police and get to the scene sooner, if we can. That voice comes in all day long, all night long. We hear anything important and the reporters dash out, photographers rush to the scene as quick as the police. Sometimes quicker.

Alarm three two five seven. Code signal four. The York, Pennsylvania, police are holding for investigation the following men: Number one, James Dutton, alias Jack Durston, twenty-three years, one hundred thirty-eight pounds, five feet eight inches, medium build, fair complexion, blue eyes, fingerprint classification two R nine. Number two, John Haynes, alias Edward Houst, thirty-eight years, one hundred sixty-eight pounds. . . .

Gee, that's thrilling! I thought the only radio the Morning Tab had anything to do with were the programs on BLA.



"We always played it that the last one down was the pie-faced sissy"

P. Webb

Oh, that's only part of it. We not only broadcast our features, departments and news to the public, but we have our own short wave with which we communicate with our other newspapers, and they with us. There are fifty newspapers in our chain, in constant communication over short wave, not only with each other but with the owner, whether he's in New York, Los Angeles or out in mid-ocean.

But why? I don't understand.

I'll tell you some time. Just now let's get this other thing settled first.

I can't tell you how grateful I am, Mr. Russell, for giving me this chance.

If I didn't think you could do the job, I wouldn't bother. I have an instinct about people. I play hunches. The minute I saw you I liked your pep, your enthusiasm—when you told me you were working at BLA, I decided to give you a chance at Peggy Shannon's job.

I'll do my best, Mr. Russell.

YOU don't need so much radio experience for this job as you do personality, ability to meet people, make friends with them, get them to broadcast for nothing. Peggy Shannon, the girl who's leaving Saturday, was good. Got around a lot. Met all kinds of people. Actors, singers, explorers, writers. That's what you'll have to do. Meet 'em and show 'em how valuable it will be for 'em to go on the Morning Tab Celebrity Quarter Hour.

How do I meet them?

I'll turn you over to our Broadway columnist. He'll trot you around, and inside of a week you'll know all the publicity seekers in New York, all dying to go on the radio. If you think celebrities like to be photographed—well, just give them a chance to broadcast. How they love it! And that's the racket in a nutshell. The public gets entertainment. The Morning Tab gets advertising. The celebrities get publicity. And the chain gets a feature—all for nothing—and everybody's happy.

It's a marvelous chance. I wouldn't have dreamed of it a few months ago.

It's a marvelous chance to work twenty-four hours a day. Maybe twenty-six. If you're willing to do that, all right. If you're not, let's forget it right now.

You know I want to work, Mr. Russell. When you told me in Chicago—

And no escapades. No running out on the job to go to football games. No—

Listen, I didn't have a chance to explain to you in Chicago. I feel terrible about it. I don't know what you think.

I don't want you to explain. I know all about it.

Who told you?

Nobody. I met you at Jack's party after the game, didn't I? I've known Jack for years. And after two minutes' talk I knew you. The rest is too easy to reconstruct. I could write the whole thing, from Jack's trying to get connecting rooms, and finally agreeing to put you on another floor, to your locking him out when he came to say good night, after the party, and leaving for New York on the first train the next morning.

That's true, but—

I could even write the note you left for him. "Dear Jack: I didn't think when I agreed to come to the football game with you that you would turn out to be the kind of a man you are. I don't want ever to see you again," etc. etc. How close is that?

Somebody told you.

Nonsense! Let's be worldly for a moment—and frank—and then let's not talk about it any more. A nice young girl can very easily go away for the week-end with a young man and come back as nice as ever. A lot dizzier, to be sure, but intact, because there's too much anticipation, too much deliberation, and consequently too much built-up resistance. Young men like Jack don't know that seduction is usually spontaneous and mutually surprising. Jack has found that out. So have you. The lesson was worth learning, but don't be so silly again.

Alarm three four two eight. Code signal eight. Stolen Buck roadster. License thirty-three K, number three naught seven five eight nine, New York, motor number two naught five three four one nine. Authority eighteenth squad . . . Alarm three eight four six. Code signal twelve. Wanted for murder in Denver, suspected of hiding in . . .

7. The Grimes' Home: Bill and Alice Grimes.

9 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Please go away and let me sleep
Don't disturb my slumbers deep. . .

Once more the familiar theme song brings to you, through the courtesy of Clayton & Logan Investment Service, a new Twin Bed Lecture by William Grimes featuring that happy pair, Mr. and Mrs. Doveleigh. Mrs. Doveleigh speaking, as usual.

Of course it would be just like you to let yourself in for a sub-lease and not worry about what you have to pay when it runs out. Just like you. Never look further than the end of your nose. We'll finish up in the poorhouse. That's where we'll end. I can see us going over the hill together, hand in hand.

Not hand in hand.

No, you wouldn't even be that polite. You'd run ahead and pick the best room out for yourself. Let me tell you . . .

Keep on ringing, please. There must be somebody there. Are you sure you're ringing Dr. Linden's apartment? . . . Well, why doesn't he answer? . . . What? . . . Of course he's there. . . .

Will you get off that telephone, Alice, and let me listen to this sketch?

Hello . . . hello . . . what? . . . There MUST be somebody there.

I'm trying to listen to this sketch. You can call him tomorrow. What's the panic anyway?

He doesn't answer . . . never mind, operator.

WHAT'S the matter with you tonight, anyway? You've been on that telephone all evening. What's the matter with you?

Who wants to know? What's it to you? Shut that thing off, will you? It's driving me crazy.

I won't shut it off. I've got to listen to it. How can I tell how it sounds if I don't listen to it?

You don't have to listen to it to know how it sounds. It's terrible. That woman nagging and nagging. Why does anybody think that's entertainment?

Keep quiet, will you, for heaven's sake! Sh-h-h-h.

You needn't pretend you don't hear me. You hear me very well.

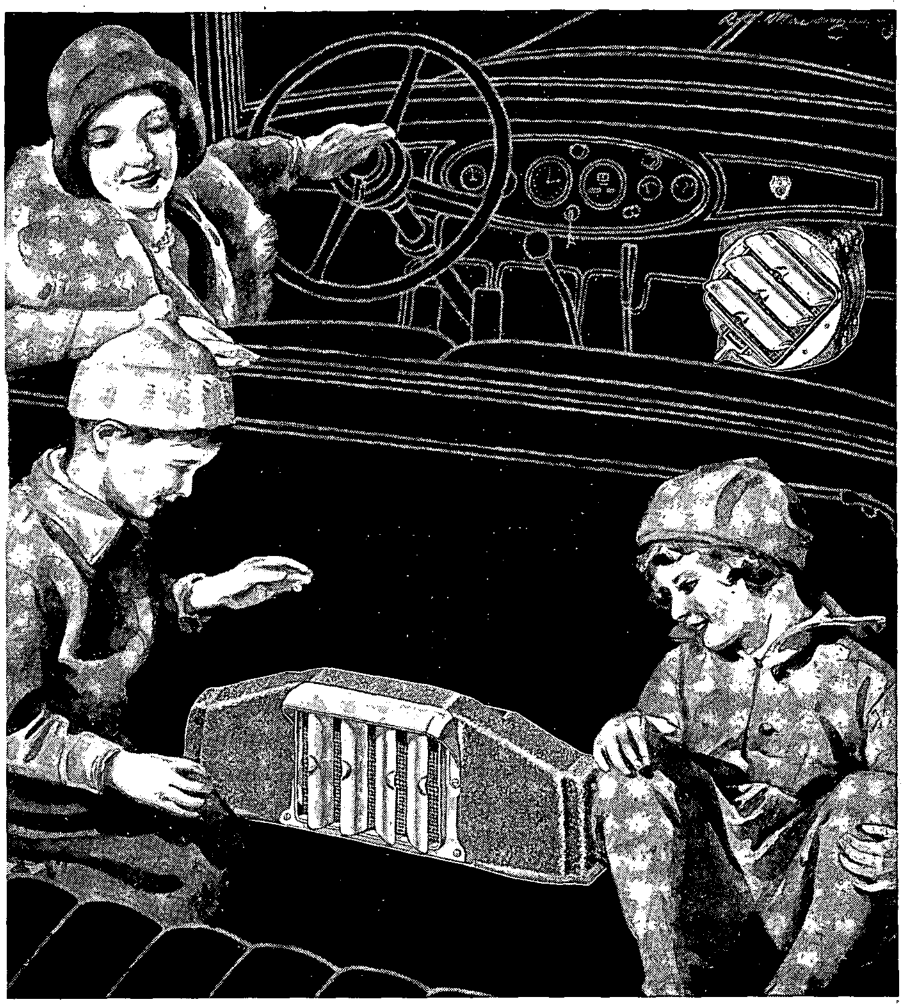
Of course I hear you.

Well, then, stop snoring. Stop pretending you're sleeping. Listen to me when I talk to you. You're a worm. That's what you are—a worm. Do you hear me? A worm. . . .

Hello, hello . . . try that number again, will you, operator? . . . Plaza 0145. . . . All right then, Plaza 0-0145 . . . Hello? . . . Give me Dr. Linden's apartment. . . . How do you know he's not in? . . . Well, maybe he came in since you tried. . . . Well, ring him. Ring

(Continued on page 50)

★ Be Warm and protect your family



Reissue Pat. No. 17131

WITH ARVIN HEALTHFUL HEAT IN YOUR CAR

ARVIN now makes it possible for you and your family to drive in a thoroughly warm car—and at the same time gives extra protection against winter chills and "colds!" You deserve the comfort of a modern Arvin car heating system—and you owe it to your family to safeguard their winter health with Arvin heat. • An Arvin car heating system does more than merely keep you warm. It maintains a steady circulation of pure, fresh, odorless, healthful heat breezing throughout your entire car. Dead, stale air is removed and constantly replaced with fresh, heated air.

• You get the safeguard of this healthful heat in any Arvin that you may choose—from the splendidly efficient but low-priced hot air heaters to the marvelous hot water systems. And Arvins are now offered at such a wide range of prices that no car owner need be without one this winter. • Regardless of the type of Arvin you buy, you'll have plenty of heat at your command to keep you warm and comfortable in any weather. • You'll be surprised to learn how little it costs to have the comfort and protection of an Arvin car heating system. There is a car or accessory dealer near you who has Arvins. Go there and select the one that best suits your car—at the price you want to pay.

Product of **NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES,** *Incorporated,* **INDIANAPOLIS**

ARVIN
CAR HEATERS

BOYS TRAIN BOOK FREE

Greatest Values

Most Fun Features · COMPARE

American Flyer Trains

Write today for the colored catalog and see the big new steam and electric type trains that *outpull all others*—New trains as low as $5.50. Fun making automatic signals, Stations, Bridges, Tunnels, etc.

Get the catalog and *compare*—American Flyers cost less, yet lead in fun making features, speed, size, realism and number of pieces included. You want the best, only an American Flyer will do.

DADS, too, make railroading a hobby

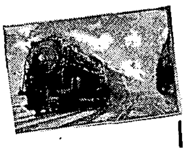
American Flyer Mfg. Co.,
2244S.Halsted St., Chicago.
Send Free Train Book.

Name..

Address..

....

American Flyer Trains



EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Only $40.00 Between Chicago AND California

St. Louis $36.50
Kansas City $32.50
Minneapolis-St. Paul $40.00

Also reduced rates to certain intermediate points, including Salt Lake City, Ogden, Reno and Las Vegas.

Tickets good one way in comfortable coaches and chair cars.

Only $65.00 Between Chicago and California good one way in tourist sleeping cars on certain trains. Tourist sleeping car fare additional.

Ask about reduced round-trip fares for Thanksgiving and Christmas between various Western points.

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

J. P. Cummins, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Room 207
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about:
Reduced California fares ☐ Holiday fares ☐

Name..............................

Street..............................

City..............................State..............

(*Continued from page 49*)

him. . . . Don't argue about it. . . . Hello . . . hello . . . she cut me off. I'll fix her.

Stop that yelling, will you, Alice?

Shut that radio off, will you? Shut it off!

I've got to listen to it. Get out if you don't like it.

I will get out. I'm going to get out right now.

Go ahead. Anything for peace. Where are you going?

None of your business. I'm going over there and tell that woman something. She can't hang up on me. She can't interfere with my calls. I'll see him. I'll show her. I'll see him. He's not going to get away with this. He's not. He's not. . . .

I've worked and toiled and slaved till I'm skin and bones, and for what?—to have landlords come around and double the rent, and I suffer in silence and . . .

the time is now . . .

You have just heard Sir Olaf Olaffson, famous explorer and guest star this evening on the New York Morning Tab Celebrity Quarter Hour, in an amazing narrative of his adventures among the Lapps and Letts. Sir Olaf's thrilling story, Lapland in Two Laps will run exclusively in the New York Morning Tab, beginning next Sunday. Peggy Shannon announcing and wishing you all a good night, pleasant dreams and for a bright morning greeting The New York Morning Tab on your doorstep. . . .

11:30 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

In the morning,
And in the evening too,
The more I get,
The more I want;
I can't get enough of you.

And, by the same token, we can't get enough of Ben Bernie, the old maestro, who will bring you a half hour of intoxicating dance music from the . . .

But I've told you, Madam, that Dr. Linden hasn't come in.

Maybe he came in another way. Isn't there another entrance?

No, Madam.

Well, I'll stay right here and wait if I have to wait all night.

Yes, Madam.

This venerable old maestro, Ben Bernie, speaking with a full heart and a brimming eye, bids you a melancholy farewell. It is now thirty-two and one half seconds until the witching hour of midnight. Goooooooood niiiiiight, little chick-a-biddies. Goooood ni-yight. . . .

8. Apartment of Dr. Paul Linden: Dr. Linden and Alice Grimes.

12 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

The great, crashing symphony of the day is done, and now comes the tender lullaby and romantic serenade of the night. Musing over the keys of the Giant Organ, Gloria Flower weaves a tapestry of sound for you as her Nocturne . . .

Now, look here, Alice. This won't do. And you know it. Shut the door.

I had to see you, Paul, after the way you talked to me this afternoon. I've been calling and calling. You didn't mean what you said, did you? Won't you even ask me to sit down?

I don't want you to sit down. I want you to go right home. You have no business up here. Why did you come over here tonight, anyway? Why didn't you wait until my office hours tomorrow if you wanted to see me?

You're always too busy in your office to see me. When I came this afternoon, you shooed me right out after just a few words.

Well, I had other appointments.

You've always got other appointments now. You didn't use to have. You could give me all the time we wanted.

I can't help it if I'm busy.

I tried to get you all evening. I had to see you. I called and called, and finally I came over here. And that woman downstairs said you were out. Where were you?

I was at the theater.

Who with?

Now just a minute. Don't you think that's going just a little bit too far?

I don't care. You shouldn't have talked to me the way you did this afternoon. You can't mean it that you're going away. You don't mean it.

I do mean it. Why can't I go away? What is this—am I in jail? I have to be home if you telephone, no matter what hour it is; I have to tell you who I go to the theater with, and now I can't even go away for a vacation without getting your permission.

PAUL, you know I don't mean it that way. You know I'm terribly unhappy. You know how unhappy I am. You shouldn't treat me that way.

You're the kind of woman that will always be unhappy. Because you deliberately set out to make yourself unhappy. I can't help it if you're unhappy. I've done everything I could for you. Now you better go home. What do you think your husband would say if he knew you were here—hanging around downstairs until midnight?

What do I care what he says.

Well, I care.

You didn't use to care. You told me it didn't matter. You told me I owed it to myself to live. You led me on. You made me tell you everything—things I wouldn't have told another living soul.

That was all part of the treatment. You came to me for treatment, didn't you?

And was making love to me part of the treatment? Telling me I should get rid of my repressions and find a satisfying outlet for my emotions? Telling me you loved me and that it was all right for me to love you?

Certainly. That was part of the treatment too.

So you didn't mean any of the things you said?

Of course not. Any more than you meant what you said. You might think you meant them, but that was only part of your condition. This love that you think you have for me is purely illusory, an erotic emotion growing out of the transference of an early fixation repressed in your unconscious.

I don't know what you're talking about. You're lying to me! You've been lying to me all along. You made me love you—and now you're making a fool out of me, with all this talk about fixations and the unconscious. WELL, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

I won't get away with what? And stop that yelling now. Just control yourself.

I've got to yell to make myself heard. Turn that radio down. I don't want to hear any organ playing.

Well, I don't want any of the neighbors to hear a hysterical woman yelling in my apartment at midnight either. I'm getting damn' sick and tired of this yelling. Now get out of here.

Oh, Paul, how can you be so cruel? You've always been so sympathetic—so understanding.

Don't sniffle. I can't stand sniffling women. Their eyes get red—and their noses get red. Shut up. Now listen. I'm going to tell you something. I'm going South for a vacation. I need it. I'm all worn out. I'm not going to write you, and I don't want any letters from you either.

But, Paul, you don't mean it—you can't mean it.

I do mean it. This has got to stop.

Oh, don't say that, Paul, don't say that. I love you so. Paul. Paul!

Take your arms away. Stop that crying.

Paul! Paul!

The neighbors will hear you. Stop it. Shut up.

YOU'RE hurting me, Paul. Don't! You can't be so cruel. Kiss me . . . just once . . . tell me you love me, just once. I'll go away if you kiss me. You'll never see me again. Paul . . . Paul . . .

Alice, you're choking me . . . Alice! There! There, is that enough!

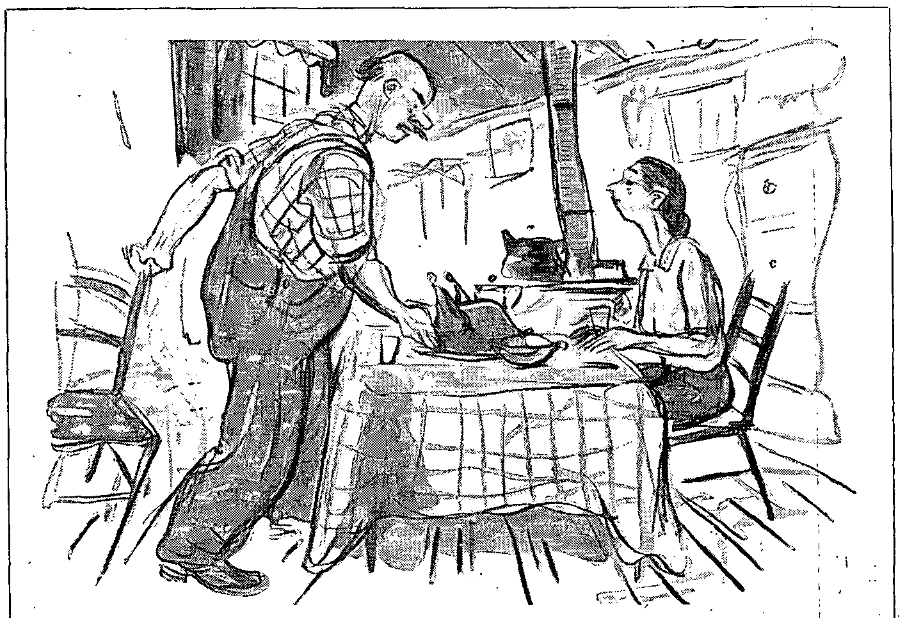
Paul . . . don't send me away. I'll do anything for you. Sit here . . . once more . . . more . . . more . . . you couldn't leave me . . . you couldn't . . . I'd die.

Alice . . . stop it. Alice!

. . . concluding this hour of organ music, a threnody of muted magic, a liquid glow of golden song. . . .

And so the day dies in a deep diapason of peace as our Nocturne whispers of calm and hope and the dawn of a glad tomorrow. Good night. All's well. Are you listening?

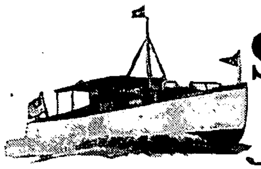
(*To be continued next week*)



"Turkey again! Can't we have something from town even on Thanksgiving?"

J. H. Fyfe

A Stout SHIP for Family Cruising



STOW your baggage, slip your moorings and lay a new course for years of uninterrupted pleasure and healthy recreation aboard a Matthews "38" or "46". These husky, broad-beamed cruiser-yachts are ready and qualified for extended cruising. Live aboard one all summer. They are the ideal home afloat . . . Galley-kitchen, toilets, Pullman berths, large clothes lockers, spacious decks . . . Everything you and your family could possibly need. Built in ten handsome individual models with twenty-four smart cabin arrangements. Descriptive literature on request.

THE MATTHEWS COMPANY
Designers and Builders of Luxurious Cruisers . . . Since 1890
318 BAY SIDE PORT CLINTON, OHIO

"38" Matthews MATTHEWS 46 OUR 40TH YEAR

$5980 to $23000
Afloat Port Clinton

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions to COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Publications. Write to:

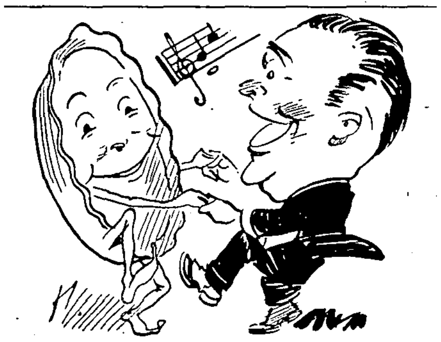
Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 97-A
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
How can I earn extra money?

Name.................................

Address.................................

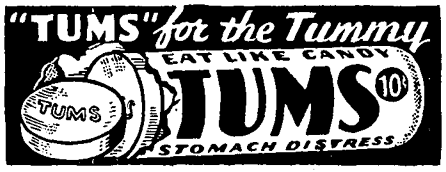
Town.................................

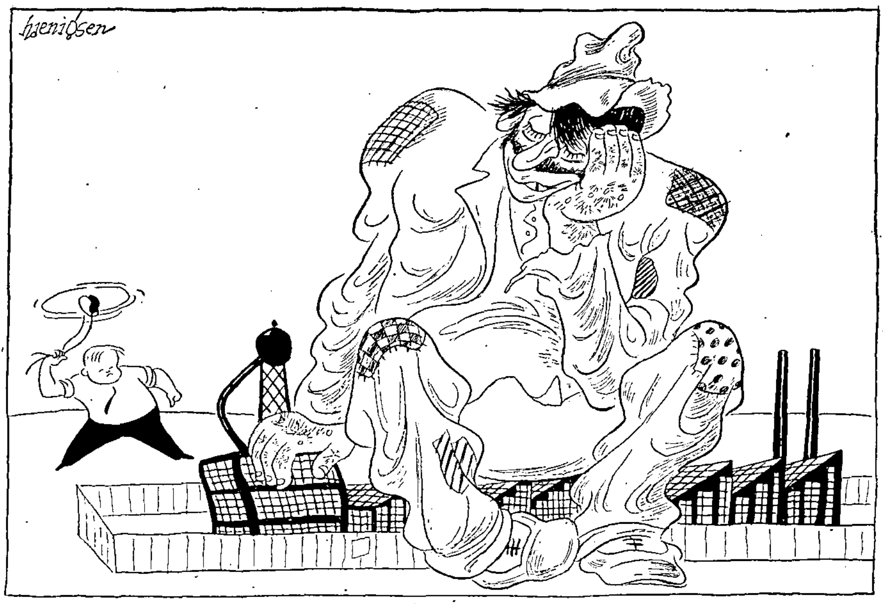
State.................................



MINCE PIE and I Are Friends Once More

"BRING on your mince pie—all foods agree with me now! I carry protection against stomach distress in my vest pocket." That's what everyone says about Tums, the new Antacid mints that quickly neutralize acid conditions—sweeten breath—stop heartburn, sour stomach and acid indigestion. Make an after-dinner custom of munching delicious Tums. They're made of the finest mint, with extra ingredients that prevent or relieve stomach distress. Try them today. At all druggists'—only 10c.





Relief Worker

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S series of conferences with bankers and business men has developed a plan to deal with the depression. The first steps at this writing have been made public—an organization of the banking strength of the country with a big revolving fund to mitigate the effects of frozen banking assets, a broadening of the basis of credits, rediscounts in the Federal Reserve System to enable the banks to meet the problem of frozen assets and a possible extension of the reparations debts moratorium.

The President revolves in his mind other steps in the plan—easing the mortgage loan situation so as to promote home building, and restoring confidence in railroad bonds. Recovery from the depression is thus not to be left to the operation of economic laws which, like the mill of the gods, grind slowly. A beginning is being made upon a planned economy for the depression, which may lead, who knows, to some sort of planned economy for the period of recovery.

The least that may be said about the present effort is that it is a good thing for President Hoover. He is the kind of man who requires something to do. He is at his worst when he is sitting back waiting impatiently for the turn of events. He is at his best when he seeks to control events. And he has seemed paralyzed since the depression began by the very enormity of the catastrophe.

With an Eye to 1932

At first he persisted in the belief that the depression must be short-lived, making prediction after prediction of an upturn in sixty or ninety days. Now he is working day and night to find a way out of the depression.

If there is real improvement in business before the next election comes around he may seem to the country the best man to carry on the planning that he has begun. The next election may turn on the personal fitness of the candidates to deal with the economic situation in this country and the world.

The genesis of the depression-relief plan so far as it has matured seems to have been this: For a long time the President has had in mind a big banking pool by which the strength of the stronger banks would be used to help out the weaker banks and thus relieve some of the business hardships caused by frozen banking assets.

The big banks resisted this proposal. They had enough frozen assets of their own without assuming any responsibility for the frozen assets of smaller banks. Finally the big banks came back with a proposal that if their own position was improved by an extension of the debt reparations moratorium to three or five years and if the Federal Reserve banks would rediscount some of their paper which cannot be rediscounted, they would undertake the pool for the absorption of some of the frozen assets. It was on this basis that an agreement was reached.

Congress Holds Out

At this point politics entered into the picture. To aid the banks the President had to have legislation from Congress. He was told that he could not get through legislation permitting a further remission of debt payments.

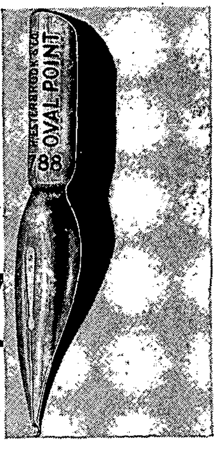
The Republicans said that to extend the moratorium would be fatal to him politically. Some Democrats opposed extension flatly. And some members of both parties told him that they would vote for a longer moratorium only if a measure of disarmament abroad went with it.

On the development of political opposition the President seems to have lost heart regarding extending the moratorium. One of his weaknesses is that he cannot estimate political consequences. I for one believe that if he went to the country explaining that extension of the moratorium was necessary to the restoration of credit in this country and so to the recovery of business, he could have his way.

But Mr. Hoover is not yet sufficiently sure of himself to say, "Damn the torpedoes. Full speed ahead!" Perhaps he may become so. If he does he may seem, when the next election approaches, the biggest man in the world.

Of course we should not expect too much from a pool to take over frozen assets and from a slight inflation of the currency to make up for the $800,000,000 or the $1,000,000,000 that is now being hoarded. If we are right in believing that the inter-governmental debts and the damming up of foreign trade by almost universal prohibitive tariffs are at the bottom of the world depression, then a mere easing of credit will accomplish little more than to prevent things from getting worse.

But it is something that human intelligence is at least being directed toward ending the depression. And this is due to Mr. Hoover.



"788"

Assumes You're Right . . . . and Goes Ahead

No stumbling, no tripping for 788. It slips across the paper like a dependable little partner, full of pep and willing to use it. Its oval point acts as shock absorber, its lightness increases its speed. If you think fast, *your* pen is 788.

ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY
42 Cooper Street, Camden, N. J.
or BROWN BROS., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Esterbrook PENS

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

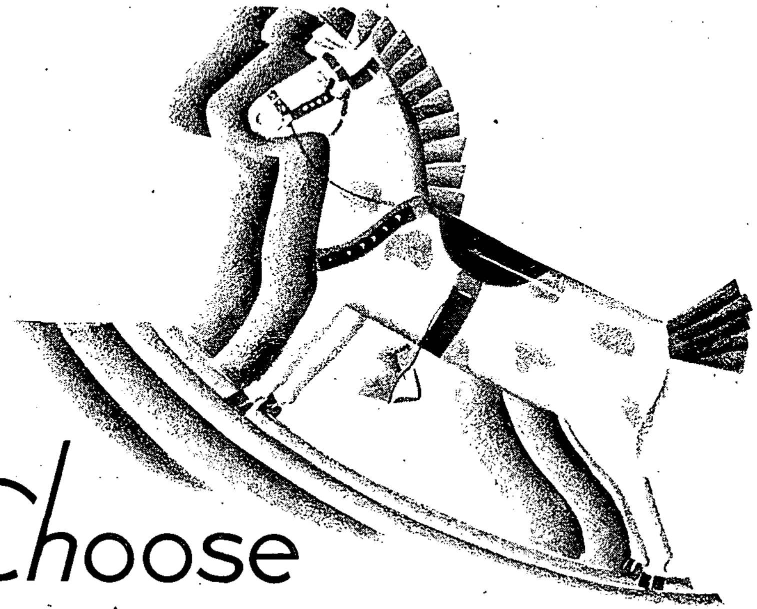
You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

20 CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS STAMPED WITH YOUR NAME $1
Beautiful assortment high quality Christmas cards. Each stamped with your name. Sent postpaid for $1. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.
KAY CHRISTMAS CARD CO., 3723 White Plains Ave., New York, N. Y.

DOES YOUR HUSBAND MISBEHAVE
GRUNT AND GRUMBLE RANT AND RAVE
SHOOT THE BRUTE SOME
Burma-Shave

NO BRUSH • NO LATHER • NO RUB-IN



Choose
A Hobby That *Benefits* You

—a hobby for health.

Your body is an intricate machine all parts of which must receive proper exercise.

Of prime importance is the exercise of the muscles of the face, teeth and jaws, due to the fact that our present day soft foods do not afford sufficient chewing exercise.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum will massage gums, strengthen the teeth and tone facial muscles while the fresh piquancy of the long-lasting flavor will delight your taste and afford enjoyment.

WRIGLEY'S is the new and pleasant way to health and efficiency.

Keep Fit with

WRIGLEY'S
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

L186

The New "ACE" by COLT—
.22 Caliber Automatic Pistol

The "ACE" has been designed as a companion arm for the .45 Automatic Pistol—making possible economical target practice with the .22 Long Rifle cartridge for service men, members of the National Guard, Reserve Officers and individual shooters of the heavier caliber Colt Automatic Pistols. The finest and most accurate heavy type caliber .22 Automatic Pistol ever produced—with full target features, adjustable rear sight, super-precisioned barrel and hand-finished action.

COLT
ACE
.22 LONG RIFLE

Built on the same frame as the Govt. Model .45

The "ACE" represents a new triumph by Colt—produced to meet the demand for a caliber .22 Automatic Pistol built on exactly the same frame as the famous caliber .45 Government Model. It is fully equipped with Colt safety features. 95 years of manufacturing skill and experience have been concentrated in the new "ACE"—a product worthy of the name Colt.

SPECIFICATIONS

Caliber: .22 Long Rifle. *Length Overall:* 8¼ inches. *Length of Barrel:* 4¾ inches. *Weight:* 36 ounces. *Finish:* Full Blued.

Write for complete Catalog No. 29 showing all models

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS
MFG. CO.
FIRE ARMS DIVISION
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
Phil. B. Bekeart, Pacific Coast Representative, 731 *Market Street*
San Francisco, Calif.

A COLT PRODUCT . . . The ARM OF LAW and ORDER

Spanking Allowed

Continued from page 26

a little Tartar by nature. When we say parents have control over their children we need not mean that they have them cowed. And children, like animals, respect and love people who can control them. In fact, most children want to be controlled.

Suppose we consider the problem child as any child who does things which make him unpopular with other children and with his elders. What is going to happen to his mental state? How long is the knowledge kept from a child that other children do not like to play with him, and that grown people do not like *to have him around?* Children are very cruel to each other where their likes and dislikes are concerned. They make little pretense of liking a child who flies into tempers or who is shy and unsociable, or who likes to hurt them and make them cry. And as soon as a child knows he is not liked we have the starting point of the well-known complex.

Try the Golden Rule

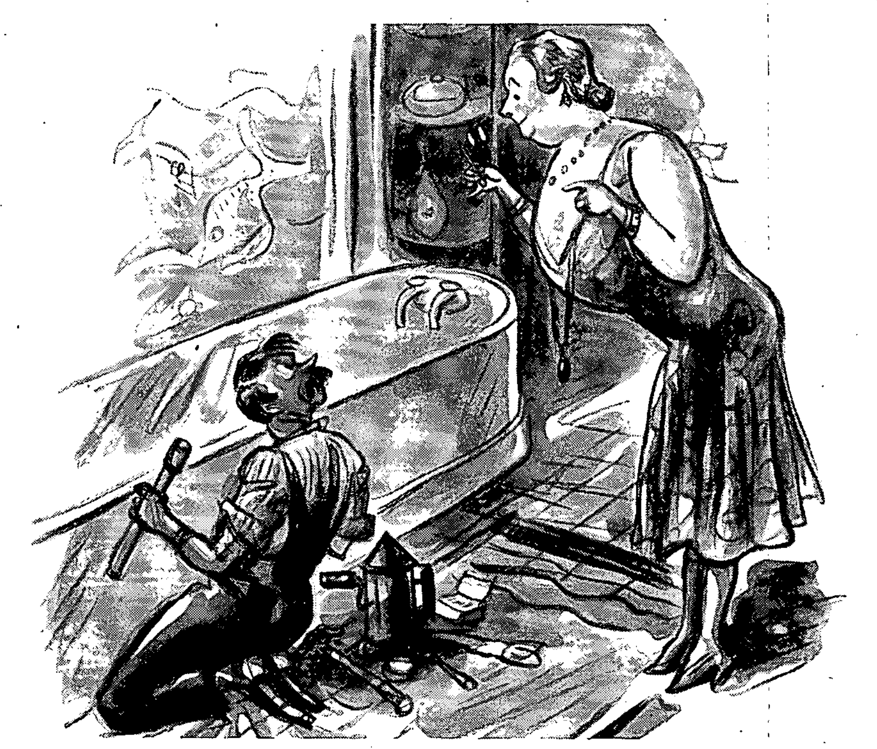
The old idea of discipline involved chiefly such things as punishment, obedience, docility and manners. We *call our methods by different names* now. We do not punish so much as we restrict. We do not demand immediate obedience "because Mother says so" and because mother's word is law. We demand what we think is right, and try to convince the child that it is right and reasonable. We do not want docility so much as we want respect for our opinions and judgment. We do not emphasize manners so much as we do social behavior. The basis of manners is not custom so much as it is the golden rule.

If we look upon the end of discipline, or the aim of parents in maintaining *discipline, as the determination to ad*just the child to other people and to life in general, we will lose some of our prejudice against it, if we happen to have such prejudice. We cannot harm the child, nor interfere with the expression of his individuality if we confine ourselves to this aim. The child must get over his shyness in order to learn to know other people. He may not indulge the desire he has to make other children or animals suffer, because he will not be tolerated if he does.

In the matter of shyness, we are hardly dealing with discipline. We must rather call it management. The shyness must be ignored, so far as the child is concerned, and must never be mentioned to other people in his presence. The child who is shy should be taught to do something better than any child of his acquaintance, if it is only spinning a top or throwing a ball. He should have something up his sleeve which he can be proud of. He should also be taught to play games as well as other children, *even if his mother has to play with him* until he has the courage to play with children. Shyness is only made worse by punishment or by nagging. But unconquered shyness is one of the greatest sources of mental torture in childhood, and in later life.

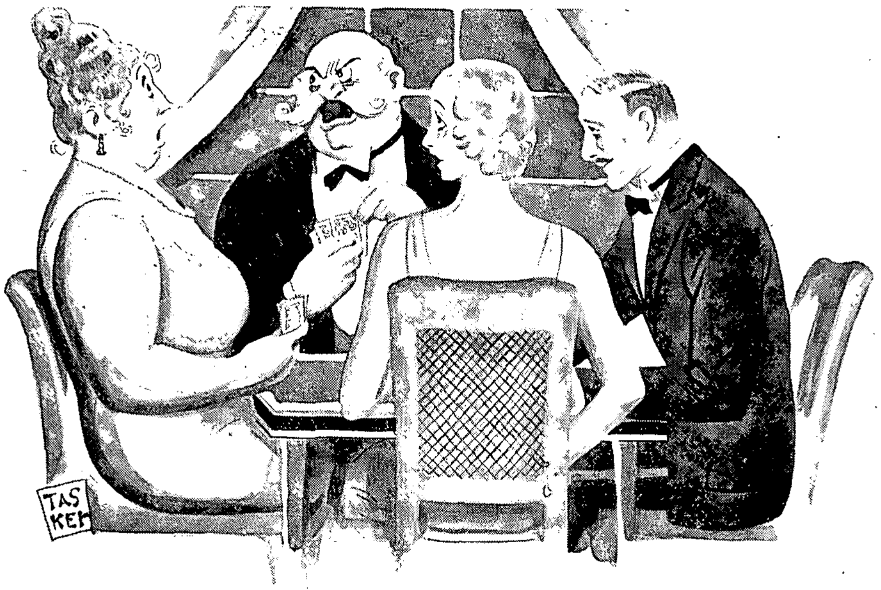
The desire to destroy things and to make living things suffer is normal, up to a certain point, in all children at one age or another. It cannot be treated with horror, but it must be cured, and the sooner the better. I have never heard of a better method than punishment in kind. If the child destroys *something belonging to someone else,* something of his is immediately and thoroughly done away with. If he hurts another child or an animal, he is immediately made to suffer in as nearly the same way as possible. I have seen a small boy at a party spend his time in tripping smaller children and making them fall. He alternated this with standing behind a door and shutting the door sharply on the entering children. His mother just laughed and remarked that he didn't mean anything by it. I can't tell you how I itched to trip him thoroughly and shut the door on him. *He is getting his punishment in a way* he hardly deserves—by being an unpopular child.

No mother likes to have her child make scenes, or have tantrums, or mistreat other children. But lots of us don't make the decision quickly enough, or get it over to the child firmly enough that such things can't get by. Yet that is what we must do, no matter how inconvenient it is, or how much time it takes.



"Tell me something about the work a-day world, my good man"

George Shellhase



"Confound it, madam; how would you like another operation?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. J-7-4
H. A-5-3
D. 7-6-2
C. K-5-3-2

West
S. Q-9-6
H. 10-8-7-6-4
D. 5-4
C. 10-9-7

East
S. 10-8-5-3-2
H. 9-2
D. Q-J-8-3
C. 8-6

South (Dealer)
S. A-K
H. K-Q-J
D. A-K-10-9
C. A-Q-J-4

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, would present no bidding problem whatever at Auction bridge. South, with most of the high cards concentrated in his own hand, would bid one No Trump and obtain an uncontested declaration; but at Contract it would be a question of how many No Trumps South should bid, or in what way South could keep the bidding open in an attempt to ascertain whether North had any strength.

South would have ample strength for an artificial two-Club bid. If he made that bid, he would be surprised and delighted when North was able to respond with two No Trumps, showing an Ace and King. As that Ace and King must be the Ace of Hearts and the King of Clubs, South then would be justified in bidding for a small slam; but the chance of North's having both the only Ace and the only King outstanding is so remote that probably the best way for South to show the strength of his hand would be to bid four No Trumps originally.

With a four No Trump bid by South, North would raise—in either of two ways. The simpler way would be to bid six No Trumps. North's count is 8 and South's count is known to be at least 27; that makes a total of at least 35 which is a safe count for a small slam bid at No Trump. Or North could bid five Hearts which would show the Ace of Hearts because South's bid of four No Trumps (more than game) has fixed the eventual contract as No Trumps. After that South might bid six No Trumps at once.

The hand was played at six No Trumps at both tables in a match between two teams of four. South's whale of a hand was handled by a Jonah at one table where West led a Heart which South won. Then South, seeing that eleven tricks were assured, plus additional possibilities in Diamonds, started to establish that suit hammer-and-tongs fashion. He led first his Ace and then his King and next his Ten of Diamonds; after which East dynamited the small slam by winning with his Jack and Queen.

At the other table, with the same first lead and South winning the trick with the Heart King, Declarer led the Ace and Queen of Clubs to tricks 2 and 3, so as to ascertain how many entries he had in dummy. When both adversaries followed suit to both Club tricks, North's King and Five became entries—and he had a Heart entry also. Therefore Declarer was all set to bring off the play he had in contemplation. He felt reasonably certain that West's Heart lead was from a five-card suit; and when, at trick 4, it developed that West had three Clubs, the probability that he had not more than two Diamonds became very great.

To trick 4 South led the Jack of Clubs, North overtaking with the King, which took out West's last Club and left another Club entry in the North Hand; to trick 5 dummy led a small Diamond and South finessed the Ten when East played small. When the finesse won, Declarer was assured not only of his small slam, but also of an extra trick in addition as the Queen and Jack of Diamonds were marked definitely in the East hand.

Declarer now put dummy in with the Heart Ace and led dummy's second small Diamond. This time East covered with one of his honors so as to force a high honor from South and prevent further finessing; but the Declarer was prepared for this. South won with the King of Diamonds and then led the Four of Clubs, dummy winning with the Five which Declarer had been clever enough to make up as an extra entry. Then dummy led a third Diamond. This time East played small, South played the Nine, and of course Declarer took home his thirteen tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 5
H. 8-5-3-2
D. A-8-6-5-2
C. 9-6-5

East
S. K-J-10-9-8-2
H. K-J-7
D. 9
C. A-J-4

West
S. Q-6-4-3
H. A-6-4
D. J-10-7
C. K-7-3

South (Dealer)
S. A-7
H. Q-10-9
D. K-Q-4-3
C. Q-10-8-2

PLATE LOCK
PLATE LOCK
Say to your batteryman:
"I WANT THAT PLATE-LOCK BATTERY"

All batteries look alike . . . outside! But when you look *inside* a Vesta-Consolidated you see the reason for longer life and greater power.

You see the PLATE-LOCK—that holds plates as rigidly as though cast in one piece. *That's* the secret of superiority.

Plates can't buckle, grind and tear through separators, or short-circuit—they're *locked* in place. For plate-buckling is the cause of three out of four battery failures.

Avoid the possibility of winter breakdowns. Replace today with a PLATE-LOCK Vesta-Consolidated.

VESTA CONSOLIDATED CORP.
Factories: Chicago, Buffalo, Los Angeles
Sydney, Australia
Dealers throughout the entire United States
—12,000 dealers Sept. 1st—increasing daily

The PLATE-LOCK STOPS THE CAUSE OF OVER 75% OF BATTERY FAILURES

PRICES NOW REDUCED
$9.95 buys a 13-plate PLATE-LOCK Battery. 13-plate battery, without plate-lock, at $6.45

VESTA
CONSOLIDATED
BATTERIES
QUALITY SINCE 1897

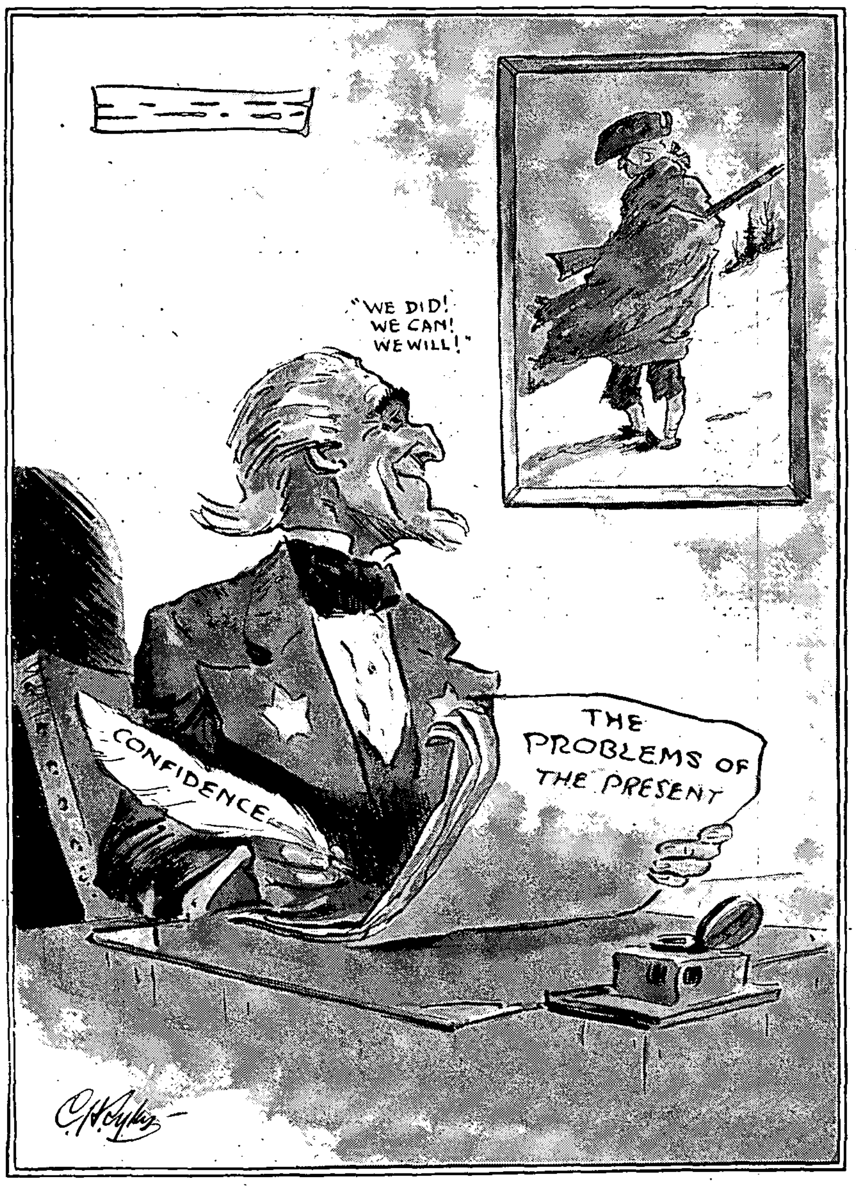
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

After Two Tough Years


"WE DID! WE CAN! WE WILL!"
CONFIDENCE
THE PROBLEMS OF THE PRESENT

HIGH in the autumn sky a silvery airship is sailing. From the metal-covered turrets and towers of lofty new buildings—taller than anything previously erected by man's hand—the bright sunshine is reflected. Below in the streets is the rumble of human activity. Cities within cities are being built. Men sit at desks thinking and planning. Typewriters click out their endless story, driven by nimble fingers. Life in all its incalculable forms surges on.

Never before was the human mind more fertile in its imagination. Never before were men's hands more skillful to accomplish what the mind has conceived. Go where you please and you find men are working, thinking, planning, struggling to make better things and to make things better.

Yet this is the civilization which professional pessimists such as H. G. Wells tell us is doomed. This is the generation which, according to the same prophet, is incompetent to feed itself and even to sustain its life on earth. What nonsense!

The past two years have of course been tough ones. We have passed through worse. The four years of war were infinitely more dreadful. Nothing that peace offers can approach the naked horror and waste of 1918. Recall the fearful struggles of the last summer of the war, the killing of hundreds of thousands of the best young men of the world, the calculated destruction of irreplaceable treasure, the flood of hate and misunderstanding which engulfed the world. Things have in truth been worse and that well within the memory of young men and women now living.

Yet it is true that in duration, at least, the business depression has been the most severe of this century. Business was bad in 1921 and unemployment was widespread but the slack times did not persist. By 1923 we had recovered.

Our present troubles are chiefly due to us. No single class, no group and certainly no individuals can be held responsible. If we look back over the years of prosperity between 1923 and 1929 we discover that nearly everybody made the same kind of mistake.

Five years ago, for example, Gerard Swope suggested to the employees of the General Electric Company the establishment of a fund to provide unemployment benefits in future depressions. Five years ago few believed that a depression would ever come. So Mr. Swope's proposal was rejected.

But we know now, once more, that life consists of many days, some good, some bad, and if we are wise we plan to put aside some of the fruits of the fat years against the lean times which inevitably appear.

Unquestionably we shall plan a little better in the future against these vicissitudes of fortune.

For the moment, however, those who have work and income must share what they have with the less fortunate. Some 7,000,000 people will be unemployed this winter and possibly half of these will be workless because of the depression. After two long years of struggle many are near the end of their resources.

They must be fed, clothed and sheltered and their self-respect must be preserved.

The practical course is to give a percentage of our wages or incomes to those local relief committees designated by the President's organization on unemployment. This method of providing for the unemployed is not ideal, but Mr. Gifford and his associates have offered us the most feasible plan for this emergency.

The fact that we are giving a part of our incomes to special unemployment committees should not mean, furthermore, that we are ceasing to contribute to Community Chest or to other essential social services. Hospitals must still care for the sick and especially in bad times the poor need medical attention. Boys are growing up and such character-building organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts must not be compelled to curtail their efforts.

In numerous other ways we can mitigate the severity of the winter. One of the most useful suggestions so far offered lies in the distribution of work as widely and as equitably as possible. It is better for two men each to work three days a week than for one to work full time and the other to be unemployed.

We shall pass through this depression into prosperity in consequence of the efforts and plans of tens of thousands of competent men and women who are giving their very best. No magic wand will open the doors to riches but intelligent effort will lift us up.

Don't be discouraged by the muddleheaded prophets of gloom. They are the people who three years ago foresaw nothing but good times ahead. They are as prophetic as sheep.

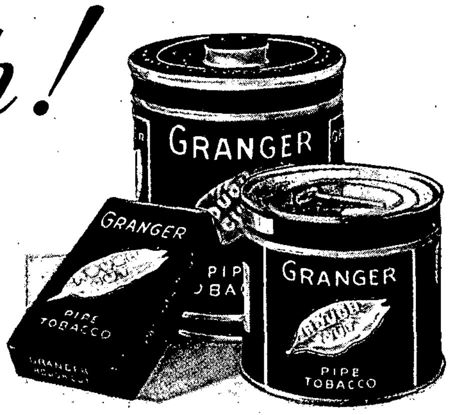
There is nothing wrong with our civilization which can't be cured by thought and good will and surely never before have more trained men and women been eager to serve their countries.

If we have jobs and earnings let's give thanks and share what we have with those less fortunate. If we are without surplus or resource we can take some comfort in the knowledge that our plight is understood and that our friends and neighbors are sensitive to human need and eager to relieve it.

RICO TOMASSO

© 1931, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Cut rough...to smoke smooth!



COOLER smoking, sweeter smoking, *smoother* smoking—that's just "part of the day's work" to Granger. The big, shaggy flakes burn slow, steady and cool—hence no harshness or bite. They burn *clean* to the last dry ash—hence no soggy heel. And they last *longer* per pipe-load to boot!

For the "Rough Cut" way is the only *right* way to cut tobacco for pipes—that's why this one-purpose smoke is the "man for the job." As for flavor and fragrance—*you* be the judge. Our own Wellman's Method mellows tobacco and brings out the flavor as nothing else can!

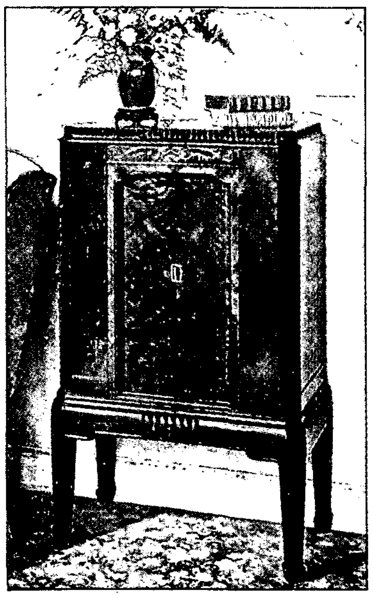
1. Cut for Pipes Only
2. Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
3. Sweet to the End—No Soggy Heel
4. Made by Wellman's Method—an 1870 Tobacco Secret

Load on the installment plan; pack tight.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

GREATEST OF PHILCOS MEANS GREATEST OF RADIOS

A broad claim — your Philco dealer is eager to demonstrate its truth



Not just another great radio set — the supremacy of this 11-Tube Superheterodyne-Plus stands out by spectacular margins.

It is deliberately designed for greater performance than the average owner needs. It is built and balanced to bring in more distant stations, with greater selectivity, greater beauty and clarity of tone than any radio in existence.

For the first time in history Philco here combines the enormous power of eleven tubes with Superheterodyne selectivity — with Screen Grid power — with two Pentode Power Tubes — with Balanced-Unit construction — with 4-Point Tone-Control, and with Philco's Automatic Volume Control.

Whether you live in the city or country, Philco Automatic Volume Control at least doubles the number of programs you can enjoy — by holding stations near or far, without fading, without local interference and without the nerve shock of "blasting" from strong locals while tuning.

With the Illuminated Station Recording Dial you log your favorite stations, once for all, and ever afterwards tune them in quickly, accurately, without having to remember their wave lengths.

For this marvelous radio, Norman Bel-Geddes, foremost American designer, has created magnificent new cabinets, which we believe must earn a place among the classic masterworks of fine furniture.

These are broad claims — the broadest ever made for any radio. Yet all the facts support them. Won't you call your nearest Philco dealer? Let him demonstrate their truth.

And best of all, because Philco is the world's largest radio manufacturer, prices are no higher than for radios of much less performance. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

11-TUBE LOWBOY, complete with tubes	$149.50
11-TUBE HIGHBOY, (as illustrated) complete with tubes	169.50
11-TUBE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, with Automatic Record Changer, complete with tubes . . .	295.00

(Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West)

UNBALANCED RADIO
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
WLW
WOR
WGN
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

Just as the picture above represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of partially balanced radios, the "station strip" with this picture shows the gaps, the overlapping of stations found on the ordinary set. At right, you see the *undistorted* tone, plus selectivity, secured with every Philco Balanced Superheterodyne. Even in *daytime* each station is distinct and separate — each program clear and vivid

BALANCED PHILCO
KFI
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
CKGW
WLW
WOR
WGN
CKAC
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

THE GREATEST MUSICAL BROADCAST OF ALL TIME. A panorama of music, broadcast under the sponsorship of Philco, over the complete network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, in seven programs of an hour and three quarters each, from the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The next two broadcasts of this great series, November 21 and December 5, from 8:15 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

© 1931, Philco

PHILCO ELEVEN-TUBE

SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS